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Here's to
CANADA!

by
Dorothy Duncan

ILLUSTRATED



HARPER & BROTHERS Publishers
NEW YORK and LONDON

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HERE'S TO CANADA!

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SECOND EDITION

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To

*my father, who gave me a love
of travel, and
my mother, who taught me to see
things on the way*

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

ALL propaganda to the contrary, there are no restrictions of any kind on travel to Canada from the United States, and passports are not required of Americans who cross the Canadian border. The United States does, however, require some identification, such as a birth certificate, from its own citizens on their return. Americans may take into and bring out of Canada without question their car, their personal effects and their funds, but they may not bring out of Canada more money than they took in. An American dollar at the present time is worth ten per cent more than its face value, anywhere in the Dominion. According to American regulations, its citizens may bring back, free of duty, articles of Canadian manufacture aggregating \$100 in purchase price, provided they have remained in Canada not less than forty-eight hours.

Statements about each province included in the text which are purely factual (supplied for the most part by the Department of Mines and Resources) have been set in italic, indented, in the text.

D. D.

FOREWORD

TRAVELS are daydreams translated into action. They are books we shall never read and college courses we have never taken. They are a means of forgetting and something never to be forgotten after they have ended.

Travel may be undertaken for a variety of reasons, but unless it is something more than a matter of transferring our persons and our belongings through a given space in a given length of time, of making the dreary round of luxury hotels to see the same faces in each place, it is only transportation. Real travel is an emotional and intellectual experience, resulting in the fusion of ourselves with a new environment, which in turn leaves a spiritual residue. So all that we have seen and experienced becomes a part of us, whether we choose to admit it or not.

There is an ancient legend that tells of a rich man who was able to boast after a lifetime spent in moving about over the earth that he had experienced nothing but a change in climate. There is also the historical fact that Immanuel Kant, who had never stirred sixteen miles beyond Königsberg, was yet able to project his mind through the whole universe of human ideas. But he was a genius, and he would doubtless have been able to express himself with greater lucidity if he had met a few people who spoke a language different from his own.

To attempt to write a book on travel in any but the first person seems to me to assume an omniscience and objectivity on the part of the writer at variance with his subject, which is not merely the land he is describing but the relationship a stranger finds with it. Since no two individuals ever feel or see alike when confronted with something new to their experience, the conclusions I have reached as a result of my living and journeying in Canada are inevitably personal. Whether you

disagree profoundly with my conclusions or not, I hope you may become convinced that you could see more, understand better and find greater enjoyment than I have in the same places I have known. Then there will be a reason for one more book on travel.

I remember once meeting an elderly Englishman on a train between Calais and Paris whose face, clothes and manner gave him the stamp of the conventional Britisher. He opened a conversation with me as he would never have dreamed of doing in England, because he knew I was an American. Paris, he told me, he loved more than any other place in the world because it was so different from everything at home. Did he hope to live there one day, I asked. Oh, my no, he said; if he did that he'd never be able to visit it. To see himself in a new guise and habitat, free of his neighbor's concept of him, was his annual holiday.

All of us need such escape at times, if only to be able to return to the familiar milieu, still exercising the eyes of a traveler. It is good, in a shifting landscape among strange smells and unrelated sounds, to escape the sense of ourselves with which we are at odds. How easily it can be accomplished no one could guess who has never tried it. Whether we see the same things as the fellow sitting next us in the air liner or bus is of little importance, so long as we keep our eyes and ears open, our minds mobile, and our hearts ready to skip a beat now and then.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT

REGARDLESS of the fact that Canada is a country at war, I have met with nothing but unfailing courtesy on the part of busy officials when I turned to them for information or assistance. Mr. A. D. P. Heeney in Ottawa, then Principal Secretary to the Prime Minister, now Clerk of the Privy Council and Secretary to the Cabinet, started me off with his never-failing generosity on a chain of interviews that eventually elicited all the material I could ask on which to base this book. Herewith I also extend my sincere thanks to Major D. L. McKeand, one of my oldest friends in Canada; to Robert J. C. Stead, Superintendent of Publicity and Information in the National Parks Bureau of the Department of Mines and Resources; to D. Leo Dolan, Chief of the Canadian Travel Bureau in the Department of Transport. Without their encouragement I should never have embarked on the task of bringing this work to completion. For material placed at my disposal I must also thank John Murray Gibbon of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Ben Deacon and Miss L. M. Nicholson of the Canadian National Railways. Among the many others whom I cannot here name, not least in my indebtedness are the heads of provincial bureaus, and government officials in charge of the Yukon and Northwest Territories.

Canada in Motion



I

CANADA IN MOTION

FIFTY years ago one of Canada's great statesmen, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, expressed the belief that while the nineteenth century had belonged without question to the United States, the twentieth would as surely belong to Canada. Nearly one-half of the century has passed, and Canada has remained a large colored blot on the globe, two long railway lines running from ocean to ocean with towns strung along them like beads on a cord. Of all the great civilized nations, she has remained the least well known, both to her own inhabitants and the rest of the world.

Her contiguous geographical area is second only in size to that of Soviet Russia. It is larger, in fact, than all of Europe, but her population is little more than that of Belgium. She has always seemed to the rest of the world as much a geographical expression as a nation, self-conscious principally because she still possesses plenty of living space.

It is worth remembering, however, that if Canada has not been much in the news it is because news is primarily sensational. The rapid and lawless expansion of the American west is still good for books and moving pictures. Canada's expansion has been much slower and it has always been restricted by the principle of two steps forward and one step back—two to keep up with the United States, and one to maintain an emotional unity with Great Britain.

And then the brew of Europe, with its smell of *Lebensraum* and nationalisms, boiled over and spilled across the sea. Today Canada has become spot news on her own, for she is the coming nation of the world.

Overnight, eyes have become focused in her direction and

the exciting fact is taking root in our consciousness that here, just over the border, a young cousin is involved in drama. She is protected automatically by our Monroe Doctrine, which makes her, as John MacCormac points out in his provocative book,* the spearhead of American defense. So the inrush of new strength, vitality and purpose which has come about as a result of her war effort is sufficient to hearten us all.

It is an obvious fact that at the moment she is Great Britain's second line of defense. Whether or not she will eventually become the central seat of the British Empire is not a fantastic presumption, but a definite possibility. Her future balances between two worlds. Perhaps the Canadian dream will emerge with a distinct pattern; perhaps what MacCormac calls her steadily developing case of schizophrenia will dissolve as she merges into an economic union with the United States. Only the farseeing can recognize the color and shape of the horizon, but Canada's star is unquestionably ascending in a world that is ready for maturity and wisdom. It will be an exciting thing to watch, for those of us who live next door.

The Dominion of Canada is a federal union, or partnership, of nine provinces and two territories. Under the constitution of Canada, known as the British North America Act, certain powers have been given to the provincial legislatures and all other powers are vested in the Dominion Parliament. This made Canada a sovereign state, but still a colony of Great Britain, until after War '14, when an Imperial Conference was held in London. The status of colony for Canada was obliterated by the following declaration: "Great Britain and the Dominions are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown,

* *Canada: America's Problem*, by John MacCormac.

and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

And so Canada continues to sort out the curious mélange of influences that govern her future. A British king who is technically powerless to decide Canadian policy is her strongest emotional link with the Empire, but would she be willing to harbor him and all that he represents as a permanent fixture? There is within the Dominion an enormous French-speaking section of the population and a single city which is the second-largest French city in the world, yet what has she to do with France? Her integrity is guaranteed by the two greatest nations in the world, one because of policy and the other by proximity, but could she remain politically independent if the United States were forced to invoke the Monroe Doctrine and fight to keep an aggressor from her shores?

Canadians are of three minds about the answers to these questions, and characteristically they have, until the present, felt that theirs was not to reason why. Talk has always been plentiful and strident in condemnation of politics and policies, but it has usually worn itself out in syllables instead of action. Characteristically, too, it is more often than not through the medium of American journals and weeklies that public opinion in Canada reaches written form. The following letter appeared in *Life* on January 22, 1940:

"Many Canadians feel a natural resentment because so few Americans understand our position in world affairs, but they fail to realize that this is caused by the fact that there is a one-way traffic in ideas between Canada and the United States. We see your movies, read your books, listen to your radio programs. We offer you little of the same in return. Canadians productively capable in these fields generally work for the American market and live in the United States.

There are few sensible people in this country who do not realize that it is Canada's national function to stand halfway between the Old Country and the United States, and to be a

hostage for their mutual friendship. Unfortunately, however, there are still professional imperialists among us who fail to understand that Canada is American because it is on this continent, British because it is a part of the Empire, and yet manages to remain itself. There is no reason why we cannot be loyal to all three aspects of our destiny. Most of us are."

There is little doubt that the war has made Canada well aware of herself as a self-contained nation. No result of the war can ever put her back as she was. This restive step-daughter of the European system may well be the Cinderella of the new era we face.

The population of Canada in round figures is 10,850,000, averaging less than three persons to each of its 3,694,863 square miles of area. Dense massing of its people in certain sections of the country equalizes vast stretches of uninhabited territory in the north. It is a land of irregular outline and great distances, with a mainland varying from the latitude of Spain and Italy to that of Northern Norway. It is computed that Canada has about 14,000 miles of navigable lakes and rivers, several of them being among the largest in the world, though their names are still practically unknown.

One of the things that travel has taught Canadians is a distrust of the perspicacity of Englishmen, for in England they are invariably mistaken for Americans, which usually annoys them, and then when the mistake is pointed out, the reply too often is, "Oh, I see. You're from the colonies!" a mistake which irritates the Canadian worse than the first one. If an Englishman can distinguish little difference between the Canadians and Americans he meets in his own country, he at least fancies Canadians to be a little rougher and more loyal, for he still thinks of Canada as a land of pioneers, cowboys, wheat farmers and adventurers.

To an American, on the other hand, Canada too often means Royal Mounted Police, who wear striking scarlet jackets and always get their man, or picturesque Habitant French who look best on Christmas cards. Those really typical individuals whom the American meets constantly through trade or diplomacy seem so much like himself as to be taken for granted. Some of the most notable names in academic and professional life in America today are Canadian-born, and yet there is less ballyhoo about their background than if they were from Tennessee or Indiana.

Canada and the United States have more in common, however, than history, culture and a similarity of tastes. Geographically we cannot escape a similarity of problems and effects, for we share the same general vertical divisions of land formation. Horizontal waves in the form of mass migrations from east to west have marked the years in both countries, but since the vertical barriers and divisions of mountains and plains remain the same forever, they will continue as they always have done to effect modes of living on the entire continent.

The Maritime Provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island correspond roughly to New England. The Laurentian Mountains spread out in the form of a shield and act as the same sort of dividing range as the Appalachians, though actually no part of them. The Mississippi Valley has its counterpart in Ontario, though as a rule it takes four states to equal one province in area. The Prairie Provinces are a northern continuation of our plains, except that the swing of the Rocky Mountains to the northwest makes the Canadian prairies much wider. And finally, British Columbia resembles Washington and Oregon closely, and the Arctic wastes are a larger expanse of Alaska terrain. Only the American southwest has no parallel in Canada.

But Canada has something which the United States has no longer: a frontier that has scarcely been touched. On a map, the uninhabited territory of Canada looks to be larger than the whole of the United States. Men have penetrated this

hinterland, which they call the bush, several hundred miles in some sections, and have established a few outposts of civilization, but these are only pinpricks on the map, and the rest of this territory remains half-explored and half-known, its riches and promises only guessed, waiting for future days when men will have learned better methods of protecting themselves against the elements in their search for minerals and hidden wealth.

The same winds bring heat and cold to the United States and Canada and the same currents of air flow across the border in circles, to keep us geographically one. The winters are colder in some parts of civilized Canada, but the summers are much like our own, though mostly shorter. And the Great Lakes belong as much to one shore as another, so that the United States, to Canadians, is something down beyond. It's all in the way you happen to be facing.

Agriculture is the basic industry of Canada, the area under field crops now being about 56,000,000 acres, which is an increase of 250 per cent since 1890. Mining is second in importance among the primary industries of the Dominion, especially notable for its output of metals. Gold is produced to an annual value of \$100,000,000, and Canada is the first country of the world in the production of nickel, platinum metals and asbestos; second in cobalt and primary zinc, third in gold, silver and copper, and fourth in lead. Her exports in nickel, copper, lead and zinc comprise a trade in non-ferrous metals that is unparalleled. The coal seams in Cape Breton were the first worked in North America.

So I lay the map of Canada before you and leave the way you will take to your own inclinations and desires. There are as many schools of thought on travel as there are on most subjects which fascinate the race of men. Who am I to side

with one and tell you that Canada is best discovered from a Pullman window, on skis or by canoe? Maps were made for more than practical purposes. They beckon dreams and mold plans, they twist imagination and color dull days, and nothing more exciting has ever been put onto paper, to be had for the asking without cost or favor.

Columbus must have sold his schemes to Isabella by means of lines drawn to illustrate his dreams, and Marco Polo made maps with hues of his own. We learned to draw the outline of Cape Cod when we could barely hold a pencil, and then one day we find ourselves in Provincetown. We are not only seeing and hearing, but we are feeling ourselves at a point in space, enlarging an understanding of our relationship with all that lies about us.

When you travel into Canada, shall you plan carefully ahead, decide how far you can go each day, make the stops you have determined upon before you left home, and so return to your own front door with the satisfaction of having wasted no time and made no mistakes? Or will you have a general direction in mind and follow it approximately, led by those sudden whims and fancies which overtake all of us on the way, satisfied with the knowledge that whatever you find will be enhanced by your own curiosity and individual point of view?

However you go, hunt for those things in Canada that indicate a unity between our two countries which is delicate, indefinable and tenuous. And notice carefully as well those things which have been harbored here from another culture dear to the settlers in this difficult land . . . manners and customs which have been kept because they served as reminders of home and families across the sea.

You will find that cars on the street, food in the pantry, frocks on the girls and programs on the radio are essentially American. But tea in the afternoon and the way it is brewed, party crackers containing funny tissue-paper hats for Christmas, and the acceptance of woman's place in the home are

all as British as Bass's ale. And not least, every one of us has a part in the lessening of the superiority complex felt by Canadians toward Americans, a feeling which has been caused by our own unthinking willingness to compare ourselves with Canada at the top of our voices while we have been her guests.

The more often we cross the border the less distinct that border definition becomes in our minds. Before long it is quite likely to disappear altogether, and we shall have to look in history books to make sure where it used to be. At the moment, Canada is still a fascinating foreign country, beautiful to look at, lovely to listen to, and of supreme interest to watch in her process of doing her duty by two worlds without offense to either. She is too modest to say what we all very well know . . . that upon her the future of every one of us very likely depends.

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American Vacations, Larry Nixon. Boston: Little, Brown & Company, 1939.

This book answers all the usual questions about prices and costs. It also gives information for those who want to canoe, tramp, bicycle or otherwise find out-of-the-way scenery and exercise.

Canada, André Siegfried. London: Jonathan Cape; New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1937.

A small volume which concentrates on the social aspects of the country as seen by the writer. Full of figures and some excellent generalizations, though it is by no means a full portrait.

Canada: America's Problem, John MacCormac. New York: The Viking Press, 1940.

What will it mean to Americans if . . . Canada becomes our greatest commercial rival, the seat of a defeated British Empire, an entirely separate nation . . . is threatened or attacked by Germany . . . chooses to join the United States? The dust cover of this excellent book says that Mr. MacCormac examines all these problems coolly

and with an authority based on full knowledge, and a sureness born of long experience on both sides of the frontier, and if anything the dust cover understates the ability of the author. It is a book not to be missed, whether you ever set foot in Canada or not.

Canadian Mosaic, John Murray Gibbon. Toronto: McClelland & Stewart; New York: Dodd, Mead Company, 1939.

Mr. Gibbon traces in this heavy volume the background, pursuits, problems and eventual landings of all the immigrants in Canada. He gives an amplitude of facts and figures on the racial make-up of the Dominion.

The Canadians: the Story of a People, George Wrong. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1938.

An excellent history by an authority on the subject, stressing the personal and political angles.

Essays in Canadian History—Ed. by R. Flenley. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, 1939.

A companion volume to the one above, compiled in commemoration of Dr. Wrong by his colleagues and friends in the University of Toronto. Its title is explanatory.

Timetable for Tramps—Tibor Koeves. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; Toronto: Thomas Allen, 1939.

This is an enchanting book on the philosophy of travelers, by a Hungarian who is eminently quotable. "Street-cleaners and bishops," he says, "alike are grist for the traveller's mill; and a private in the Lithuanian army is no less intriguing than a Lithuanian university professor."

Adventures in Good Eating, Duncan Hines. Bowling Green, Kentucky, 1939.

These little red-covered volumes are found all over the continent now, wherever tourists meet, and eat and exchange experiences. It has an enormous, well-deserved sale, and after using it through some 15,000 miles across the country and back, I can recommend it heartily. Mr. Hines has never yet steered us wrong.

Lodging for a Night, Duncan Hines. Bowling Green, Kentucky, 1939.

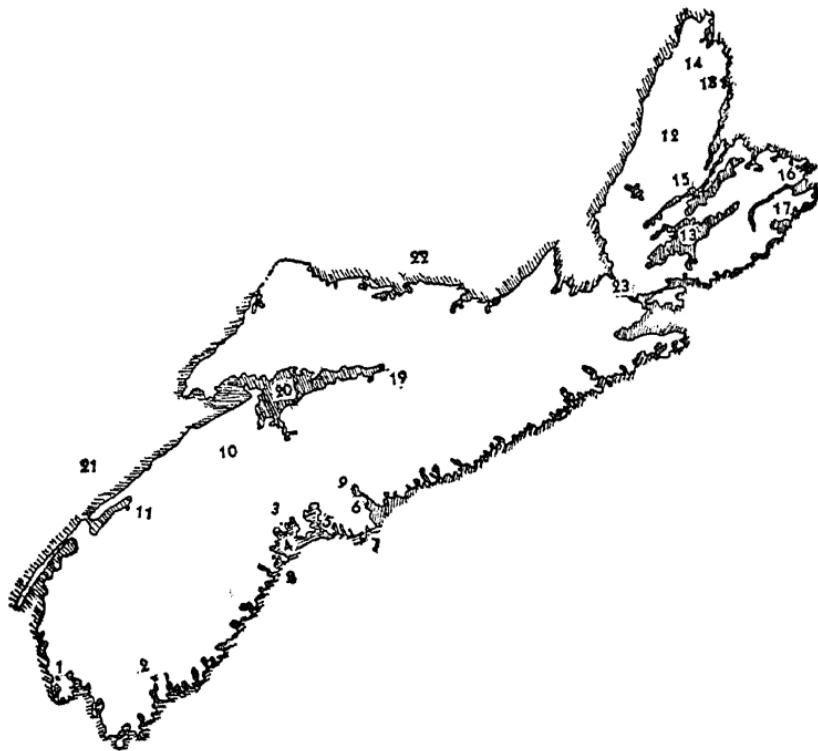
A logical follow-up after the success of the above. Its section on Canada is not as full as might be, but that can hardly be blamed on Mr. Hines, and the most recent edi-

HERE'S TO CANADA!

tion does better in this direction. Canada has little to offer between luxury hotels, in which she is unsurpassed, and the third-rate. Make up your mind to this before you cross the border, and you'll have a better time while there.

Nova Scotia





1. Yarmouth
2. Shelburne
3. Chester
4. Mahone Bay
5. Peggy's Cove
6. Halifax
7. Sambro Light
8. Lunenburg
9. Bedford Basin
10. Annapolis Valley
11. Annapolis Royal
12. Cape Breton Island
13. Bras d'Or Lakes
14. Cape Breton Highlands National Park
15. Baddeck
16. Sydney
17. Louisburg
18. Ingonish
19. Truro
20. Minas Basin
21. Bay of Fundy
22. Northumberland Strait
23. Strait of Canso

II

NOVA SCOTIA

THE map of Nova Scotia looks like a lobster lying out in the Atlantic Ocean, its claws being Cape Breton Island. There is no spot in the province that is more than fifty miles from the sea, but depending upon which way you face, the sea may be the Bay of Fundy, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Minas Basin, the Strait of Canso or the Atlantic. In some places the spume that blows against the rocky cliffs is cold and wild and good to look at but poor for swimming. In the north, along the Northumberland Strait, the water is warm enough for the slowest circulation to enjoy bathing, and the land slopes easily down to its edge in rich red-loamed farms or sandy beaches.

No matter how much proud sons of Nova Scotia may boast about their native province, whatever they say is true if you're thinking of the right part. For the land can be kind and it can be cruel, and the people who live on it are as stubborn as they are hospitable. Nova Scotians have beautiful voices, weathered skin, retarded reactions, terrific pride, gentle manners and an abysmal ignorance of the rest of their country. They are generous to the point of embarrassment to those they like, quick to judge, and forever unyielding once a judgment has been made. No more thoroughly honest group of individuals walks the earth.

It was warm on the boat deck. After a seven-day crossing from Southampton we had entered the Gulf Stream, and now faces were appearing in the sunshine that had scarcely been

seen before. There was something special in the air that told us we were drawing near a great continent.

Then the gulls and terns came out to meet us. Excitement ran along the decks like burning oil. Only a few of the passengers had approached North America by this route before, but the impression of coming home shared by all of us was unmistakable, even though we were still two days from the Statue of Liberty. Even though it might be a strange one, our senses knew this was not a foreign port we were approaching.

The first gray blobs of land appeared on the horizon, and as they formed themselves into headlands an essence in the wind grew more pronounced. It was the odor of North America, the smell of warm land breezes that had blown across fragrant spruce and pine and now mingled with the smells of the sea. More striking than anywhere else on the continent, it was the odor of Nova Scotia.

Halifax is an impressive harbor to enter as you watch it from the top rail of a ship. This morning it lay behind a mist haze of mother-of-pearl, for the sun caught water sprays in all directions and used them for mirrors. We passed McNab's Island, which guards the harbor mouth, looked closely at the lighthouse and dories anchored at its base, and then drew slowly in toward the headland of the peninsula. We could see the trees of a park on the cliffs, like stubble on an old man's chin, then the basin of a clubhouse at its collar.

"That's the Royal Yacht Squadron," a voice said behind me.

He was looking over my shoulder as I turned, his eyes filled with private visions and thoughts on this morning of his homecoming after three years of study abroad. The mixture of Highland Scotch, Oxford and German vacations in his voice had pleased my Middle Western ear throughout the voyage and I had plied him with questions for days.

"Why 'Royal,'" I said, with something of scorn for such tags.

"By the will of the father of Queen Victoria," he replied, laughing at both of us. "He lived here for years, you know, and some of his descendants are still around. It's the only yacht

squadron beside the one at Cowes that's allowed to call itself royal. Which accounts for the snobbish dowdiness of its architecture."

Officials had come on board from a lighter and our engines began to turn again, moving us between George's Island and the ocean terminals. The docks seemed surprisingly modern. Behind them, the town rose up the sides of a hill, so that all the aspects of its life could be seen from the harbor in layers, one above the other.

"I suppose it's difficult for an American to comprehend the amount of shipping that goes in and out of here," he said. And then he smiled at me again, with wrinkles fanning out from the corners of his young eyes, and I was saved an answer. I had yet to comprehend the depth of Scottish pride, nearly always veneered with shyness.

He showed me how the harbor was like a river running between Halifax and Dartmouth on the opposite shore. Six miles inland it opens suddenly into a round, deep basin, where freighters, merchantmen, transports and warships have ridden at anchor to the number of hundreds at a time. On this August morning in the middle thirties the whole place looked deserted, sleepy and half-alive, and I found it difficult to remember that the first American troops from Texas had sailed from here in 1917.

By the time we had tied into the pier, the pleasure of disembarking passengers to be home made them remote and suddenly strange to their shipmates, and the last I saw of the lad called Hugh was the wave of a strong tennis-champion's hand as he followed his father and sister into the gloom of the shed. Sometime later the rest of us were allowed off as shore visitors, with the stipulation that we be back on board within a specified time.

This was an opportunity not to be missed, and from those two hours I have retained a memory of Halifax that has never lost its color. I found a taxi driver in front of the Nova Scotian Hotel and left it to his discretion to show me as much of the city as possible. He took me under his wing with dignity and

the charming gesture of an old-fashioned host, and his voice had a Gaelic lilt that entranced me, though he spoke only in answer to my questions or when he felt I was in need of information which only he could give.

I noticed the names of streets and liked them, with their connotations, from Spring Garden Road, Barrington Street, Coburg Road and Dresden Row to Sackville Street, Jubilee Road and Duke Street. I discovered the unaccountable beauty of the Public Gardens, which would have been given a florid name and advertised broadside if they were the pride of an American city. I watched all manner of small craft, from canoes to star boats, on the Northwest Arm—that narrow inlet from the sea which escapes by little more than a mile from joining the harbor behind the town and making Halifax an island—and saw how the pleasure of the people centers here on the broad green slopes of homes and clubs.

There is one imposing building in Halifax, aside from those on the campus of Dalhousie University, and that is Government House, the home of the incumbent Lieutenant-Governor, who represents the representative of the King. This structure has a Georgian façade worthy of London, and if it has taken on the grime color that comes of coal smoke mixed with years of fog, so much the better.

Most of the streets are lined with quaint Mid-Victorian houses, and those owned by gentry are little different in color from the cracker boxes of the slums. This is explained by the fact that the substantial citizens of the city feel that to paint the outside of their homes would be putting on unconscionable airs, besides being an invitation to the tax appraiser. The taxi driver merely indicated the streets where the upright lived and left it to my American taste to judge on the basis of surface pulchritude if I would.

It was he who prescribed a walk through the Public Gardens, indicating the gate where he would meet me in half an hour. There seemed to be no choice in the matter, so I obediently got out of his cab and walked away. But before I returned to him I put upon Halifax my final test. Into the

corner drugstore of the Lord Nelson Hotel I went, facing the wrought-iron gates at the corner of the gardens, and perched upon a stool before the soda fountain. Then I ordered a chocolate fudge sundae. If you've ever been younger than twenty-five and out of the United States for a whole summer you'll know why. The business streets of Halifax might be narrow, grim and shabby and the appearance of the residential section something of a shock, but there was no mistaking this for a city in Europe. That fudge sundae tasted better than anything I had eaten since the last fried chicken before I left home.

I have often wondered since if Halifax really is as strange a city as it seemed on that August afternoon, brooding through its extremes of beauty and dreariness, or if it merely seemed Old Country and nineteenth century because it was the first Canadian city I had seen and it was personalized in my mind by a well-bred taxi driver and a young Rhodes scholar, now engulfed in it. When I was finally delivered up to my ship at the end of the allotted two hours, the driver refused my tip courteously but firmly, assuring me it had been his pleasure to show an American around the while. And never once in the whole time had his face changed expression.

When we sailed out past Sambro Light into a northern sunset as rich in color as though we were still in Italy, the odor of the Canadian forests lingered in the salt air. I would have staked a good deal that night on the surety that I should never see Halifax again. What had Chicago and the Middle West to do with a place whose name had been used since childhood as a synonym for hell? This day had been like a side trip to Oz, unearned increment for the end of a summer. Already the only two Nova Scotians I had ever exchanged words with were becoming as remote as though I had only read about them in a book, one a man I wouldn't recognize if he opened a cab door for me tomorrow, the other a student with charming manners who had kissed another girl on the boat. But my comprehension of the world we live in had been enriched by them both. I should have been in danger of falling overboard had any one suggested that within three years I'd be back there, to live.

Nova Scotia was originally settled by the French in 1604, who called this land Acadia. They held it for a hundred years, and then it fell into the hands of the British, with the exception of the Island of Cape Breton, which was captured later in the eighteenth century, with the fall of Louisbourg.

Such Canadian history as Americans encounter by accident usually sounds to us not only dull but bothersome. We find Canadians claiming as founding fathers such familiar names as Champlain and La Salle and Joliet, and this necessitates the reconstruction of our own background and point of view in order to share with them. It was a distinct shock to discover that the great-grandchildren of our Priscilla and John Alden had fled to Canada during the Revolution, and all their progeny are now British subjects. Some of Paul Revere's descendants have been well known in Nova Scotia, and a great-great-grandchild still lives in Cape Breton.

As for Canadians themselves, they can give approximate names and dates of their own history, particularly by provinces, but I have yet to meet one who seemed to feel any kinship with the man he was putting in his historical place, or was able to arouse in me a desire to know more of the subject. Thinking of themselves as Quebecois or British Columbians, rather than as Canadians, they lack sequence and unity in their point of view, and as a result Canadian history seems nearly as disconnected and unreal to them as it does to us.

A rich field for novels and biographies about Canadian fathers waits to be tilled, and when they are dug up and popularized, the dramatic background of Nova Scotia will draw Americans to it like bees to a jam pot. Longfellow discovered its possibilities long ago, and witness the result. Americans think of Nova Scotia as the land of Evangeline, rush through the rest of the province to find her shrine on the shore of Minas Basin at Grand Pré, and once having found it, feel closely united in history to Nova Scotia, as they never had before.

Nova Scotia is 374 miles long, has about 512,000 inhabitants, and includes a little over 21,000 square miles in area. Its coast line, because of its rugged form, extends over 5,000 miles.

It was hot in Boston, that last day of June. Men wore straw sailors on the back of their heads and carried draggled handkerchiefs in their left hands for mopping brows. The streets seemed narrower than usual and there was a smell of dry manure about the docks. The smell, mixed now with rotting cod, followed us onto the *Evangeline*, bound for Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

The spaciousness of this overnight boat surprised me. We walked about and inspected all the Boston piers in sight, comfortable in the knowledge that our car was safely tucked away below decks. Then the *Evangeline* pulled up her skirts in a twilight filled with heat mist and dust and sidled out between the small islands to sea. When a fresh breeze began to blow our hair about and the lighthouses had been left behind there was a noticeable lift to Hugh's chin, and his eyes seemed to be seeing down beyond the horizon, in the direction of home.

It reminded me of the night, a few years before, when we had been walking together along the mall at the Chicago Fair, my hand in the crook of his arm. From somewhere out of sight came the sound of bagpipes skirling. At first it seemed an hallucination among those garish lights and blaring loud-speakers. We listened, and there was no change of expression on his face. Then the swinging kilts of a platoon of the Toronto Black Watch came into view, tall and handsome, led by their pipers, and we stood still and watched until they had gone by.

The melancholy strains of the *Blue Bonnets* have ever since been one in my memory with the feeling of taut muscles under my fingers. Scotsmen are a wonderful race of human beings.

The engines were still when I woke up next morning, and everything else was quiet except for the intermittent cat cry of the gulls. They weren't berating the ship as they do in most ports; they were simply mewing occasionally. After Boston,

the morning seemed pink and blue, and the few individuals I could see from the porthole were unconcerned with anything that might be happening where we were. One of the first things you notice about Canada is the fact that the whole country is less noisy, and the sounds it does emit are distinct and native.

The immigration officer on the dock had sandy hair and a rich Gaelic accent. He asked the usual questions and recorded the answers as though they were important and he was not bored.

“Occupation?”

“Schoolmaster.”

“Where?”

“Montreal.”

“So? Canadian?”

“Yes. We’re visiting my home in Halifax for the summer.”

“Your wife Canadian, too?”

“No. American.”

“When were you married?”

“Eight days ago.”

The pencil paused at that and he smiled at me. “Most of us leave and don’t come back these days,” he said. “How far did he have to go to get you?”

“Illinois.” I smiled too, as who could not. He looked as though it were a personal pleasure to greet me.

“Well . . . Nova Scotians always get around. Welcome to Canada,” he said. And I wish I knew how to transfer his voice onto paper.

“We’ll have to fill out some special papers for you now,” he went on. “You’ll be a subject of the British Empire when I’ve finished them. And a good day it is, too, you should have picked to enter here.”

I looked at Hugh and lifted a left eyebrow.

“It’s Dominion Day,” he said when the officer had gone for his immigration forms. “You can keep your American citizenship by applying to the American Consul in Montreal when we get there in September, but Great Britain will always give

you her protection, too, if you don't mind. You can't be a citizen of Canada that way, but you can be a subject of the British Empire even when you travel on an American passport. It's your country that's out of step with the rest of the world."

On that blue and pink Yarmouth morning it seemed remarkable to be granted the privilege of belonging officially to two such nations. I omitted to tell Hugh I had never heard of Dominion Day.

By the middle of the nineteenth century a conviction grew among those colonies located north of the United States that a union of these British possessions would be desirable as well as advantageous. On the first day of July, 1867, by statute of the British Parliament in what is known as the British North America Act, the Dominion of Canada came into existence. Four colonies became the first provinces—Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia—and provision was made for the inclusion of others whenever they wished to join the federation. Manitoba entered in 1870, followed by British Columbia in 1871 and Prince Edward Island in 1873. The Provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta were created in 1905.

No matter where you happen to enter Nova Scotia, you'll find that the roads all lead to Halifax. They are wide, perfectly graded, and something to tell Maine about. You can circle the entire province without once getting off pavement, but trying to take a short cut will get you into trouble. There are no secondary roads in the province; they are either excellent or terrible.

If you choose the south shore between Yarmouth and Halifax, as we did that morning, you will find yourself cutting through unbroken wilderness at first. The forests have all been cut over, and second growth and scrub is all you can see for some thirty miles. There are small villages here and again, but they are only a cluster of unpainted houses at a turn in the

road, forgotten before they are out of sight. Even the information that acres of this country are burned over each year for the purpose of supplying the blueberry markets of the world gives me no incentive to consider it more than something to be passed through as quickly as possible.

Then you come upon Shelburne, and that is a different story. If the artists who crawl around Gloucester's wharfs could be torn away and transplanted up here, they'd find this antique village irresistible. There hangs over its harbor the creaking echo of old ships tugging at their wharfs, and behind the paint-peeled grayness of its houses lie tales of adventure, covered with dust.

In 1783, when some ten thousand New York aristocrats decided it would be preferable to pack their chattels and set off to a strange country to build a new life rather than endure a government of radicals and revolutionists, they turned the prow of their vessels north and eventually landed in the lovely but desolate harbor here. Founded upon the wealth which these people had been able to save from their New York enterprises, the town grew fast and eventually became a prosperous shipping center. Then one winter a great storm wrecked the whole place and left the wharfs and ships a shambles. These settlers were unaccustomed to manual labor and hardships and most of them became discouraged and moved on to other parts of the province. Those who remained needed courage and fortitude, but they had it, for the place was rebuilt and became a famous shipbuilding and fishing port. When wooden ships were at last outmoded in this century, the people of Shelburne moved on once more to other parts and other trades. Now the town has only fifteen hundred inhabitants, but its pride lies like a patina over its old, gray walls.

Beyond the Sables, which seem to be the names of both rivers and towns in such combinations as Little Sable, and West Middle Sable, the evergreen forests give way to the hard-woods, and then the farms begin. Gold mines are said to be in operation here, too, but I've only seen abandoned ones.

The road skirts the long, white beaches of the coast, backed by dark brooding forests of spruce and hemlock. Exclusive and expensive summer resorts sit pretty on these beaches where privateers used to lie in wait during the War of 1812 to capture vessels bound for Boston. Port Mouton was particularly noted for this, a name which is pronounced for no good reason ma-toon.

All Nova Scotian names capture my fancy. They are a blend of British, Indian and French, with some Hanoverian German thrown in, and it's difficult to tell where one influence starts and the rest stop. There are Portuguese names around, too, inherited from shipwrecked sailors who settled where they landed.

The French names in Nova Scotia have been mispronounced to suit Scottish ears, just as Englishmen long ago decided to pronounce their Beaulieu Abbey as though it were spelled bewley. Once you know how it's done, the results are delightful, for the same rule has been applied to the Micmac Indian names, native to the province. Take one like Musquodoboit, for instance. That turns out to be mus-ka-dob'-it, and it means "rolling out in foam." Or Shubenacadie (shoe-ben-ak'-a-dee), which is Micmac for "place where ground nuts grow." It is also a junction where all trains slow down and take an interminable time to get away from. The name of a pretty little village in Cape Breton, Whycocomagh, had me beaten for a long time until I learned it was pronounced wy-cog'-a-ma, and Cape Breton is ka-brit'-in.

Once you catch on, they begin to roll off the tongue like quicksilver and you try to find reasons for bringing them into your conversation. But there's one small matter in this line I haven't yet been able to settle to my satisfaction. Do you think it was a coincidence that brought Scottish Highlanders to settle among an Indian tribe with the name of Micmac? When you find out how that happened, let me know.

Nova Scotia's Atlantic coast is indented by innumerable harbors; there are as many as a dozen that could

shelter ocean liners. The fisheries of this province reach an annual market value of something like \$10,000,000, and about two-thirds of that amount is contributed by haddock, lobsters and cod. Sportsmen, such as the late Zane Grey, come here to catch sword-fish and tuna, but professional fishermen call the latter albacore and wouldn't eat it for anything. In all the canneries, processing plants and fishing vessels, there are about 22,000 men employed in this industry.

Lunenburg County lies between the white beaches and Halifax, and sometimes it's my favorite part of the province, though Nova Scotians are of mixed minds about it. Perhaps it lies in their nature to distrust whatever Americans rave about. For your scrapbook you can find such place names as these: Italy Cross Village, Old Kettle, Conquerall Bank and First South. Lunenburg is the most famous of the shore towns, for it is the home of the finest fishing-schooner fleet in the world. You know . . . the *Bluenose*.

These Hanoverian fisherfolk are descendants of a colony sent over here by one of the Georges who was also Elector of Hanover. He wanted to form a Protestant settlement to balance the French Roman Catholics already in the province, and it was later augmented by German emigrants in 1848. With a seafaring tradition behind them, they have remained thrifty, practical and simple to this day. Many of them live their own lives with little relation to the rest of the world, except as the price they can get for a catch makes a difference in their income; others circle the globe as master mariners. They bear such names as Knickle, Oikle and Knock, with each "k" pronounced separately, and Whynot, which has evolved from the German word "Weihnacht," for Christmas. Their mode of life and their hearty generosity would repay any amount of sociological study, heaven forbid. And the name of the hotel in Lunenburg is *Ich Dien*.

Farther along lies Mahone Bay, with a legend of its own to cap its lovely prospects. During the War of 1812 an American

privateer, the *Young Teazer*, was chased into Mahone Bay by a British man-of-war. The American ship was manned by an English deserter and this worthy, seeing that his vessel could not escape and knowing that he would be hanged if he was captured, threw a torch into his powder magazine and blew *Young Teazer* to kingdom come. Canadian history goes down easily when it has such a familiar undertone.

Chester is the kind of place you think about when you're riding to work on a summer subway, or staring out an office window moodily wondering why men are so dumb as to stay in cities through humidity and brassy noise and ninety-five-degree heat. Chester is all green and white and ocean-blue and it smells of briar roses and bunchberry and blue-eyed grass. Cape Cod summer homes and cottages, owned mostly by Americans, nestle cosily against the green-haired bluffs and look in all directions over a harbor dotted with small islands. There is excellent fishing and hunting in the neighborhood, and no better yachting anywhere than in and out of these islands at the head of Mahone Bay. Once upon a time it was a rendezvous for pirates. Oak Island, Ironbound and Tancook are all here; the first was the hangout of Captain Kidd, you remember.

The capital of Nova Scotia is situated on a rising shield of land, culminating in Citadel Hill, which projects into a magnificent natural harbor six miles long and a mile wide, open through winter months when St. Lawrence ports are frozen over. It is the terminus of the Canadian National Railway and the export point for nearly one-third of the fish and fish products of the Dominion. Its population is about 60,000.

I returned to Halifax three summers after that day I had inspected it first from the deck of a ship, and this time Halifax turned around slowly and returned my gaze. On a map, Nova Scotia may look like a lobster, but to an American who goes

there to live it takes on the aspect of an olive. If you are in a mood to think only of its texture, its form and its color you will be fascinated by something quite unlike any other spot in North America. But it is tough, salty and bitter at the core, and to be transplanted to Halifax from an inland American city, not as a visitor but to live, is like being given an exclusive diet of olives before a taste for their crisp pungence has been achieved.

During that cold, rainy summer (Nova Scotia has them about once in three or four years) I forgot all my first impressions of Halifax, and felt instead all the things an American with superimposed values usually thinks and feels when he encounters something strange but not quaint. This time I called Halifax slow and smug and self-satisfied in order to ease my wounded pride over its obvious willingness to accept me only because I had married a local boy who had made good and was on his way to making better. The fact that I was now an adjunct of one of the leading families made me automatically acceptable, but I was still an American who wore silly hats and had a queer way of holding a knife and fork, plus a habit of saying what I thought usually out of turn.

But when the doors of these old Victorian houses were opened to me I discovered the hospitality as bright within as the paint was ugly without. I came to appreciate the feeling of stability in rooms furnished exactly as they were when their owners had married and moved in. They are heavy enough to send young people out in search of more color and inspiration, but they are rooms to return to at the end of a day or a year, at their best when generous fires crackle on open hearths and the fog is shut out by high shutters. The typical Nova Scotian, I found, is one who has gone away from the province, but it lies at the roots of his being, and no other part of the world ever measures his standard of fog, rain-laden winds, evanescent sunshine and simple Scotch hospitality.

For the past twenty years Halifax has been like an old woman, sitting with her back to the continent, looking across the sea to the Old Country, remembering past glory when she

was a garrison town and the gateway to a new empire. Slowly she has rocked back and forth, watching her children go off to other parts of Canada and the States in order to make their fortunes, waiting for them to return to visit her for a few weeks each summer. Sometimes it seemed that she alone remembered other days when life and the trade of the world surged about her.

Then War '39 broke, and Halifax realized suddenly that she was needed urgently once more. She grew excited as no other city in Canada dreamed of doing, and she became young and alive and vital overnight, making excellent use of the bitter and important lessons learned twenty years before. Today there is no other city in Canada that understands so well what is happening in terms of men, munitions and supplies, as Canada maintains a significant and salient war effort on her own. I returned to Halifax in the summer of 1940, and I am sure there is no other city in North America so provocative at the moment.

Censorship is strict and her citizens know exactly how to behave. Why shouldn't they? A good portion of them were children in the last war, but they remember vividly how she became overnight the third port of the Empire in volume of shipping. Besides, Halifax was virtually the only city on this continent to suffer damage in that war, when a Norwegian freighter collided in the harbor with a French ship which was carrying TNT. It was the worst civil disaster in American history.

Today, great convoys steam through her elongated harbor in orderly procession. Freighters pull out of Bedford Basin one after another when the convoy starts to form, keeping a quarter-mile distance between them. They are allowed through the submarine nets at the harbor mouth one at a time, nor is craft of any kind allowed to budge when a munitions ship begins to move. Out beyond Sambro Light the freighters are marshaled into position by destroyers and light cruisers, and then the whole convoy disappears over the horizon. Sometimes the accompanying warships return with signs

of enemy encounters on this side of the Atlantic, but the papers never tell, and neither do the people in the town.

Halifax witnesses sights every day that would make headlines in any American paper. Often the ships in port can be ascertained by names on sailors' caps, sometimes by familiarity with warship outlines. Often a great battleship can be seen at anchor on the same day the Germans announce her capture or destruction, but still Haligonians never tell. They smile when they see the date line even in their own papers, "An Eastern Canadian Port"; ships arrive bringing foreign gold or royal potentates, and the sight of double lines of infantrymen at arms, facing two ways, as Dutch doubloons or royal princesses are led from ship to train, ceases to be exciting. Any day is worthy of newsreel news in Halifax now, but only those who live and work there have front seats.

Bands play in the Public Gardens every night and sailors, soldiers and men of the merchant marine hold hands with their girls under the dark old trees. Restaurants are crowded and a variety of accents can be heard in any one of them. American aviators, technicians and engineers eat lobster at the big hotels while an aircraft carrier at the dock loads six hundred American planes. The red pompons on the caps of French sailors can be seen here and there on the streets as they wait orders for internment, or berths on an English vessel. And periodically the town is blacked out at night to accustom its citizens to a possible necessity.

Halifax is once again beautiful, busy and important. Some day she may be a great harbor in time of peace, but so far, she knows herself best when she is giving her services efficiently and adequately to war.

Thousands of tourists visit Nova Scotia each year to take advantage of the hunting and fishing. In the southern part, especially, moose and deer are plentiful, as well as foxes, otters, and minks. The lakes and rivers are filled with trout, salmon and other fish.

Snipe and partridge are abundant, and also ducks and geese in their season.

Nowhere, from Cape Race to Florida, is the shore line of America so formidably fortified with granite, so implacable to ships, so terrible in a storm or treacherous in a fog as Nova Scotia's Atlantic coast. The great glacier scraped its south shore right down to the rocks and left so little earth that for several miles inland, in some places, vegetation is as rare as hair on a bald head. The little that manages to obtain a foothold in the crevasses of these scraped rocks in summer is destroyed when the great gales come in during the autumn and blizzards blind everything in winter.

Peggy's Cove is a cluster of tiny clapboard houses built on this granite, each house perched on the bare back of a great boulder, every one facing in a different direction, all of them lived in by fishermen and their families. To most Nova Scotians, Peggy's Cove has a meaning quite out of proportion to its size or economic value; they have accepted it, without realizing why, as a symbol for their province and for themselves.

The first time Hugh took me there, combers forty feet high were coming in over the granites and exploding high over the lighthouse. The wind roared deafeningly off the sea and spume rode inland with it for nearly a mile, white like driving snow. The force of the Atlantic as it beat against the cliffs seemed to make the granite base of Halifax County shake.

It seemed the most terrifying spectacle I had ever encountered. There was not a human being in sight anywhere, and not a shade of color that wasn't gray, from the houses to the rock under our feet to the sky and water. It was the end of the world.

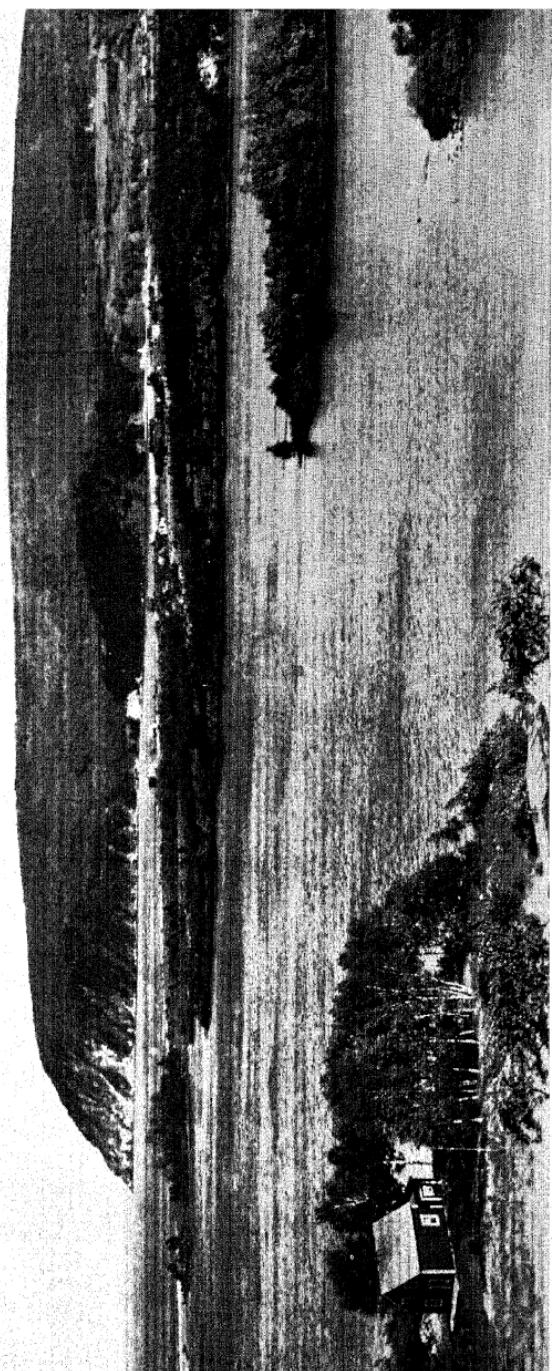
Hugh tried to tell me about it on our way back to Halifax; how those people had lived there for years, and never had to beg. With little help from the land, with none at all from the cities, in spite of falling prices and increasing costs, these fishermen have continued to live. They make their own boats and

tackle, and if all our western civilization perishes overnight, they will only take out their looms and make their own clothes too, as their fathers did a generation ago. Even their food they can manage, with a few cows and the tiny fenced patches of earth held on the rocks before each house by stakes and binding. Their lives are in their own hands, and whenever they beat back to harbor after a storm, they know they have been preserved by their own skill in sailing and their honesty of craftsmanship which constructed the boats they man. They are religious and their language shows much reading of the Bible. It would be as foolish for them to envy the life of city dwellers as it would be for city dwellers to become sentimental over theirs.

After the storm blew itself out I wanted to see Peggy's Cove again, and I did, often. I can remember it in tranquil weather when the Atlantic merely tilts gently against the rocks and looks like a blue floor as far as the horizon. On such a day the granites are rich in color, from amber to something that resembles old port.

And I have stood at the point under the lighthouse and watched the night approach like a miracle. First the granites absorb the hues of the reddening sun and the sky becomes turquoise-green. Fishing smacks begin drifting in over the troughs with the day's catch, two or three men in each one. Then the horizon loses itself, and the sea becomes a flat surface of mauve. The lamp in the tower of the lighthouse begins to revolve, bright even while saffron clouds are still shredding apart from the sunset and floating seaward over St. Margaret's Bay. Then it is dark, and men begin to move with swinging lanterns toward the village, fishermen on their way home from the cove.

Peggy's Cove is a survival, scarcely known to people living in the interior of the province, yet only sixty years ago Blue-nose ships were on every ocean of the world and Nova Scotia had the fourth largest mercantile marine among all the nations.



Cape Smokey from Ingonish, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia . . . on the farthest tip of land
in this part of the continent . . .



Yarmouth, Nova Scotia . . . everything else was quiet except for the intermittent call of the gulls . . .

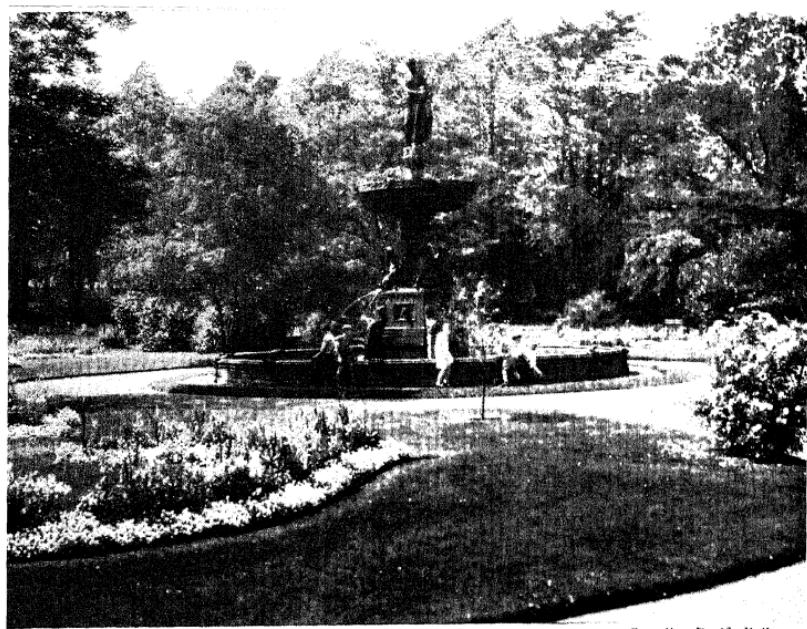
Canadian Pacific Railway



Peggy's Cove, near Halifax, Nova Scotia . . . *the great glacier scraped it down to the rocks . . .*

Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia . . . *imagine . . . what it is like in May . . .*



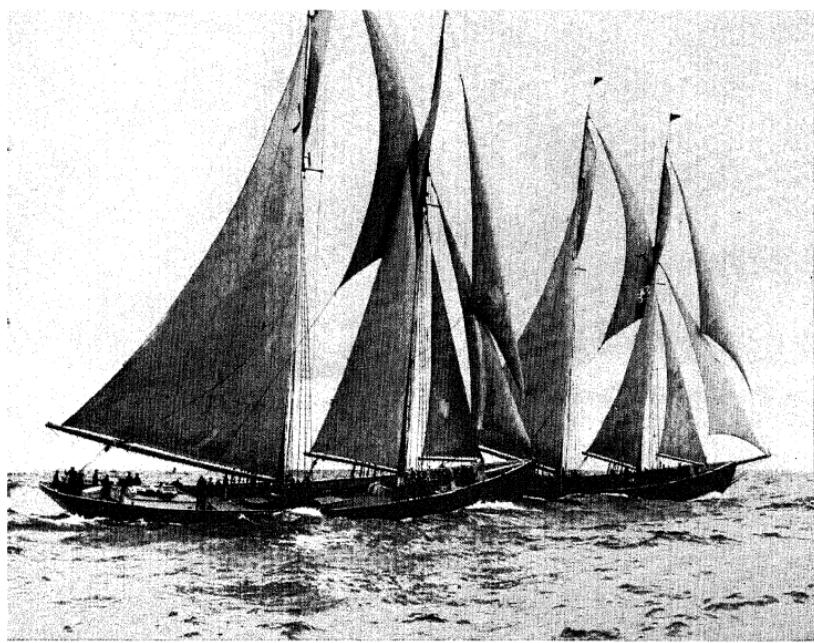


Canadian Pacific Railway

Halifax, Nova Scotia . . . bands play in the Public Gardens . . . under the dark old trees . . .
Hauling nets along the coast of Nova Scotia . . . these people speak in a rhythm strange to
our ears . . .

Bureau of Information, Halifax, N. S.



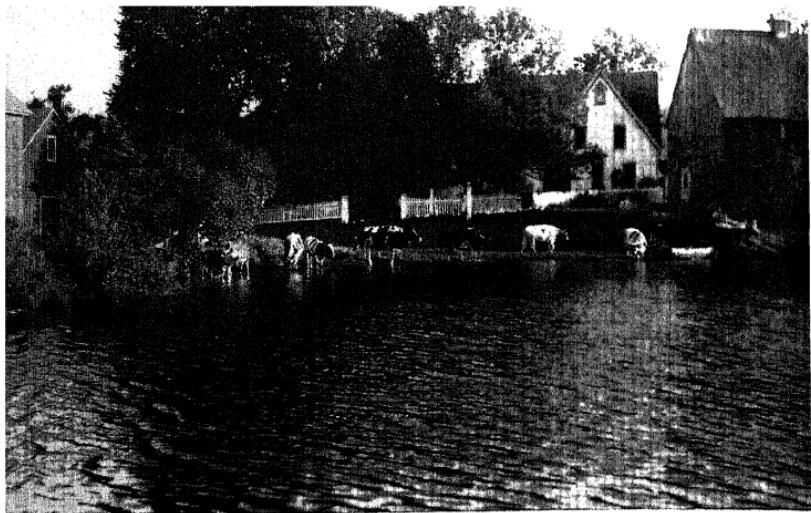


Off Lunenburg, Nova Scotia . . . *the home of the finest fishing-schooner fleet in the world.*
You know . . . the Bluenose . . .

Digby, Nova Scotia . . . *the smell of cod drying in the sun . . .*

Bureau of Information, Halifax, N. S.





Prince Edward Island . . . *nothing is spectacular but everything is charming . . .*

“Green Gables,” near Cavendish, Prince Edward Island . . . *looking just as it always has . . .*

Photo by R. H. Smith





Canadian National Railways

• Pulp and paper mill near Newcastle, New Brunswick . . . it promises soon to be the leading industry . . .

Saint John, New Brunswick . . . few ports in the world display the washed sides of their faces . . .

Canadian Pacific Railway

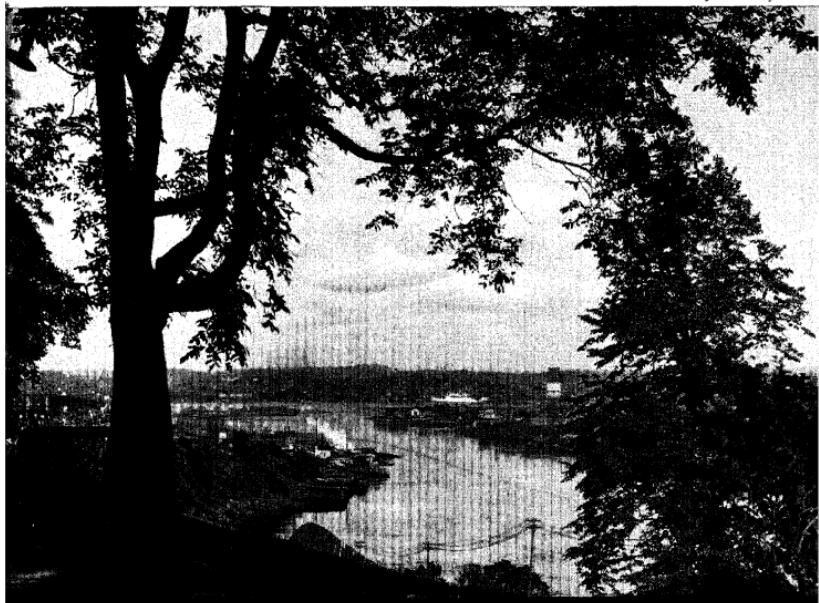


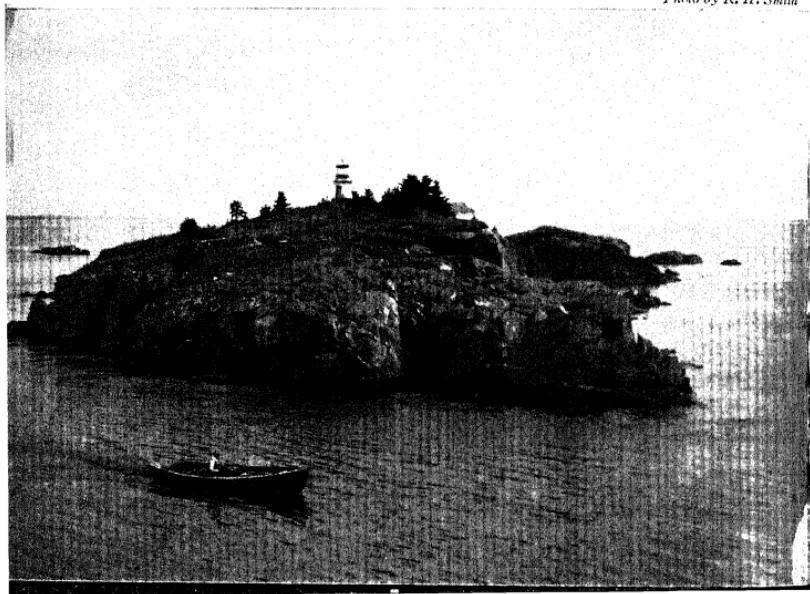


Photo by R. H. Smith

Grand Manan, New Brunswick . . . go out to Southern Head and face across the Atlantic . . .

Head Harbor Light on the Island of Campobello, New Brunswick . . . practically nothing but rocky cliffs . . .

Photo by R. H. Smith



The soil of Nova Scotia along the bays and rivers of the northern slope is very fertile. Wherever the tides of the Bay of Fundy reach, meadow lands of great richness have been formed. Along the southeastern shore of the Bay of Fundy lies a range of hills. Sheltered between these hills and the central heights of the province lies the famous Annapolis Valley, which, with its continuations, is about a hundred miles long and sometimes as much as ten miles wide. Here the early French immigrants planted their apple trees and laid the foundation for Nova Scotia's world-famous apple industry.

Orchards, even in flat countries, are good to look at, but the fruit orchards of the Annapolis Valley seem particularly lovely because half the time you are looking over the tops of the trees and the rest of the time up under them as they grow haphazardly up the sides of hills or dip down to the edge of basins and rivers. Imagine, if you can, what it is like in May when the blossoms are a sea of pink and white foam, with the blue water of the Bay for a backdrop. The cherry trees along the tidal basin in Washington are miniature scenery by comparison.

Not long ago I found myself crawling along here on a slow local train in the middle of February, thinking how the British had driven out the French who planted these orchards. And then I recalled the story of an American friend who had other reasons for remembering some of the unique qualities of Nova Scotia, if not of this particular valley. She had complimented the dining-car steward of a local train running casually through another part of the province on the blueberries she remembered having been served the previous week.

"And would you be likin' some of the same today, then?" he asked.

"I certainly would," she said. "But I didn't see them on the menu. They were wonderful."

"Then we'll be gettin' some for you right now," he said.

And promptly stopped the train while the conductor helped him pick enough berries from the meadows to make a serving. Then the train moved on.

Don't say, as her friends in New York did when she told them the story, "But how *horribly* inefficient and *slipshod!* Fancy stopping the train for one passenger and keeping all the others waiting!" Of course it's inefficient, but it's generous and kind, too, and that's how Nova Scotia is, and why . . . at least the Scotch part. They do such things for people they like; never for those they don't.

On the other hand, the prosperous families of the Annapolis Valley seem to have a life and a point of view quite separate from the sturdy and more imaginative Scotch of the rest of the province. They have settled in the pick of the land, and while they may consider themselves the aristocracy of Nova Scotia, no one else in the province agrees with them. When I learned of their background it wasn't difficult to see why; it all comes from one of those chapters of history about which Americans usually know so little.

When the British were forcibly evacuated from New York toward the end of the Revolutionary War they were allowed to take none of their belongings with them, and their property loss has been estimated at well over eight million pounds sterling. According to present values, you can multiply by twenty to get it in dollars and cents. Among these refugees were some two hundred graduates of Harvard and as many from other colleges. John Alden's descendants were part of this group, which included lawyers, clergymen and teachers, the Chief Justice of Massachusetts, and three out of every four lesser judges.

It must be the bitterness passed down to the children of such men that makes the present inhabitants of the Annapolis Valley seem unyielding even yet. They were fairly well treated in the light of modern practices, and they might have been landed in a far less beautiful and productive place. Their houses look foursquare and upright still, if a shade too smug

and self-righteous, and their towns bear a strong resemblance to New England, minus much of its grace.

The history of these people and their counterparts in other provinces of Canada—all of whom call themselves United Empire Loyalists—always gives me a disturbed feeling as though a mouse had run across my grave. Perhaps I keep wondering what sort of ancestor I'd have become, given the same choice that once faced their forebears. At least it's a good thing to take a peek inside the other fellow's history books once in a while.

The chief attraction for Americans in this section of Nova Scotia is the shrine of Evangeline at Grand Pré, a small village in the midst of the apple orchards. Nova Scotians usually look the other way when they pass it, and bend their attention on the town of Annapolis Royal, which in one way or another really belongs to all of us. This is the oldest European settlement in America north of the Gulf of Mexico.

DeMonts and Champlain built a fort on the site of Annapolis Royal and settled some French here in 1604, and it has been going ever since, under one flag or another. After it had been destroyed by the British and then by the French and British in turn again, the Duke of Kent, who was Queen Victoria's father, was sent out to erect Fort Anne, and that seems to have stuck, for now it's a museum. However, no one stands around on street corners in Annapolis Royal to sell souvenirs and ballyhoo its attractions. Americans usually mistake this omission for lack of native pride, and hurry on to Grand Pré.

Nova Scotia can boast of seven universities and colleges, and a larger proportion of educational institutions than any other province in the Dominion. From primary to high school years, the public school is free to all children. Technical night schools are conducted in every industrial town in the province.

Cape Breton is a name heard more often each year when

there is talk of travel and new places to see. It is about as far east as you can go without getting your feet wet, and there is no other place on the continent which can be used as a measure for its spiritual values unless you take into consideration some parts of Mexico; but to create the impression that they have anything fundamentally in common would be absurd.

Cape Breton is separated from the mainland of Nova Scotia by the Strait of Canso, a stretch of blue sea some two miles wide. On the Nova Scotia shore there are a few frame buildings and an awkward dock where a ferry loads cars, busses and trucks for the trip to Port Hawkesbury on the Cape Breton side. If you make the last turn in the road before reaching the dock and see the ferry pulling away from the wharf below, honk your horn and she'll turn around and come back for you, no matter how much of a load she already has on board. Sometimes she returns, to discover that a honking car was only trying to scare a cow from the middle of the road, but the days are long and what's the difference anyway.

Two narrow channels let the sea into the interior of the Island to form what are known as the Bras d'Or Lakes, and the channels now have locks to control the rise and fall of tides within. Hills rise gently around the shores to shelter and enfold these lakes, extending fingers into the blue waters to form sudden bays and coves. Cleared patches of farms make bright geometric patterns along their dark evergreen slopes, and small villages huddle miles apart in protected curves of the shore.

Cape Breton is little more than a hundred miles long and yet within her boundaries can be found a duplication in miniature of the Trossachs of Scotland, the meadows and river valleys of England, the rugged mountains of Wales, and finally the coal mines and black towns of the north country of England, concentrated here in the vicinity of Sydney. But Americans hear chiefly of its hazardous and beautiful Cabot Trail, which climbs up and down the mountains that border the northern coast for some hundred miles; they travel days

to get to it, rush around it in one day, and return to tell of imminent danger, hooked rugs and Highland flings.

Which is all right if they are satisfied. But they'll never know how much they miss in not staying around long enough to gain some understanding of the people. In this summer of 1940 I have returned to Cape Breton to acquire a totally new impression, after a cursory glance three years ago. Then, all I saw was rain and fogs from the sea and a general air of drooping inertia, and the inhabitants seemed slow and childish and difficult to understand. It still rains a lot, but the sun has a pervading beneficence when it does shine, and that happens to be at least five days out of seven. The people are still slow, and if you're accustomed to big-city wisecracks, they are still rather childish, but they also understand a quality of peace and good humor that is rare in the world today.

I live in an old red-shingle house with three chimneys that sits solidly on the side of an easily sloping hill. It is surrounded by poplars, elms, Canadian hemlock and fruit trees and it commands a wide and generous view of the Big Bras d'Or. Around a bend in the road is the town of Baddeck (accent the second syllable), which is a main street bordered by three third-rate hotels, three well-equipped garages, three assorted stores that sell anything from beefsteak to boots, one poolroom, two handicraft shops, two ice cream parlors, one courthouse with two captured guns on its lawn, a barbershop which is likely to cause claustrophobia before it can manage a haircut, a post office, a dock, and an assortment of dwellings from a speak-easy to a mansion.

It is here that the Cabot Trail begins and ends; it is here in Baddeck that the first flying machine in the British Empire was built and flown in February, 1909. The man who accomplished this feat, Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy, still lives here through the summers. It was just outside of Baddeck, on the brow of a hill overlooking the lake, that Professor and Mrs. Alexander Graham Bell built a summer home which they called Beinn Bhreagh (ben bree'-a), lived here throughout many summers, and were buried within five months of each other at the top

of their "beautiful hill." Their two married daughters still come to Baddeck each summer, Mrs. David Fairchild and Mrs. Gilbert Grosvenor. Dr. Grosvenor is the editor and publisher of the *National Geographic* magazine.

When a Norwegian freighter, recently escaped from both Oslo and Bordeaux, pulls in beside the dock to stay for a week to load lumber, the little village seems full of people, even if they are mostly stevedores and the crews of schooners lying in wait for a turn to transfer their cargo. When the vessel pulls out in the night, its decks stacked high, the main street looks empty again, and we count the licenses of American cars on our way to the post office.

Cape Breton was first settled by the French, but its name is said to have been given it by Basque fishermen before the voyage of Columbus. Cabot landed here in 1497, and during the great days of the Renaissance its harbors were being used by Spanish, Portuguese, French and British fishermen. Between 1791 and 1828 some 25,000 Highlanders were forced out of Scotland after the Jacobite Rebellion and their descendants form a large proportion of the inhabitants of this little island today.

Among the twenty-five thousand emigrants to Cape Breton from Scotland were probably representatives of all fourteen major clans, and each one of these clans or their subdivisions settled in a different section of the province. Today, each town has its superabundance of individuals with one family name, and since there are only a very few given names customary among the Scotch, duplications are endless. You could go down the main street of any Cape Breton village and call for Johnny MacDonald—that being the most populous of the clans today—and as many as half a dozen individuals would answer.

So the original method of distinguishing men by their trades or their peculiarities has come back into custom here.

Often a man or woman will be known by an appellation which a father or grandfather earned, and everyone will have forgotten how or why. Thus the children and grandchildren of Roddy Big Pay (who drew one cent in his pay envelope the time his wife had already spent his month's salary at the company store) are still known as Big Pays, though their actual surname is likely MacKinnon or MacRae.

Janet Barber, Angus Mason and Sarah Butcher derive their nicknames directly from their trades, the wife always being known through her husband. At the moment of this writing, Wild Angus and Johnny Hot are grading the back half-acre behind Three Chimneys, but when *I* speak to them I must always say Mr. MacKenzie and Mr. MacRae. Those familiar names are for friends and neighbors, not for outsiders like you or me. Yet the neighbors will speak of them so in my presence, for how else will I know who they are talking about?

Neilly Tart was dubbed by his sharp tongue, Donald the Ox because his father was Donald the Ox, and Sandy Dan the Widow derives from his mother, who in turn is known as Mrs. Dan the Widow. "And now children," said a teacher in a primary grade of one of these country schools, "have I made it clear why animals are called quadrupeds and men are called bipeds? Willy . . . what is it that a man has two of and a cow has four?" His answer explains why, throughout the rest of his life, he was known to everyone as Willy Teats.

If these people speak in a rhythm strange to our ears, and seem slow to answer, it is because they are still translating in their minds from Gaelic to English, or their fathers did before them and so established a habit. They come of grand stock, and all over Canada and the United States today their sons and grandsons, with fine minds and able bodies, are quietly but effectively continuing on their way as leaders of men. In the blood of these Highlanders, whether they have stayed at home or moved on to other parts of the world, runs something that distinguishes them from every other race on

earth and enables them to know their own, no matter where they meet.

Their ears are still full of the sound of bagpipes playing laments as they did when the shiploads of their forefathers sailed away from the Highlands, leaving whole villages on shore in mourning. Until a generation ago, that land across the sea was thought of as home by every one of them, and only those sons who have gone into the coal mines to earn a living have lost the look in their eyes of mists and heather hills and peat smoke rising slowly against the sky.

Mining rivals agriculture in importance in Nova Scotia, and the coal fields of Cape Breton (plus a few in Cumberland and Pictou counties) account for forty per cent of the Canadian coal output. Gypsum is next in mineral importance, for it is exported in large quantities to Great Britain and the United States.

The industrial center of Sydney, which includes the town itself, North Sydney, Glace Bay and Sydney Mines, lies on the east coast of Cape Breton and is one of the leading coal-shipping ports of the Dominion. It is a fifty-mile drive from Baddeck, by way of Ross Ferry and Boularderie, to this Scranton of Canada, and the contrast is incongruous. Sydney harbor is all right when it is swept clean of smoke by Atlantic winds, but everywhere, for miles in the vicinity of the mines and the huge steel works, is the cast of coal dust and the smell of collieries and mills.

Coal was mined here first in the eighteenth century to supply the great garrison of Louisbourg. Four generations ago Scotch émigrés who needed work and preferred not to go farther afield for it, started going into the mines, and it took no more than one generation to lower the stature of those men who continued to earn their living this way. They became scrappy and combative because they are by nature courageous. When the Irish came into the district too, Glace

Bay became known as one of the toughest towns on the continent. Besides aggravating the natural temperament of the Scotch, such a life broke up families and caused them to lose their sense of solidarity.

Today these mines are among the best equipped in the world, and if you care to see them in operation you will be taken far out under the ocean where the workings have penetrated. The mines are as much Cape Breton as are its lakes and its farms, but they must be distinguished in the visitor's mind as an isolated section of the island, and not an outgrowth natural to the roots of the people.

The ruins of Louisbourg, that bastion which was built by the French at an equivalent cost of \$10,000,000 to command the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, are on the side road southeast of Sydney. The site is being excavated and restored, but its outlines, situated on a wind-swept promontory, show unmistakably why the French were able to hold it through a hundred years of strife with the English. It was only in the Seven Years' War that it fell after stubborn resistance, and then it was blown to pieces in the process. Our old friend Wolfe, who was afterwards the hero of the Plains of Abraham, distinguished himself in the conflict.

With the fall of Louisbourg, Canada was ceded to Britain, and it was at this time that several British statesmen tried to exchange it for Guadaloupe. When Canada was finally accepted, Voltaire wrote of the folly of Europeans in waging war for a few acres of ice. Canada has always proved better and more useful than the experts planned.

The port of Sydney handles more tonnage than Americans realize, for it is nearer Great Britain than any other port on the mainland of America. It is also six hundred miles closer to Rio de Janeiro than New York is. Marconi sent his first wireless message across the Atlantic from Glace Bay more than a quarter of a century ago, and all North American records in swordfish angling have been broken here.

The Cabot Trail was discovered by curious Americans shortly after it was opened in 1932. Last year a good portion of the land it traverses was taken over by the Dominion Government as a national park, and some day the road will be surfaced, if not paved. Until that day, it isn't fit for anything but a horse, yet through the summer months there must be a hundred cars a week over the 180 miles of its circle, most of them bearing American licenses.

Almost any evening dust-laden cars can be seen driving up before the Baddeck Hotel to disgorge hysterical women and exhausted men, followed by others whose occupants are ready to turn around and take it the other way . . . after a night's rest. Some claim it would be all right if it weren't for the terrible grades and the boulders in the road; some make a yearly pilgrimage of it; others remain speechless until they leave town; and so the legends grow. If these travelers were all Highlanders you would say they were being dramatic as usual, at the expense of veracity. But half the time these weird tales emanate from Americans who have never driven over anything higher than the Litchfield Hills.

When Hugh and I decided to find out what all the commotion was about, we chose a warm July day when the wind was in the right quarter and started out on our private investigation. By the time we returned the next afternoon we were both hopping mad; everyone had emphasized the danger involved in our undertaking, which is silly considering that we're hardly novice drivers, but no one had been honest enough to give an accurate account of the physical discomfort caused by driving a car over roads where no car should be allowed to go.

I'm not trying to discourage anyone who wants thrills, sharp contrasts, spectacular beauty, the excitement of seeing fishing villages on the farthest tip of land in this part of the continent (which could be reached only by water until a few years ago), and an opportunity to tell in years hence what the Cabot Trail was like when it was still a potholed, gravelly, one-way track. But before you go, prepare yourself for the

worst, and then when you encounter it you'll have no cause for annoyance, while the best will far exceed your imagination or expectation.

Anywhere in the province you can pick up travel guides which describe the scenery along the trail, name the villages and indicate distances. If you don't get one before you reach Baddeck, the Irving Oil Company will give you a useful folder. And mind you keep it until you return from the trail, for the driver will have to consult it to learn what he missed while his eyes were riveted three or four feet in front of the car. Hugh and I searched for common-sense tips before we left and found only exaggeration or understatement, so we pass on to you the benefit of our experience, for whatever it may be worth.

First, the Cabot Trail is one of the outstanding scenic drives of the continent, but Cape Breton would still be worth visiting if you never set foot on it. When you reach Baddeck, where the trail starts and ends, sniff the air and take your time to pick the right days. It would be folly to set out immediately after rain or in the face of it. So consult any of the weather-wise inhabitants of the village, and don't start out until you're fairly certain of sunshine.

Second, be sure your car is in good condition. The last 130 miles of the trail are without garage or telephone. After you get back you'll understand why Baddeck supports three service stations.

Third, wait until shortly before noon to start. All the early risers will be well ahead and you'll escape the whirlwinds of yellow dust in their wake. Moreover, drive twenty miles an hour as an average and like it. Sometimes you can go as fast as thirty, and many times no better than ten, but take our word for it—who have crossed the continent and back—that's your speed. The early risers are probably going to do the whole trail in one day, but they're crazy. If that's your ambition, you'd much better stay home, for this is the

most tiring stretch I have ever encountered, and no scenery looks good when you're exhausted.

Fourth, your direction is clockwise, no matter what anyone else says about views. It's bad enough that way without adding to your hazards by taking the outside of the road—where it is wide enough to have an outside. By the time you're through the beautiful Margaree Valley and have turned "down north," as Cape Bretoners say, the sun will be at your back and the colors of cliff walls falling into the sea will be rich and chromatic.

Fifth, take your time through the villages in order to savor the flavor of life in them. Many of the most interesting, such as Pleasant Bay, Dingwall, Neil's Harbor and St. Ann, barely touch the trail itself, but the side roads are only half a mile or so in length and you'll miss more than you think unless you digress. You will even be able to find simple, clean lodgings in any one of them if you take a fancy to stay, as many Americans do. Cheticamp is entirely Acadian French, descendants of Evangeline's tribe; their lean, beautiful faces distinguish them markedly from the Norman-French of Quebec. Dingwall with its gypsum cliffs and quarries, Neil's Harbor, and Ingonish are inhabited mainly by Newfoundlanders, whose ancestors once crossed seventy miles of sea and decided not to return.

Sixth, spend at least one night—if you are willing to afford it—at Keltic Lodge near Ingonish. This wide, semicircular harbor is cut directly in two by a mile-long spit of land which rises some hundred feet out of the sea; one narrow road runs the length of this peninsula, which in some places is only twenty feet wide. It is one of the most spectacular sites in the whole country—I'd stack it against Del Monte in California any day—recently turned into a luxury resort through the combined efforts of the national and provincial governments. There are a number of new half-log buildings grouped about a central lodge, all beautifully appointed; there are tennis courts, one of the sportiest golf courses on the con-

tinent, guides for swordfishing, miles of walks, and excellent food.

Hugh and I found it on a night when the moon was shining full over Cape Smoky, and the distinction of being two of the inn's first four guests was forgotten in our delight with its comfort and beauty. When you are ready to leave you will have been fortified for the breath-taking descent of Smoky and the worst roadbed of the trip, partially over a shingle beach, on the way to Englishtown Ferry.

Fortunately for the good of humanity, we all tend to remember the good and forget the bad. If I were writing this at a greater distance than two days after our return from the trail I should doubtless place more emphasis on magnificent scenery, but even with a still verdant memory, I believe our enjoyment was worth its cost.

Neither this land nor the people who inhabit it deserve to be dismissed easily. What the world calls the clannishness of the Scotch is not a condition of shutting other people outside so much as a consciousness within themselves of belonging to something of which they are proud. The fact that often their sons are forced to migrate around the world in order to live, in no way detracts from that pride, and this is innate in every face and every Gaelic voice in the island. Yet both the people and the place are marked by an inborn gentleness that defies re-creation in words.

The hills that enfold the Bras d'Or Lakes are colored with wild flowers in July and August—St. John's-wort, meadow rue, ragged robin and large white daisies. Toward sundown the deer come out of the forests to forage for food in kitchen gardens. Then the boat from Iona appears from behind the island, whistles itself alongside the Baddeck dock, unloads mail and catches its breath before churning back across the lake. A stroll down to the post office as the fireflies begin to swarm under the birches suits the constitutions of both visitors and villagers, and there is always a strong Gaelic turn to the conversation in front of MacLeod's general store. Out

over the water, sails dip and hunt a recalcitrant breeze and voices carry far in the evening stillness. By the time the moon has crawled up over Beinn Bhreagh you may, if you know how to listen, catch an echo of the pipes, far away.

APPROACHES TO NOVA SCOTIA

SEAWAYS—*From Boston*: Eastern Steamship Lines operate an overnight service to Yarmouth, N. S., carrying cars. Furness Line has sailings to Halifax every eighteen days, carrying cars. Gypsum Packet Company has occasional sailings to Windsor, N. S., also carrying cars.

From New York: same as above, with variation in sailing dates, some of them more frequent. Also special cruises in the summer in off-war years.

From Philadelphia: Gypsum Packet Company has occasional sailings to Windsor, N. S., carrying cars.

(Better check all this information, for national emergencies entail the sudden cancellation of many shipping schedules, particularly into war zones like Halifax.)

RAILWAYS—*From Boston*: Boston & Maine Railway, daily, connecting with Canadian National Railway through to Halifax, and Sydney.

From New York: New York, New Haven & Hartford Railway, daily, to connect with Boston train as above.

From Toronto or Montreal: several trains daily either on Canadian National or Canadian Pacific, the latter via St. John, N. B. to Digby, N. S. by ferry.

HIGHWAYS—*From New York or Boston*: U. S. 1 via Portland and Calais, Maine through St. Stephen and St. John, N. B.

From Middle West: through Detroit, via Toronto, Montreal, Quebec City, Rivière du Loup and Moncton, N. B. (or via Campbellton, N. B., then Route 11 to Moncton).

Road maps are excellent and easy to follow in Canada because the choices are few. It can be determined from the map whether or not road surfaces are first class, and if they are not, you may be sure they are probably terrible. Nevertheless, some of the best scenery is to be found at the end of a dirt road, and it is usually well worth the minor discomfort.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO GET IT

Antiques—there is no flurry of antique hunting in Canada, and so, no plethora of shoppes such as New England offers. But Halifax has long been noted for the quality of secondhand silver and mahogany to be found in a few of its shops. The best is in the Georgian Building on Barrington Street.

Hooked Rugs—Americans who recognize a variance in the quality of the hooked rugs that come out of Canada will be delighted with the Nova Scotian variety, for it excels any other work of the kind done in North America today. These rugs and mats are not inexpensive—they average \$1.50 a square foot for all-wool—but the needlepoint is so fine and the patterns and colors so exquisite that the finished products rival French tapestries. There is a branch of the Canadian Handicraft Guild in Baddeck, Cape Breton Island, which is the chief outlet in Nova Scotia of the best work produced in the province. Cheticamp, on the Cabot Trail, is the place where the work originates.

Amethysts—these semi-precious stones are quarried from Blomidon, a cape which juts into Minas Basin near Digby, and they are of a fine quality. All the shades of rose and mauve that make Blomidon an outstanding memory for visitors to the province are reflected in the amethyst jewelry to be found in any of the shops in Halifax.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Away to Cape Breton, Gordon Brinley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1936.

This is a big seller in the United States, and its coauthors are popular, but I hesitate to recommend it as a true picture of the spirit or the nature of this place. Illustrations are excellent, however.

To Nova Scotia, T. Morris Longstreth. Toronto: The Ryerson Press; New York: D. Appleton-Century Company, 1935.

The best piece of work that has been done on this province so far. It is accurate, colorful and evocative.

More About Nova Scotia, Clara Dennis. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

Quietly My Captain Waits, Evelyn Eaton. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1940.

Perhaps this novel will be the forerunner of many of its kind in pointing interest to Nova Scotia as a locale. It is a recollection of early days, when ships and the men who manned them kept Nova Scotia before the eyes of the world.

Oliver Wiswell, Kenneth Roberts. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, 1940.

MORE INFORMATION

One of the most obliging and imaginative of tourist bureaus, under the able direction of Mr. A. J. Campbell, is ready to send information anywhere. Address Bureau of Information, Government of Nova Scotia, Halifax, N. S. Some of the booklets you may receive, if you want them, will be:

Nova Scotia Official Tour Book: an official guide to all highway routes, mileages, names; history of each village and section of the province. It is invaluable. Included are lists of the fishing seasons, catch limits, licenses necessary, methods of angling permitted, places where permits may be obtained, pronunciation and meaning of place names, flora and fauna of Nova Scotia, duty privileges, and historic sites.

Nova Scotia's Fighting Fish: where, when and how to get them, as well as what kinds you may anticipate.

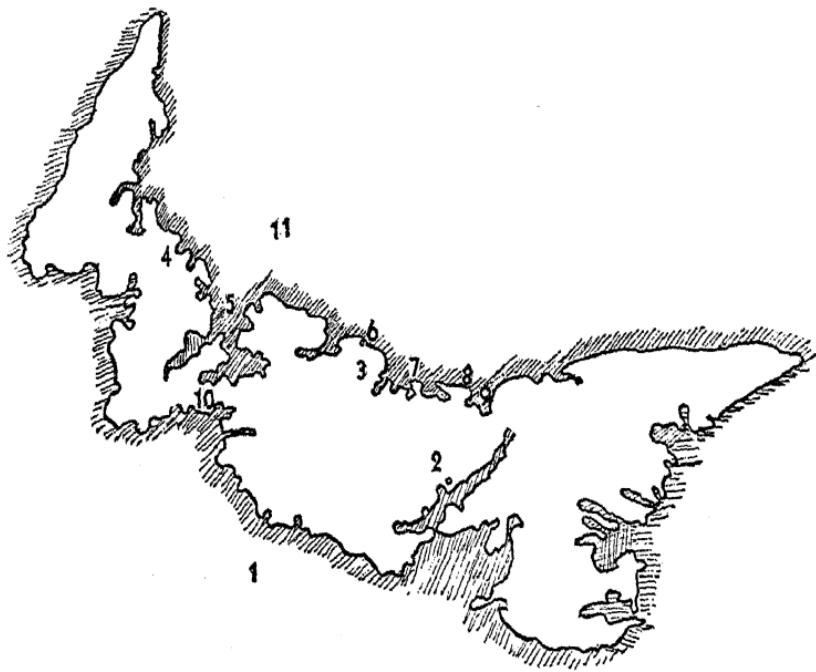
Anchors Aweigh for Nova Scotia: replete with photographs that do not mislead, and suggestions for every kind of summer sport and pleasure, from playgrounds for the children to golf and tennis, not to omit deep-sea angling.

Historic Nova Scotia: easy to take, if you follow it town by town as you drive through. You'll end by wanting to write a new history of the province yourself.

Where to Stay in Nova Scotia: sumptuous inns and hotels, cabins and guesthouses, all listed. See note under *Lodging for a Night* in the Bibliography of first chapter.

Prince Edward Island





1. Northumberland Strait
2. Charlottetown
3. Prince Edward Island National Park
4. Cascumpeque Bay
5. Malpeque Bay
6. Green Gables
7. Brackley Beach
8. Stanhope Beach
9. Tracadie Bay
10. Summerside
11. Gulf of St. Lawrence

III

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

THE smallest Canadian province is the most densely populated of them all per square mile, and yet it is undoubtedly the least well known. It embodies a multitude of virtues and practically no vices. It is good, it is prosperous, it is well behaved. The worst thing that could be said about it would be an accusation of dullness, and an instant denial by its sons and daughters would be only proper. But it remains poor copy.

There are no sharp contrasts in Prince Edward Island to catch the eye or the ear; nothing is spectacular but everything is charming. It has no extravagant scenery or startling panoramic exhibitions, but there's not a spot on it that is unlovely or mean. The inhabitants are homogeneous and nearly all of Canadian birth; they are uniformly prosperous, their land is uniformly rich and fertile, the climate is moderate and healthful, roads are good, education is free and compulsory, churches are abundant, prohibition is enforced, and everyone who lives there seems entirely satisfied.

For the purposes of this book I could appreciate it better if it would bite a dog.

Prince Edward Island is 2,184 square miles in area. It is crescent in shape, lying in the semicircular arm of the Gulf of St. Lawrence formed by Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is 110 miles long and its breadth varies from two to thirty-four miles. Its one chain of hills never exceeds 500 feet in height. Rivers are short, as the land is low, but the tide reaches to their headwaters and this makes them in reality arms of the sea.

There must be something in all of us that loves an island. I know I could never turn down the gift of one, even if it had no more than a single tree and a rock to clamber up when the tide was low. It might be only a pinprick on a blown-up map, it might be difficult to reach, but its boundaries would all be mine and I could entertain a mental view of myself running off to sit beneath its one tree whenever things got thick. That's the way the people of this island must feel about their croissant shape of land that is washed on all sides by the sea. It is small and compact enough to be encompassed by the human mind, and it enables all of its eighty-seven thousand inhabitants to feel a unity with it. They love it very much, share it generously with summer visitors, write about it from the depths of their hearts. But the Island is a personal thing to each one of them, their retreat from the rest of the world, and they know it for their own.

One summer afternoon Hugh and I were driving between Pugwash and Pictou in Nova Scotia, along the shore of the Northumberland Strait. It had been the kind of day when quiet lay over the land, and the colors of the Strait were blurred with sunshine. Shortly before we reached River John, Hugh pointed casually to our left and said, "If you'll watch, beyond the next bend in the road, you may be able to see the Island." Then I was able to distinguish a mauve blur on the horizon and I continued to watch it closely, expecting it to vanish in a mirage. It was as though someone had taken me across a room to introduce me to a girl with wide green eyes and tawny hair, and I had been told that her name was Anne, and her home a white farmhouse called Green Gables.

There must be more than accident in the fact that this is one of the two provinces of Canada to have been unmistakably re-created through the sparse literature of the country. The Island has been fortunate in having produced a spokesman who has endeared herself to millions of Americans, for L. M. Montgomery not only gave us a girl we have never

been able to forget, but she also gave us the memory of a place. It is not for lack of an audience that great Canadian novels have yet to be written. When Canada becomes a nation she will also achieve a culture.

Prince Edward Island is known as the Garden of the Gulf. Her population averages about forty to the square mile, and the majority are of English, Scottish and Irish ancestry. Schoolhouses are an average of three miles or less apart. Two car ferries operating on frequent service connect the Island with Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and there is a network of paved roads on the Island itself. Even the secondary hard gravel roads are good.

Charlottetown is the capital, but its population is only 12,300. It commands another of the beautiful harbors with which Canada is blessed, facing south at the confluence of three tidal rivers. Its main business district is pretty unimposing, with power lines still hanging from poles that range up and down the sides of narrow streets, but you're not supposed to think of such things in Canadian towns, any more than you would in Napoleon, Ohio. The homes of Charlottetown are peaceful and well painted, sitting squarely beneath great elms and maples, and in spite of the packing plants within the town limits, you can go through and out the other side before you find any slums.

One imposing edifice is the Province Building, where Canadian Fathers met in 1864 to figure out a way to make these northern colonies of Great Britain into a political unit. Something had to be done, you see, to preserve them from domination by the United States, for after the Civil War our government had proposed that Canada should be annexed as compensation for alleged British violations of neutrality. That was only one of such scares, so in 1867 an agreement was reached and the individual colonies sank their differences

in the creation of a federal union. Thus Charlottetown calls herself the cradle of confederation.

Agricultural and fish products are the chief exports of Prince Edward Island. The oysters of Malpeque Bay are famous in great cities around the world, many of whose inhabitants could hardly find the Island on a map. Manufacturing is connected chiefly with the preparation of foods, such as butter and cheese. Pork-packing and lobster-canning are also growing industries. In fact, the Island bears much the same relation to this continent that Denmark bore to Europe before the spring of 1940. The similarity was pointed out to me by a Dane in Copenhagen.

This province has always seemed to me the incarnation of all that a child thinks of when he remembers "summer." Whether or not he could describe it, he knows very well what it means to him: a blend of smells and sounds and events that differ from the schoolyard, and the grocery boy making afternoon deliveries, and homework before supper. The country represents things that a child understands, and sometimes the smallest objects are the most important to him. For a child, Prince Edward Island is a whole summer world.

The climate is a succession of perfect days, unbroken by fog or storms, and isn't that the way summer holidays are always remembered? There are trees that a child can make his own, particularly the silver birches that line tempting paths which always bend just far enough ahead to make them interesting. There are clean farmyards with cows and chickens and geese, and the farms are everywhere marked by white houses and upstanding barns. Yet none of these are so big as to reach beyond the stretches of a child's imagination.

And as though a farm weren't enough for one child's summer, there are miles and miles of warm sandy beaches, where the surf comes in slowly over long sand bars. These beaches

are backed by dunes, and so the land behind them is protected from being washed away by the waves. The dunes also give boys and girls territory to explore, especially in the regions where strange indentations and caves have been formed.

On the northern shore of the Island the Dominion Government has created the most recent of a wide system of national parks. This one is a seashore area which extends for twenty-five miles between New London Harbour and Tracadie Harbour, and the beaches are exceptionally broad and clean and hard from pounding surf. Brackley Beach is three and a half miles long. Stanhope Beach is east of Cove-head Bay, extending from Cape Stanhope almost to Tracadie Bay. This is the best surf bathing in the park, and it will be the center of a community playground when plans are complete.

Toward the western end of the national park is a little place called Cavendish. Near by is an old white farmhouse, looking just as it always has in your memory, for this is Green Gables. The whole region where Anne lived and played has been incorporated in the park and an extensive landscape development is being carried out to preserve it. The house itself has been retained in its original design and visitors may go through it whenever they like. Once you walk through the sunshine and leaf shade of Anne's Lover's Lane, and watch twilight change the colors of her "Lake of Shining Waters," you will realize how narrow the gap is between childhood and maturity. There is only a difference in our way of doing things.

Do you know the sharp fragrance of alder bushes when dusk and dew begin to lie over a trout stream? And the odor of ripening grain in the sun? Do you remember the tang of clumps of fern hiding in shade, of moist red earth after a shower, of wild strawberries crushed under foot, and cherries swelling from yellow to crimson? These are the smells of the Island, ripe and wild and clean. If you had thought your

own child's heart lost long ago, you'll find it again in the memories such fragrance inevitably recalls.

There are no minerals and no large forest areas in Prince Edward Island, but more than eighty-five per cent of the land is suitable for cultivation. Besides the natural fertility of the soil, it is further enriched by the use of seaweed and the oyster, clam and mussel shells that are found in most of the rivers and bays. Potatoes are the chief crop, but beef and bacon, as well as fruit, poultry, butter, cheese and eggs, are exported in large quantities to Canada, Newfoundland and the New England States. There is a sense of lavish generosity about Prince Edward Island, but the giving and acceptance are so unostentatious, the transaction is apt to elude visitors.

Summerside is the second town on the Island. It overlooks Bedeque Bay, on the southeast curve of the half-moon, and its chief pride seems to be its large department stores. It is of specific interest to Americans because it is the port from which so many oysters are shipped in the months with "r" in their names, and it is also the center of a rapidly growing and famous new industry, namely silver fox farming. Someone discovered, I wonder how, that the climate and soil of the Island are conducive to the production of a super-sheen on the hair of these low-slung animals, and in no time at all millions of dollars have been invested in them.

There is a Dominion Government Fox Experimental Farm near Summerside where visitors are always welcome, but Hugh and I chose to go through the farm of a private firm. It was my first introduction to a fur collar on the make. When the mean-faced little animals lay quietly in a corner of their cages they looked like discarded scarves, thrown there by mistake. But it was a distinct shock to see one of them get up and start walking around.

"They're marvelous animals," Hugh kept saying, watching them intently through his admiration.

"Alive or dead?" I said.

"What difference does it make? Look at the shine of those pelts!"

"I like them better dead."

"They're great fighters in their natural habitat."

"That doesn't improve my taste for wearing them." I tried to think of something else than the breeding of noble animals for no other purpose than the adornment of luxurious women.

"This fellow's probably the great-grandson of one of those you've got at home," Hugh said.

"Be careful. He may hear you. And anyway, how could he be?"

"They're shipped from here by the thousands to other countries for breeding purposes."

"Oh. Well, then his grandfather's in cold storage now."

We walked down the rows of cages and Hugh pointed out the platinum foxes and showed me how they differ from ordinary silver ones, and the silver ones with black heads. We stopped again.

"There's a beauty!" said Hugh.

"I don't like the look in his eyes." He or she walked up and down, trailing a shining tail behind. Then he stopped and stared at us.

"You see," I said. "He's looking me over to decide whether or not he wants my neck to drape himself around."

Whereupon the animal stalked off to the far end of his cage, turned his back and lay down. Hugh laughed.

"You're rejected," he said.

Prince Edward Island derived its name from the father of Queen Victoria. It was inhabited first by Indians, then by French, and in 1758 it became a British possession. In 1767 the island was divided into lots or townships and allotted by ballot to persons in England who had claims against the British

Government on the ground of military or other services. This began a proprietary and absentee landlord system which caused discontent and agitation for 138 years, until the Government advanced money to the tenants and compelled the landlords to sell their estates for a total of \$800,000. As soon as the tenants repaid the Government they became absolute owners of the land.

This province is a pastoral painting of cows standing knee-deep in streams, watching golfers try a sporty new course that runs through a national park; it is long aimless walking under translucent-leaved trees set off against deep-red soil the color of New Mexico; it is riding through quiet country roads or farm lanes, unworried by traffic; it is matinee horse races every Wednesday afternoon at Charlottetown and yacht races at Summerside; it is lying on warm sand to toast evenly under a thin coat of expensive oil, seeing the pages of a book through colored glasses; it is watching a million young speckled and rainbow trout getting themselves reared scientifically in the Cardigan ponds, in preparation for journeys to streams and lakes that fishermen have depleted; it is the peace of plenty and the charm of unobtrusive friendliness.

In a tenderly written article, "Come Back with Me to Prince Edward Island,"* L. M. Montgomery recalls this home of her childhood. Speaking of a north wind, she says:

Then it comes swooping up from the shore, whirls through the yard and whistles around the eaves. The gulf is dotted with white caps and near the shore, just beyond the low fields, is a line of breakers under a mist of foam. Or it may be a south or west wind and then it is a lovesome thing, purring softly over the slopes and laughing in the gardens. Or it is east . . . sad, mournful, blowing up from a gray and haunted shore. Night comes down in the blackness of a wild autumn storm

* *The Maritime Advocate*, June, 1939, published by Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau.

. . . and I run into the house laughing and shut the door in its face.

Or it is a fine bright day. Who should know better than I what a fine bright August day on the old shore was? Air crystal and golden. Vast sky gardens where white cloud-flowers bloomed. Fields with the magic of dark spruce woods behind them. Triangles of sea shimmering into violet . . . a faint blue loveliness that is the harbour. . . . You never have just that kind of a day inland. Only the sea can give them.

She goes on to tell of the customs of a generation ago on the Island, some changed, some holding through today. Of the father of an old friend she says:

When (he) wished to express neighbourly kindness in any way he "said it with wood." When anyone was sick he took them a load of wood. When anyone died he sent the family a load of wood. Well, a load of good dry hardwood was not a bad thing to have on hand . . . especially when much cooking had to be done for a funeral! It would really be much more serviceable than an anchor of roses or a pillow of white hyacinths.

On Saturday he "cuts wood for Sunday." Of course that was always done. One might cook a big dinner on Sunday and have half one's clan in to help eat it, but it was an unpardonable sin to cut wood on "the Lord's day." I remember a clan story that was told of a certain uncle. He was the soul of hospitality and always had a houseful of guests on Sunday. But one Sunday an appalling discovery was made. By some oversight the wood had not been chopped the night before. Uncle rose to the occasion. "Boys," he said quietly to his two sons, "go out and break a little with the back of the axe."

I see the hayfields . . . rippling in the wind . . . lying in lustrous, fragrant swathes after mowing . . . covered with "coils" in the light of July sunsets . . . haunted and still on nights of white moon splendour . . . and still in breeze and flower and meadow the old charm lingers yet. For our Island is still "*the Island*" and what other is there?

There is nothing I could add to that.

APPROACHES TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

SEAWAYS—*From Boston*: Eastern Steamship Lines every Sunday and Thursday, making connections at St. John, N. B. for all points on Prince Edward Island.

From Montreal: Clarke Steamship Company, twice a month from the middle of June to the middle of September, to Charlottetown. Anticosti Shipping Company, every twelve days during the summer, every fourteen days during balance of year, to Charlottetown and Summerside. (Watch changes in these schedules, due to war.)

From Cape Tormentine, N. B.: Canadian National Car Ferry, middle of June to middle of September, four times a day each way. (Twice on Sundays). Time: 45 minutes. Rate: \$3.00 return per car and 65¢ return per person. Meals served.

From Caribou, N. S.: Canadian National Car Ferry, May first to November thirtieth, three times a day each way. Rate: \$3.00 return per car and 65¢ return per person, interchangeable with ferry to Cape Tormentine.

RAILWAYS—*From Boston and New York*: same as Nova Scotia. Special Pullman and coaches are switched to Cape Tormentine to connect with ferry for Charlottetown.

From Montreal: Canadian Pacific Railway to St. John, N. B., with connections for all points in Prince Edward Island. The "Ocean Limited" of Canadian National Railway carries sleeping cars destined to Charlottetown.

HIGHWAYS—*From United States*: Via St. John, N. B. on Route 2 through Moncton and Sackville to Aulac, N. B.; change to Route 16 and follow to Cape Tormentine, N. B., and ferry to Borden, P. E. I. Alternate route through Houlton, Maine, Fredericton, N. B., Route 9 to Sussex, Route 2 to Aulac, N. B., 16 to Cape Tormentine. Distance from Boston, 650 miles.

From Nova Scotia: Leave Amherst on Route 2, change to Route 16 at Aulac, N. B. Then same as above. Alternate to Caribou, N. S. and ferry to Wood Islands, P. E. I. See text.

By Bus: Full information from any bus ticket office in

Canada or the United States. Busses serve all important Island centers.

AIRWAYS—*From United States*: Connections with Eastern Air Lines at Moncton by Canadian Airways Limited. Plane leaves Moncton daily on arrival of Canadian National "Ocean Limited." Charlottetown has a well-equipped airport, and landing fields are available in other parts of the province for private planes.

From Montreal: Trans-Canada Airlines to Moncton, connecting for Charlottetown as above.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO GET IT

Furs—Platinum and silver foxes at
Island Furriers, Charlottetown
Wellington, McNeil & Son, Charlottetown
Sinclair & Stewart, Ltd., Summerside

English woolens—(Stocks are often depleted due to inability to
replenish from England.)
S. A. McDonald's, Charlottetown
Wellington, McNeil & Son, Charlottetown
Sinclair & Stewart, Ltd., Summerside

MORE INFORMATION

Write to Mr. J. M. Murley, Publicity Chairman of the Prince Edward Island Travel Bureau, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and he will oblige you by sending such booklets as these:

Vacationland of Heart's Content: an outline of activities and beauties to be found here, plus an excellent list of all kinds of accommodation to be obtained in towns and villages, with prices.

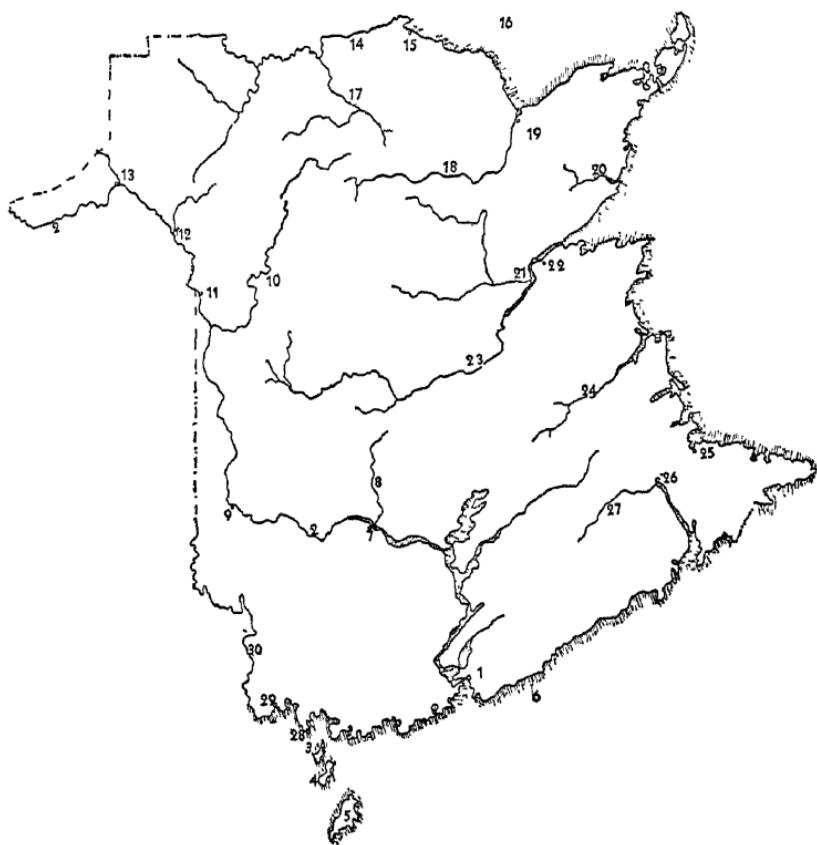
The Maritime Advocate: June, 1939 issue contains entire article of L. M. Montgomery from which I have taken excerpts, as well as history of the Island and excellent photographs. Issue of May, 1940 gives inclusive pictures of life on the Island and lists its attractions for visitors.

Prince Edward Island, Canada's Garden Province: more photographs and graphic descriptions, plus helpful suggestions as to modes of travel and ways of getting there.

Road Maps: with details showing condition of roads and road connections. These are excellent.

New Brunswick





1. St. John
2. St. John River
3. Deer Island
4. Campobello Island
5. Grand Manan
6. Bay of Fundy
7. Fredericton
8. Nashwaak River
9. Woodstock
10. Plaster Rock
11. Grand Falls
12. St. Leonard
13. Edmundston
14. Restigouche River
15. Campbellton
16. Baie de Chaleur
17. Upsilonquitch River
18. Nipisiquet River
19. Bathurst
20. Tabusintac River
21. Newcastle
22. Chatham
23. Miramichi River
24. Richibucto River
25. Shediac
26. Moncton
27. Peticodiac River
28. St. Andrews-by-the-Sea
29. St. Stephen
30. St. Croix River

IV

NEW BRUNSWICK

ONE hundred and eighty years ago New Brunswick was a promising frontier. New Englanders, particularly from Maine and Massachusetts, went there to open up the forests, build towns, and cash in on the wealth of natural resources in this part of the country. It was the obvious direction to move in their search for better fishing grounds, better farm lands, taller timber. But when the thirteen colonies fought and eventually established their independence and the right to grow in the direction of their own choosing, New Brunswick remained on the other side of the fence, a refuge for dissenters and a loyal unit of the British Empire.

Today this province still holds promise and riches, and it is still a frontier. Industry has scarcely touched it. Eighty-five per cent of its area is uncultivated. Except for those in the largest communities, the people are of necessity sturdy and frugal. Its future still lies ahead.

From New Brunswick have come some of Canada's most famous sons; to it go hunters and the kind of men who seek to shake off civilization and its disappointments. All of New Brunswick waits for something to happen, for an economic swing in world markets, for exploitation of its resources and recognition of its possibilities. Maybe that something has already happened, and by the end of another decade it will feel itself moving swiftly in an effort to catch up to the twentieth century. So far, it is still a wilderness, broken occasionally by settlements and quaint old towns.

This province comprises an area of nearly 28,000

square miles, which is slightly less than the state of Maine. It is bounded on three sides by the sea, and so its coast line is about 600 miles long, deeply indented with bays and fine harbors. The climate, however, lacks the humidity that might be expected. While the thermometer actually drops below zero, the atmosphere is dry and bracing, and when it is as much as a hundred in the shade, the heat is not oppressive.

Automobiles still seem an anachronism in New Brunswick, and the sight of telephone wires strung through the forests scores of miles from any sign of habitation is a distinct shock. There are thousands of miles of paved roads which nearly encircle the province, and publicity folders assure prospective tourists that the whole of New Brunswick can be seen by automobile without the necessity of once repeating on the route or leaving the highway. But surely the least enjoyable way to see a forest is to ride through it on the way to some place else. It may be a new sensation to cover a well-paved road at eighty miles an hour with nothing in view for a hundred miles or more at a stretch except a wall of evergreen trees on either side, but it is hardly enlightening.

After this war and its ensuing economic readjustment is over, airplanes may become as common as Fords did after the last one. If they do, our point of view in judging topography will become three-dimensional, and our snapshot albums will contain a preponderance of views from above, looking down. In those albums, New Brunswick will be a pattern of embroidery in blue and green, a delicate design of shining rivers on an emerald mat.

Do you remember some years ago when a squadron of Italian planes crossed the Atlantic, ostensibly to pay a goodwill visit to the Chicago World's Fair? They flew by instrument and chart, of course, but their first landing on the continent was unscheduled. I sometimes wonder if the sight that

greeted them as they approached will one day be familiar to most of us.

The air squadron's leader traced a route on his map, indicating one landing field already passed in Newfoundland. The sun was ahead, dropping fast to the horizon, and visibility was excellent. They crossed a crescent-shaped island, leaving their shadows as they flew on, crossed a narrow strait of water, and then lost altitude more slowly. The land below was a carpet of green, thick-piled and bordered with sand. It seemed to sway in the wind like a field of ripe oats, and trained eyes knew the velocity of the wind from the movement of the treetops, even without recourse to instruments. The verdant expanse was traced by resplendent ribbons of water, some wide, some narrow, crooked and tumbling, all holding and reflecting the western sun.

The leader made a quick decision, sent off a signal that was passed and repeated twenty-six times, and the planes swooped and turned their back to the sun. A bald place on the banks of a muddy river took on the pockmarks of an urban community as they went over it, and then ten miles beyond, on the edge of the strait they had crossed a few minutes earlier, they began to circle a landing field. One plane settled slowly, ran with the wind and let out feet to touch the earth. Another followed, and another, each taking place in military formation.

It was nearly dark now and the yellow headlights of automobiles began to glare in the eyes of the aviators as townspeople crowded the field. Before the last plane had come into position, telegraph wires were singing around the world. Balbo and his squadron of twenty-seven planes had crossed the Atlantic and landed at a place called Shédiac, in New Brunswick, on the edge of civilization and the Northumberland Strait.

This is a rolling country of no great elevation, but in the north mountainous ridges rise 2,700 feet above sea level. The province is crossed from northwest to

southwest by the Saint John River, which runs through a fertile and beautiful country for four hundred miles. The Miramichi follows a course of some two hundred and twenty miles, and the Restigouche one hundred. Each of these rivers possesses many tributaries and there are an equal number of lesser streams. The St. Croix River, which forms a part of the western boundary of the province, is navigable almost to its source.

The life of New Brunswick is inseparable from its rivers; to know the one we must know the others. If we can't yet watch their course from above, then the happiest way to come to an understanding with their ways is to follow the lead they give us, from the first tumblings out of hidden springs, through woods and meadows and little towns, until they join the larger body of water they have been rushing to find, and end quiet and expansive through a bay to the sea. Following them in reverse is good fun, too, if your craft will take you all the way. But to cross them only, by car, is like knowing a man only from having seen his profile, in a crowd.

From the days of the earliest settlers the hundreds of miles of navigable rivers of New Brunswick were its only highways. They carried fur traders and their bounty in swift canoes, Indians paddled them to trade or make war, great trees floated down them to be used as masts for French or British fighting ships, and eventually they were the highways followed by English settlers. Wherever they emptied into the sea, trading centers grew into communities, and these in turn became gateways between the ships of the world and the forest interior.

Largest and most beautiful is the Saint John River. All the others carry Indian names, as distinct in this province as the ones of Nova Scotia, or those of the west. Today, they are no longer highways in the strict sense of carrying traffic of any great volume by means of river craft, but they still remain the arteries of the province, for the main roads have been

built along their banks and follow their windings through the forests, sometimes nearly from rise to mouth.

Most famous of the species of fish to be caught in these rivers is the Atlantic silver salmon, which move to spawning beds at the source of tidal rivers hundreds of miles from the sea. The Restigouche offers June fishing, but in most other rivers of New Brunswick spring run salmon will not rise satisfactorily before the first of July. The general catch limit is thirty salmon a week. Among the large rivers, only the St. John is not a trout water. The Government declares an open season on landlocked salmon, speckled and rainbow trout extending from the first of April to the end of September. The daily bag limit on trout is twenty, or a number which in the aggregate will total not more than ten pounds. On striped and black bass there is no closed season.

As Rex Barton and Lowell Thomas have said in their serviceable book on this province (*In New Brunswick We'll Find It*: D. Appleton-Century Company), the best way to become acquainted with unfamiliar territory is to start at its largest metropolis and from there move out to the surrounding country which feeds it. This method is all right if you don't become discouraged at the start and retreat with no more lucid information than you gained from the city—like those visiting Englishmen in the 1920's who arrived in New York, had a look around, took the same boat back on its return journey and then wrote witty books and endless articles about that place called America. Saint John is no more New Brunswick than New York is the United States, but neither can fairly be omitted from an understanding of the territory which they dominate.

To most Americans, Saint John looks like an overgrown slum, surmounted in the center by an open square, a few trees, a grimy but well-designed Court House and the Ad-

miral Beatty Hotel. If they are generous, they recall the flower market; the smiling helpfulness of traffic policemen; the willingness of everyone they encounter to take time out from work to be of assistance, without charge; the unfailing courtesy of workmen in flat caps who aren't ashamed of their jobs and don't pretend to be clerks. If they are tolerant they attempt to evaluate the reasons for such a disparity of pulchritude between Saint John and places which serve in similar ways, such as Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Portland, Maine. They realize that it looks slummy because it enjoys almost continuous bad weather, and because of the shape of its harbor. If they don't like the lack of flavor in the food that is served them here, they try to realize that it isn't because the people don't know any better but rather because they definitely prefer it this way. And if they happen to have grown up, as I have, a thousand or more miles from the smell of the sea, it has the fascination which every port in the world shares, though its surface aspects may still take a lot of explaining.

Saint Johnians will tell you that Halifax is their rival, since both are Atlantic winter ports and both harbor the large ships that can't reach Quebec and Montreal when the St. Lawrence is a sheet of ice. But Halifax is unaware of being party to this rivalry; if the subject is mentioned there, Saint John is dismissed with a shrug which is polite but final, as though it were a cousin who had inherited all the worst of the family traits and evidenced few marks of a more smiling fortune. Cities can be as absurd as two small boys who continue to repeat, "My father is bigger and better than your father." The fact that Saint John yells loudest in this case might indicate a more nagging doubt.

When Champlain first saw this harbor on June 24, 1604, he must have recognized its natural advantages at once, for he lost no time in naming it for the saint of the day. And since then it has made some merry history which Hollywood might well investigate. There are better pursuits for any city

than pointing to its past, but at least Saint John's has been colorful.

My favorite is the story of the two Frenchmen who fought over it in the early eighteenth century. A man named La Tour had been granted permission by the French Government to build a fort on this site, but one time when he was in Boston at a convention or something his rival fur trader, De Charnisay, attacked his fort and hanged the whole garrison with the exception of one man and the gallant wife of La Tour, who commanded the fort in his absence. I've never been able to find out why the one man was allowed to live.

Madame La Tour died in three weeks and De Charnisay had things to himself. He built a new fort and ruled supreme in Acadie for fifteen years, and then one day he fell out of a rowboat and drowned. Whereupon La Tour came back, picked up where he had left off, married De Charnisay's widow and proclaimed himself the new governor. I wonder if he laughed and laughed sometimes at night when the wolves howled in the wilderness and the handsome one-time Madame De Charnisay lay in bed beside him.

In 1783 the firm foundation of the city was laid. When edicts of banishment and laws of confiscation were passed in the new United States against the persons and property of those who had remained faithful to the British Government during the war, these loyalists, of whom there were about 70,000, went chiefly to Canada. The first contingent of three thousand arrived in Saint John harbor in twenty transports, and then they had to wait on board while someone marked the city into 1,454 equal lots to be shared among them. Presumably they were relieved to land at last, for the date has been commemorated in Saint John ever since. Nine thousand loyalists arrived the next year, and their descendants remain the backbone of the town, while the streets remain in surveyor's angles, neat and upright and dull.

But Saint Johnians have remarkable scenery at their back door and they have the good sense not to take it for granted. The most picturesque territory imaginable for a yacht cruise

begins at the harbor and continues for miles and many days beyond the upper reaches of the Saint John River. Craft of any description can be hired in the city, with or without guide, and a more thoroughly satisfactory summer holiday would be difficult to conceive. Of course the same ground can be covered in a shorter time by car, but why cut corners and cheat yourself in the bargain?

As for spectacles of nature, both the first and the second cities of New Brunswick can point with pride to their own brand, each a result of the enormous Fundy tides . . . the Reversing Falls of Saint John, and Moncton's Bore. The Reversing Falls, or rapids if you must be technically correct, are at the mouth of the Saint John, and you can see them best from the highway bridge at the entrance to the city. To get their full effect, manage to see them twice—at low tide and at high tide. Every hotel and newspaper in the town lists the hours of the tides each day.

The river drops through a 450-foot gorge at this point, on its way to the sea, and when the tide is ebbing the water tumbles and rushes through these walls. At low ebb the drop is twenty-six feet and a roaring volume of water makes up the falls, churning into whirlpools and eddies at the bottom as it races for the open sea. Halfway between the ebb and full flood tides the river can be crossed at this point by a strong swimmer or by craft, but even as you watch, the great tide of the Fundy begins to turn the other way, imperceptibly at first, and then six hours after the river was chasing down the gorge it now appears to be flowing the other way. The inrushing flood tide completely fills the gorge and forces itself upstream through confusion and chaos, until the effort is spent and the sea subsides once more, to let the river run its course.

The population of New Brunswick averages less than fifteen to the square mile. Both Canadian trans-continental railways traverse the province, connecting it with all parts of the American continent. It

also has steamship connection with every corner of the world.

The last time I saw Saint John it was through half-asleep eyes on a bitterly cold February morning. The train from Montreal had disgorged us before dawn at the end of the long Canadian Pacific system. This was the quickest way to reach Nova Scotia but it was by no means the easiest in winter. We stumbled from the station and asked our way to the docks, feeling the need of a walk to waken us. Ten minutes along that way, we were told, in the lingering British fashion of measuring distance. And so we started out in the general down-hill direction indicated.

Few ports in the world display the washed side of their faces in the territory between station and docks, but this unkempt part of Saint John seemed to me vastly more interesting than the part-in-the-middle aspect of its main square. The gloom began to disperse between the dirty walls of warehouses and factories, and cobbled streets that had been nearly empty when we set out were slowly becoming filled with trudging bundles of men. They were all of a color, from their scuffed boots to their faces and caps, and their clothes were bunchy and shapeless with inner padding, indicating how their work kept them outdoors through all kinds of weather.

There were strange smells along these narrow streets, and I tried to cut them apart to discern their composition . . . manure, dead fish, tar, rotted seaweed, oakum, brine and bilge. To Hugh, they were the smells of his childhood, as they are to anyone who has grown up with the sounds and the smells of the sea as integral parts of his everyday world. To me they were reminiscent of particular places . . . Cherbourg, Liverpool, Bremerhaven and Naples; they were as provocative as music in the resurrection of nascent memories.

By the time we reached the Canadian Pacific docks the sun was visible through the morning mist, outlining the square shapes of granaries and factories on the other side of the harbor, leaving their near side still in darkness. Gulls

squawked and smoke poured from the funnels of the *Princess Helene*, porters crawled up and down the gangplank with baggage, even as though this were a Channel boat, and the scrubbed decks absorbed the sound of our steps. Breakfast was waiting in the sun-filled dining salon below, but we chose to stay on deck until we had pulled clear of the dock. A seaport deserves to be known from the waters of its harbor, and Saint John is no exception. I'll take it on a crusty winter morning when salt spray freezes on the hawsers and walking a wind-swept deck is a test of fortitude.

"What is that ship, over there?" I asked a steward who came rolling by.

He looked me over carefully before he answered. "That's one of the big gray shapes, ma'am."

"Oh," I said. "You mean you're not allowed to tell her name because of the war?"

"No, ma'am. She's on transport duty now."

"If I guessed one of the 'Duchesses' I wouldn't be far wrong, would I?"

Hugh was listening to this with great amusement.

"I couldn't say as to that," the steward said. But it was obvious he was torn by his desire to acknowledge these broad-beamed, familiar visitors that have always been so colorful a part of this port.

"And I suppose we're on a 'small gray shape' now," I persisted.

"That's right, ma'am." He touched his cap and was gone.

"Don't you realize," Hugh said, "that wars are too often made acceptable, once they begin, because we make a game of them and willingly participate rather than sit outside the circle and watch other children play?"

"Come on, let's get breakfast," I answered. But all the same, I liked the loyalty of these people. It's what brought them here in the first place.

About one-half the value of New Brunswick's mineral production is coal, yet coal mining is an indus-

try only partially expanded here. There are large deposits of minerals, natural gas and oil that have scarcely been touched. Aside from lumber, there is no manufacturing industry of any importance, and yet there is hardly a river in the province without sufficient water powers in its course to enable it to be used for commercial purposes.

It is more than a turn of phrase to repeat that the resources of this province have barely been tapped. The forests which cover some 12,000,000 acres are practically all second growth, to be sure, for at one time when England was in need of more and more fighting ships she discovered that the great white pines of New Brunswick furnished the best masts obtainable. They were cut by the hundreds of thousands and shipped on transports built especially to carry them, and I don't know whether steam engines came into use or the great trees gave out first. This is excellent climate and soil for regrowth, however, and lumbering is still the first industry of the province, but it is by no means the most lucrative or useful of New Brunswick's possibilities.

For the tourist or seasonal visitor, this province can be appreciated fully only through the eyes of imagination, unless his sole aim is to catch fish or bag a couple of wild animals. It has been compared too often to upstate Maine, to its detriment, for New Brunswick has the advantage of a far longer coast line, an isolated culture and definite resources. Those of us who make its acquaintance today will be talking about it in an "I-knew-it-when" vein twenty years hence, for the past of New Brunswick is small stuff compared to its future.

Nearly 140,000,000 board feet of lumber are exported from New Brunswick every year, principally to Great Britain, the United States and the British West Indies. The principal species of trees in order of abundance are spruce, balsam, white birch, yellow birch,

maple, beech, cedar, jack pine, poplar and white pine. During the last few years the manufacture of pulp and paper has developed to such an extent that it promises soon to be the leading industry of the province.

Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, is ninety miles northwest of Saint John. It is an education center and it commands a thoroughly lovely stretch of the Saint John River valley, where the farms are rich and fruitful. This part of the province is a striking example of what the rest will be like when it is cleared of timber and settled, for both the soil and the climate combine to fashion a farmer's dream.

Along here, the Saint John is nearly a mile wide, and it is this ninety-mile stretch of pastoral beauty and strength that has given it the name "Rhine of America." But I wish people wouldn't try to identify it in that way; it deserves to be known in terms of itself. The Saint John doesn't look any more like the Rhine than it does like the Danube or the Wabash. There is a clarity of atmosphere in New Brunswick unlike any of the river valleys of Europe. Clouds pile up in great cumulus folds all day long, serving as background for camera studies, and the sky beyond and the earth beneath are acute in outline and color. There is none of the gentle, tired mist of those other places.

Fredericton has fine old trees lining its streets, wide lawns and solid buildings. Like most of these provincial capitals, its Old Government House is the handsomest structure in the town, if not in the entire province, a monument to form and tradition. This one, like the others, seems to have been built without hurry, without stint and without loss of dignity. It has all the line and proportion that our own state capitols, with the gaudy bad taste of their imitative domes, lack. Aside from these government buildings, however, anyone allergic to ugly architecture will have a constant case of shudders in New Brunswick. Only the mongrel dogs on the streets in these

maritime provinces are more defiant of the grace and felicity of a pure strain.

Fredericton is conscious of containing within its boundaries practically all the symbols of a leisurely culture to be found in the province. There is the University of New Brunswick, which digresses from British form but adheres to common sense in the development of what is perhaps the best school of forestry on the continent. The Legislative Library (and don't miss a visit to this particular building if you'd like a taste of pomp and crimson tapestry worthy of London) proudly displays a complete set of photographed copies of the original works of Shakespeare, a copy of the Doomsday Book, and of more interest to me than either, one of the few complete, extant sets of the Audubon paintings, purchased from Louis Philippe of France. The fathers of New Brunswick evidently had no intention of allowing this to remain a frontier.

Christchurch Cathedral is set in its own quiet close, shaded by magnificent old trees. We are told that it is the first cathedral *foundation* erected on British soil since the Norman Conquest of 1066. It is an exact copy of a church in Norfolk, England. Certainly it stands in distinct contrast to the small, white Covenanter churches throughout the rest of the province, which reflect the usual concomitants of nonconformism.

Six miles above Fredericton on the Saint John is Hartt's Island pool, famous for its salmon. Silver sea-run fish from the Atlantic, weighing as much as twenty-six pounds, have been taken here. For some sixty miles beyond, the Saint John makes a great bend, and from Woodstock north it runs through less open country. The paved road follows it closely and seldom lets the shining water out of its sight. Hills of deep green vary the shape of the horizon, and the river turns and winds through them. Plaster Rock, a town twenty-five miles from the mouth of the Tobique, was built chiefly by the Fraser Lumber Mill, and it is here that sportsmen are outfitted for the famous salmon fishing and big-game hunting

of the Tobique River country. Guides have set up complete camps for those who return year after year.

Grand Falls is close to the border of Maine and it is the last point of navigability on the Saint John. If American travelers who enter New Brunswick at St. Leonard, twelve miles north, would turn in this direction instead of tearing northeast through the forests on their way to the Gaspé, they would return with different tales of the province. The Saint John takes a sheer drop of seventy-five feet here, 225 miles from its mouth, and then in the chasm below which bends about the town, it takes another fifty-foot drop. The St. John River Power Company has harnessed this waterfall to supply power for a great hydroelectric plant, but the beauty of the falls has been left intact. And as though to show what a bit of enterprise in this part of the world can really accomplish, a dam has been built above the falls and a tunnel—the largest in Canada—has been chiseled through the solid rock under the town to convey the water from the upper basin to the powerhouse at the lower basin. And this in turn supplies power for the International Paper Company, located hundreds of miles away on the northern shore of the province.

Edmundston is a manufacturing center built at the conflux of the Madawaska and Saint John rivers and it looks like all such towns wherever you find them. It can supply you with everything needed for a canoe trip down the Saint John or a hunting or fishing expedition in this territory. It happens that I'm unable to co-operate in the general enthusiasm for killing animals, so I can't pretend to be smart about this particular recreation. I am aware, nevertheless, that New Brunswick is one of the finest sporting grounds in America, and that this section of the province is largely uninhabited, so the animals can be surprised at play, or whatever they do when human beings aren't around. Red deer, black bear and white-tailed deer can be shot if you have a license in season and know how, but the bull moose you may only look at, while you speculate what you might have done with his antlers if he hadn't been declared forbidden game.

Every nonresident sportsman is required by law to have a licensed guide for company on hunting expeditions in New Brunswick. This inland region has not been hunted over regularly, and the vast preserves must be reached by polling up the headwaters of rivers, or by tote teams over old logging roads. So regular guides and outfitters have built comfortable lodges in the specific sections of this territory which have been allotted to each one, and they cut trails and portages within their own boundaries, and in general give counsel and assistance to the hunters in their care. A list of these guides may be obtained from the provincial tourist bureau.

Winter frosts in New Brunswick enter the ground to a depth of three or four feet and aerate the soil. This makes it easy to cultivate, but planting can't be undertaken much before the first of April, though growth is rapid once it starts. Principal crops are oats, hay and potatoes, the last-named in abundance, for export to the West Indies and the Eastern States. Wild fruits provide a source of income to those who gather them, but horticulture is only in its infancy in the valley of the Saint John.

The life of a people is obviously determined by the way in which it earns its living, and the people of this province, taken as a whole, work out of doors. Perhaps they more closely correspond to the American idea of a Canadian than the inhabitants of any other province. There are some Acadian French on the Gulf shore, and recently many French Canadians have immigrated from Quebec, but the majority are of British descent, nearly all native-born. Like all people who work out of doors, they are not talkative, but their response to questions or comment is forthright and rugged. Their lives are difficult in this land, but they know its value, and those who have stayed with it have done so from choice.

On the other hand, many sons of New Brunswick who have

gone elsewhere to carve a fortune have become known around the world. The Cunard brothers began their shipbuilding here, and then Sam Cunard left Chatham for Halifax and eventually arrived in England, where he established the headquarters of the shipping house which bore his name. Moreover, the first boat of the White Star Line was launched in New Brunswick waters. Now the two houses are united, and the latest child of their union, the *Queen Elizabeth*, takes up their tradition of the sea.

Two noted British politicians were born in the province and a third spent his childhood here. The Right Honourable Andrew Bonar Law was the only Prime Minister of Great Britain to be born outside the British Isles, and he was the son of the rector of the local church in Rexton, New Brunswick. The Right Honourable R. B. Bennett, formerly Prime Minister of Canada and Chairman of the Ottawa Conference, returns regularly to his old home in the province. Most lately prominent in the public eye is William Maxwell Aitken, Lord Beaverbrook, publisher of the London *Daily Express*, the world's largest newspaper, and Minister of Aircraft Production in Churchill's War Cabinet. A great part of his childhood was spent in New Brunswick, though he happened to be born in Ontario.

At least two writers cut their teeth on poems about their native province, Bliss Carmen of Fredericton and Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, who became famous for those boys' books which gave such an authentic picture of the New Brunswick forests. If it is a matter of speculation as to why this rough country was able to produce such men, the answer may lie in the fact that so many were sons of the manse.

One famous man whom New Brunswick did not want was Benedict Arnold. After his notorious escapades in the American Revolution he settled in Saint John, built a general store and is still believed to have burned it himself for the insurance it carried. He is remembered chiefly for his overbearing manner and a lingering reputation for crookedness. Neither Saint John nor Fredericton could hold him, and he

finally sold his effects at auction and took his family to England. There is a distinct sense of hands being washed when his name is mentioned in the province today.

New Brunswick ranks third among the provinces of Canada in the value of its fisheries. The chief kinds caught are herring, cod, haddock, hake, sardines, salmon, smelts, mackerel, pollock, alewives, shad, trout, scallops, lobsters and oysters. The only sardine canneries to be found in Canada are in this province. Game fish to be found in the network of large rivers, lakes and streams are Atlantic silver salmon, trout, landlocked salmon, togue, bass and pickerel.

The northeast corner of New Brunswick is distinct from the rest of the province in topography and color. I had crossed it only on trains before, and then usually at night, until Hugh and I came by this way on our first return from the Gaspé. We followed the paved highway through the Matapedia Valley to Campbellton, where the Restigouche empties into the sea, and then started south. The town is a seaport and a commercial center and I recall nothing of it except square brick and wooden buildings and dusty streets and a late lunch in a crepe-paper festooned ice-cream parlor that smelled of sour corners. The temperature was high, even for the middle of the day, and the heat was dry and irritating after the fog of the St. Lawrence River valley.

As we left town we began to climb, and then at a turn in the road we found ourselves overlooking one of the loveliest horizons in Canada. The blue and silver waters of the Baie de Chaleur spread widening out below us, hemmed at this narrow point by cliffs of red earth and sandstone, fringed by emerald softwood forests. We were sufficiently high above the pulp and paper mills of Dalhousie to see the whole of the town instead of its parts, and all of it belonged in the picture of this little-used part of the country.

For seventy miles we followed the shore of the Bay of

Warmth and we saw sand beaches, French settlements, narrow rivers filled with the crisscross pattern of logs, clothes-lines hung with hooked rugs, freighters waiting for cargo, and the shift of light on water and earth and trees. By the time we reached Bathurst I was convinced that this section of New Brunswick's coast line was worth driving hundreds of miles out of our way to see.

Newcastle on one shore of the mouth of the Miramichi River, and Chatham across from it, look like centers of culture and the last word in civilization when you come upon them after crossing through miles of unbroken forests, where only once or twice in an hour or two you will pass a single tar-paper covered shack in a minute clearing and catch glimpses of a haggard man or woman—always French—who are trying to extract a living from the wilderness.

These two are quiet, shy little towns, with an air of watching each other cautiously. They smell of fish-curing and raw lumber but you learn not to mind the odors so much when you remember that the products which cause them are going to world markets. The Miramichi Basin (all vowels are short in this one except the final *ee*, and the last syllable is accented) is notable for its big game and for the joy it affords trout and salmon anglers. There are excellent water-fowling locations in the neighborhood, too, but I'm afraid I'd rather look at the scenery and listen to the stillness that hovers over everything, and think about how Cartier and Champlain both sailed into this harbor once upon a time, and wonder what they must have thought of it. I suppose it isn't remarkable that men on travels like theirs never had time or inclination to leave a record of what they thought, if anything.

Hugh reminded me that Newcastle was the home of Max Aitken, and that his title name, Beaverbrook, was said to have been taken from a small village in the vicinity. From all I gather, he seems to have enjoyed quite a career in his younger days, particularly in Nova Scotia where he is still vividly remembered. Perhaps later fame will manage to absorb early opprobrium, though knowing this part of the world, I doubt it.

It was a dusky summer evening by the time we reached Shédiac, too late to see the beaches, the flying field or much of the town. Moncton sounded a better place to find rest and food, because it was larger. Hugh said not to expect much, but I thought he was probably overtired or exceptionally hungry. Once I came face to face with Moncton I discovered he was being generous, as usual; it is chiefly an important railway junction and its life centers about the yards.

At nine-thirty on a Saturday night we could find no place willing to serve us dinner, and the one large hotel with a tiled-floor lobby charged ridiculous prices for an uncomfortable room. Hugh said working men always knew where and how to eat, so we walked down to the freight yards, noting that the sidewalk of the main street digressed into a gravel path in places, and at last we crawled into a lunch counter on a back street, thrilled to be in the company of men who felt honest hunger and knew how to satisfy it.

The Petitcodiac River runs through Moncton (it is characteristic that the name of General Robert Monckton has been misspelled by the town which carries it) and empties into the Bay of Fundy some twenty-five miles below. Twice a day the tide comes up the river, advancing in a wall of water from three to six feet in height, according to the season. The river seems to stand still while this great wave runs over it, licking at the banks and breaking upon the craft at anchor. It is brown and churning with mud sucked up from the wide flats in the lower reaches of the river, and when it subsides it leaves silt and sand behind. This is Moncton's Bore, and I am told that it attracts thousands of visitors each year, who manage to see it at new or full moon for the best effect. We had other things to do and couldn't wait.

The president of the Canadian Forestry Association says that Canada is only beginning to tap its forest wealth, as chemists find new uses for Canadian woods. "Natural regeneration is so prolific," he says, "that on the million square miles of land suitable only for the growing of trees there is no reason why

our forest supply and resources cannot be maintained." The pulp and paper industry has expanded from a production of some 350,000 tons in 1913 to about 4,000,000 tons in 1939. Newsprint consumes less than thirty per cent of the products of the pulp log.

St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, in the southeastern corner of New Brunswick, is a small town that has maintained an essence of other days, seemingly unconcerned with the tapping of potential power at its back door. It is quaint and quiet and it manages to convey the impression that its summer visitors are invited guests and not the bread and butter of the town, which they obviously are. Many of its founders, who were early Loyalists, brought their homes with them from Maine and Massachusetts, stone by stone. They are landmarks in the town now, even to the house of one prominent early settler which is occupied now by a Chinese laundry.

The town is dominated by a monster summer hotel, the Algonquin, where the great ones of Canada and the United States who congregate for the summer are given more respect than they usually receive at home. But there is one small spot in this aloof and orderly place that you must not miss—the Cottage Craft Industries. Miss Helen Mowat is in charge of this branch of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild, and the inspiration which she gives to the individuals whose products are on display is attested by their fine work.

One of the best ways to know a country is through the crafts and hobbies of its people, and Canada has much besides hooked rugs to cause us envy and admiration. Here in this part of New Brunswick, for instance, are two young Danes, Kjeld and Erica Deichmann, who have become known around the world for their pottery. In St. Andrews you can see and buy some of the loveliest woolens to be found anywhere, many as fine as the Scottish tweeds. American tourists have given the impetus necessary to a rebirth of the ancient arts of spinning, weaving, rugmaking, carving and metalcraft which have never been forgotten by these people. But the products

which you can buy or merely admire in the outlets established by the Canadian Handicraft Guild are native, and not a superimposed bid for tourist sales. I beg you not to miss visiting these branches, wherever you find them in Canada, if only to enjoy the museum-piece quality and individuality of everything on display.

Although the border between Canada and the United States is undefended, it is nevertheless marked, for the greater protection of both countries, particularly when one of them is at war. A swathe twenty-five to forty feet wide has been recently cut through the forests of the eastern part of this boundary line in order to make it accessible for patrol and more easily discernible from the air.

We reached St. Stephen about sundown one summer evening and discovered this little manufacturing town, directly across the St. Croix River from Calais, Maine, in a frenzy of excitement. Since the stores were closed and there was an air of Sunday-best clothes about everything, it was evidently a holiday well on its way to a climax, for townspeople were hurrying along the elm-shaded streets, small boys were calling out to their neighbors to come along right now, and everyone seemed to be going in the same direction. By the time we reached the bridge we realized that the whole town was converging upon this one spot.

No one minded letting us by, though the street was filled with people of all ages on foot; they were much too pleased and excited over something beyond our vision. The customs and immigration officers at the near end of the bridge could scarcely bear to leave the rail to wave us through. Then they returned to watch whatever it was that was happening on the river, which appeared now to be a floating pageant.

Halfway across the bridge I caught on.

“What day is it?” I asked.

“Saturday,” said Hugh. “I don’t know. When did we leave

Baddeck? St. Andrews always looks like Sunday until you get out of it."

"Do you notice anything funny about the decorations in St. Stephen—and across there in Calais?"

"No. Yes. Good heavens, it's the Fourth of July in both places."

If a measurement could have been taken of the number of United States flags displayed and the percentage of townspeople engrossed in the celebrations, St. Stephen would have beaten Calais hands down on both counts. It takes an American small town to put on a rousing Fourth of July ovation, but in this place it took the Canadians to appreciate it.

Ever since then I've had a special fondness for St. Stephen, and last November I found a news story on the front page of a Boston paper which told in substance how this section of the Canadian-American border had celebrated three Thanksgivings. Canada's Thanksgiving Day always falls on the first Monday of October (invariably in the heart of Indian summer, and when better to celebrate the harvest?), and this was duly shared by Calais. November twenty-third had been declared a holiday by Roosevelt for all United States Government employees, and the state of Maine officially upheld the tradition of Thanksgiving on the last Thursday in November. And St. Stephen shared in these. Even their water supply and hydroelectric power come from common sources, and their fire companies answer each other's calls. So upon little towns like these fall the necessity and the privilege of interpreting the value of close-knit international friendship to those of us who live too far from the border to experience it ourselves.

Situated at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, between the coasts of New Brunswick and Maine, are three islands which belong to Canada. The largest is Grand Manan, the next in size is Campobello, and the smallest is Deer Island, which is also the nearest to the mainland. All three may be reached by ferries from both Maine and New Brunswick.

Those who love it have conspired to keep Grand Manan from being surfeited with tourists and trippers, partly by their silence, but chiefly through their inability to explain to anyone who has not been on the island just how satisfying its particular charms can be. Famous personages return year after year to Grand Manan, some even build homes on its rocks, but they say next to nothing about it in print. Let sight-seers go to Campobello if they want to rub shoulders with celebrities; Grand Manan is only twenty-two miles long and nine miles at its greatest width, and that leaves precious little room for anyone who isn't a kindred spirit in the enjoyment of chill, briny winds and scudding clouds.

This island is like a stationary ship out on the far blue expanse of Passamaquoddy Bay. It has been said that a vacation on it gives all the benefits of a sea voyage with none of its discomforts. The little ferry that makes a three-hour crossing each day from Saint John is like a tender carrying passengers to a queen of the seas, and when it backs out of the harbor and returns the way it came, and the wind rises after sundown and you go out to Southern Head and face across the Atlantic, you can almost feel the waves shake the prow of rocks hundreds of feet below. In August when the stars drop like bits of hot metal from a soldering iron you'll find yourself ducking. Some night, I know, a meteor is going to drop into the ocean in front of my eyes out there, and I'll hear the hiss of steam when it does.

The northwestern side of Grand Manan is practically nothing but rocky cliffs rising from a hundred to four hundred feet in height, edging off at the tip of the island to what is known as the Southern Cross, a unique formation of solid rock carved in this shape by the nervous tides. Audubon lived in this vicinity when he was making his study of the habits of sea gulls, and he had plenty to observe. In case you've always wondered where they belong when they're not haunting ships, this is their headquarters and they all come to it on their days off.

Grand Manan is a magic name to tropical birds, too, though

it seems a sharp change from swamps and jungles. Some of the hundreds of species who have made this their permanent home may have come on vacation and decided to stay, but most of them found sanctuary here when they were blown north by merciless hurricanes, and they've never tried to return.

The east coast of the island is the smiling side. It is dotted with little harbors and fishing villages, and a smooth highway runs the entire length. There are even sandy beaches, though some of them must be reached by an ingenious device of ladders. You may have to descend on two long ladders that are joined by a minute platform, but if the water is too cold for swimming you can console yourself with the exercise of climbing down to the sand and back again.

Fishing is the native industry, of course, and the wharves throw up a stench at low tide that will curl your hair. But the fishing folk are attractive in inverse ratio to the smells of their trade, and they will stop work at any time to take out parties for deep-sea expeditions. They are solemn and practical about such peculiar idiosyncrasies on the part of city folks, but they make us feel welcome to amuse ourselves in this way if we like.

Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt has gone on record as saying that Campobello Island, where she owns a summer home, is "soul-satisfying." Since she and her family come up here practically every year and since they could presumably have a choice of vacation spots wider than yours or mine, their affection for the place speaks for itself. It is smoother, smaller, quieter and less rocky than Grand Manan. All three of these islands have seals and porpoises and fish nets drying in the sun, but they are devoid of mosquitoes, black flies and hay fever.

Deer Island is the smallest of the group and it resembles Grand Manan in contour. It can be reached by a half hour's ferry ride from Maine. Those of my instincts which are predatory cause me to dream silly dreams about how fine it would be to buy the whole of Deer Island from the New Brunswick government some day. Then Willa Cather could continue to live on Grand Manan and worry about the increase in artists

and tourists on her doorstep—while I, being neither Willa Cather nor a better mousetrap, would be safe from intrusion. Which would eventually bore me, and you could have Deer Island back again, and I would go traveling with Hugh to strange places some more.

APPROACHES TO NEW BRUNSWICK

SEAWAYS—*From Boston*: Eastern Steamship Lines every Sunday and Thursday for Saint John. Check for changes due to war.

From New York: same as above. Also special cruises in summer.

RAILWAYS—*From Boston and New York*: same as Nova Scotia.

From Toronto and Montreal: Canadian Pacific Railway, and Canadian National Railway, twice a day each way.

HIGHWAYS—*From Maine*: U. S. 1 via Calais and St. Stephen.

Or Route No. 2 via Lincoln, Maine to St. Leonard, N. B.

From Quebec: Route No. 2 via Rivière du Loup and Edmundston, or Route No. 10 from Rivière du Loup to Mont-Joli and then through the Matapedia Valley on Route No. 6 to Campbellton.

From Nova Scotia: Through Amherst, N. S. See chapter on Nova Scotia.

AIRWAYS—*From United States*: Eastern Air Lines from New York and Boston to Moncton. See local agent for schedules.

From Toronto and Montreal: Trans-Canada Air Lines, now running daily transcontinental passenger, mail and express service to Moncton.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO GET IT

Handicrafts—woolens, homespuns, coverlets and bedspreads, wood carving, metalwork, weaving. Best at Charlotte County Craft Shop, a branch of the Canadian Handicraft Guild at St. Andrews.

English China—cheaper at Saint John than in the large cities inland, if it is still being imported. Ask for names of shops in Admiral Beatty Hotel.

Pottery—handmade and rapidly becoming famous, from the

kilns of Kjeld and Erica Deichmann at Moss Glenn, on Kingston Peninsula.

MORE INFORMATION

No one could be more helpful than Mr. D. W. Griffiths, Director of the New Brunswick Government Bureau of Information and Tourist Travel, 739 King Street, Fredericton, New Brunswick. For the asking, he will send you such reading matter as the following:

Fish and Hunt in New Brunswick: an official list of territories, accommodations, and names and addresses of licensed and registered camp-owning guides and outfitters.

Historical Guide to New Brunswick: dealing with the subject alphabetically, which helps when you come upon a monument and want to know more about it on the spot.

Hither and Thither in New Brunswick: road map and travel guide, designed with a black background, for a change.

Places to Stay in New Brunswick: invaluable information in a strange land when night comes around. Lists everything from super hotels to tourist cabins.

New Brunswick Automobile Association Road Guide: a compendium of answers to every how, where and when. Contains among other things such records as motor vehicle laws, official garages and service stations, customs regulations, route logs, golf courses, and a directory of official tourist camps.

BIBLIOGRAPHY FOR OWNERS OF BIG-GAME RIFLES

North American Big Game, edited by Alfred Ely. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

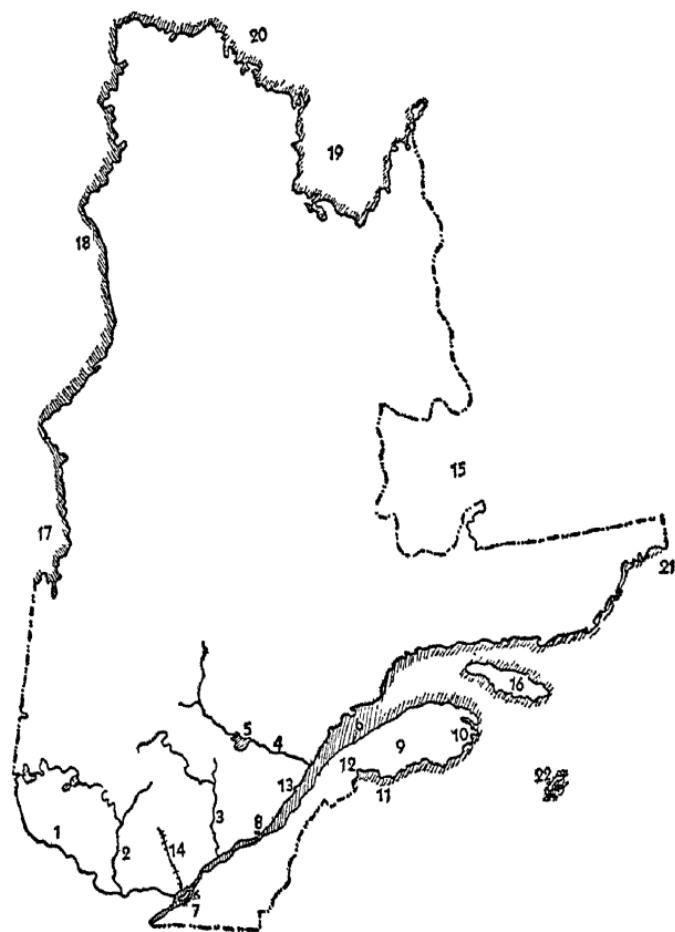
According to Clifton Fadiman, this is the most practical and voluminous work yet published on the larger animals of our continent.

The Original Hunters' Guide and Almanac for 1939-40, W. M. Ancker, Editor. Lafayette, Ind.: Haywood Publishing Company, 1939.

This is a volume which is compiled at intervals for the use of anyone who has a game license and expects to use it.

Quebec





1. Ottawa River
2. Gatineau River
3. St. Maurice River
4. Saguenay River
5. Lac St. Jean
6. St. Lawrence River
7. Montreal
8. Quebec City
9. Gaspé Peninsula
10. Percé
11. Baie des Chaleurs
12. Matapedia Valley
13. Murray Bay
14. Railroads to Laurentian Ski Zone
15. Labrador
16. Anticosti Island
17. James Bay
18. Hudson Bay
19. Ungava Bay
20. Hudson Strait
21. Strait of Belle Isle
22. Magdalen Islands

V

QUEBEC

THE forests of Quebec are more extensive than the largest nation of Europe and they grow out of the oldest bones in the earth, the Pre-Cambrian rock of the Laurentian shield. Millions of years after these mountains were formed, the Glacier strewed their ridges with loose granite stones which still lie in monolithic forms among the roots of the evergreens. Sometimes a fir will spring out of an earth pocket in the basic structure and embrace one of these granite boulders and lift it up with its own growth. In the heart of the tree will remain this alien substance, this core of granite surrounded by wood, trammelled by it but unchanged in its nature.

Only a few weeks ago I saw one of these trees. It had carried the boulder high off the earth by its own strength. When the tree dies the granite will lie on the ground again as it did thousands of years ago. And that is what the culture of French Quebec is like in the English-speaking Dominion of Canada.

There are many things difficult for an American to evaluate in French Canada, but its appeal is unmistakable and unique. We who are accustomed to measuring worth by size recognize in the broad, azure St. Lawrence one of the splendid pageants of the continent. We are a trifle surprised, nevertheless, to find it so beautiful when nobody has ever written a song about it. Montmorency Falls are higher than any drop in Niagara, the Appalachians and Rockies are young upstarts in comparison with the age of the Laurentians, and though the mineral resources of Quebec have scarcely been tapped, this province is beginning to lead the world in the production of gold. As Americans, we understand things like that.

But how has Quebec managed to stay so foreign-looking all these years under British rule? And why are flags with the blue and white fleur-de-lis of old royalist France still flown throughout the province on national and religious holidays, in company with the Union Jack? Is there a rational explanation why these people have the highest birth rate in the Dominion, the lowest standards of living, education and health, why they have the longest continuing culture in the country and the least concern with affairs outside their own province? By nature, they are thrifty and cautious, but does that explain why they are a constant source of wonder and aggravation to the other provinces, the greatest hindrance to a strong national unity, and the most fruitful source of tourist revenue in the Dominion?

Many have tried, but no one has yet managed to capture the essential flavor or meaning of Quebec in the written word. Those who live in the province but are not native to it tend to become either sentimental in an attempt to achieve a sympathetic understanding, or intolerant through an inability to appreciate this way of life so unfamiliar to the Anglo-Saxon nature. The Habitancum himself feels no need of interpreting himself to the rest of the world. If he is conscious of having been relegated to the kitchen, he is also sure the silver slipper will fit when his hour comes. He loves his K'bek above everything on earth, and he has infinite patience.

Geographically, the province of Quebec is an enormous slab of the North American continent, something the shape of your left hand if you lay it over the map. The part that is inhabited would correspond to your thumb and the region near your wrist. Quebec is over six times the area of the British Isles. From east to west it covers a distance of 1,350 miles. Northward it reaches to Baffin Land; Labrador separates it on the east from the Atlantic Ocean, and the Strait of Belle Isle separates its "thumb" from New-

foundland. At least two-thirds of the province is largely unexplored.

The time has come, it seems to me, for someone to protest against the use of the catchwords *romantic* and *picturesque* to describe any country or region in which the standard of living is so low as to form a noticeable contrast to its neighbors. Quebec is usually called *old-world* and *historic*, as well. There are plenty of reasons why this province is one of the most fascinating places for travel and study on the continent, but those aren't the ones.

Does it ever occur to us to question the causes for this backward way of living, what it signifies and what it portends? Do we ever stop to realize what the qualities of a people must be to enable them to maintain an atmosphere of charm along with laborious methods of work? This province is easily reached by modern ideas; if you can get there, so can the fellow who sells sewing machines and electric milkers. But the "romantic" peasant maintains a stubborn resistance to salesmanship; comfort and speed are not the ends he has in view.

His oxcarts, his gnarled and dirty hands, his wife's hooked rugs hung over the fence to divert American cars; their halting English, endless good humor, and gracious manners all form the basis of good stories when the romance seeker is back home again. The fact that we make the mistake of thinking Quebec synonymous with Canada is beside the point. We've had a look at the Canuck and we can tell our neighbor about something he's never seen, or maybe even heard of. Of course, the United States is pretty much all right in comparison, but you ought to see that old-world atmosphere up there! And what's more, you get \$10.10 in change when you pay for a ninety-cent meal with a ten-dollar bill. Quite a country!

And so it is. Nowhere else in the world will Americans find themselves so well understood or liked outside their own country. The French Canadian may lack many things which

the rest of us call essentials, such as an acute sense of smell, a preference for cleanliness, and a belief in the educational value of travel. But he does possess in abundance those characteristics which they who live close to the earth must not be without if they are to keep their land generation after generation . . . calm faith, impassivity in the face of nature's disorders, common sense and eternal patience.

Those of us with Anglo-Saxon heritage find it as difficult to feel at home in Quebec as we would in Greece, or old France, or Mexico. We may live there for the major portion of our lives, but we never grow roots and we are never insiders and we know it. One may like Quebec on first sight or despise it, come to love it or grow to hate its implications, but its substance and its soul refuse to be overlooked as a persistent, dominant force in the future of this continent.

*The French Canadian in a real sense is the truest Canadian . . . when he thinks of "Canada," he seldom, like the English Canadian, pictures a "dominion stretching from sea to sea"; rather he looks to the province of Quebec and the valley of the St. Lawrence, the part of North America to which the word "Canada" was first applied. To the English Canadian this is mere provincialism; to him, it is nationalism and true patriotism . . . and it will be recognized as the natural aspiration of a people who believe in themselves and who are determined to survive with their language, their traditions and their religion.**

Ontario, which is geographically closely akin to the Ohio Valley and my own Middle West, leaves me as cold as a Sunday-school picnic in March. It is too smug and correct and self-satisfied. But Quebec thrills me, annoys me, stirs my imagination, ignores me and draws me back; yet all the time I have lived here it has given me the feeling of being a

* F. R. Scott in *Canada Today* (rev. ed. January, 1939). Toronto: Oxford University Press, pp. 69-70.

character in a Rebecca West novel. Often I think what a relief it will be to reach the end of this chapter in my life and return to more familiar surroundings. Then when the opportunity comes to leave, I stop to wonder what a homogeneous atmosphere will be like again, and I'm not sure I won't find it lacking in savor by contrast.

I must remember not to spend the rest of my days explaining to everyone around me how incomparably more colorful one's activities and points of view become in a mixed community where minorities within minorities are struggling for expression and growth. Would they ever understand what a salutary effect is administered to one's self-esteem by an inability to speak the official language of the city in which one lives? Moreover, my unwillingness to take time to learn is considered such a mark of inferiority that no university degrees or emblems planted on my bosom could ever restore me to respectful favor in the eyes of the comparatively uneducated French in Montreal, who speak my language as well as their own as a matter of course. So much for the haphazard training in Parisian French administered through my school days.

Once I was haled before a traffic court for an unwitting violation of the law, though I *can* read all the bilingual signs after four years, and while I was waiting my turn before the bar of justice, along with truck drivers and drunks and sullen speeders (don't other women park overtime in Montreal, or does someone else appear for them?), I discovered that since French is the official language of the province, I would have to guess what was being said to me by tones of voice or gesticulations, unless the Judge chose to show me the courtesy of speaking English when my case was called. I might have remembered that the French are always courteous, even to those they consider their inferiors. I understood, and there was no mistake about the amount of my fine. After that I determined to accustom my ears, at least, to the Norman patois heard throughout the province, but I never have. The best I can do is to understand one word in such common sentences,

heard in the country, as "Le chemin, il ban ruff," and "Okey, okey, okey" to indicate both approval and pleasure.

Winters are cold in Quebec, with a heavy and lingering snowfall. The St. Lawrence is frozen and closed to navigation about five months of the year. In Quebec the freezing of the rivers and lakes is considered an advantage, since they are used as highways for sleighs, and in this fashion a forty per cent greater load can be hauled. Summers, on the other hand, are hot in the valley of the St. Lawrence, and make no mistake about this. Montreal can be as uncomfortable and humid as New York.

Until agitation over the St. Lawrence Seaway Treaty was revived a few years ago, Americans thought of the river chiefly as a publicity setup for steamship companies who advised us to cut a third of the ocean from our European crossings by taking the northern route out of Montreal or Quebec. Sometimes we did go that way, just to see what it was like. But it was always difficult to persuade me that anything could measure up to the thrill of reaching New York harbor after a summer abroad, and anyway, wherein lay the advantage in cutting a third from the best part of the trip?

Eventually, however, I found myself on the *Empress of Britain*, returning by way of Canada because I lived there. We left Europe, that summer before the Munich crisis, sick at heart for the people and the little towns and the life we knew would never be the same again. Even then, Southampton was having blackouts and mock battles, and the endless drone of aircraft was the sound of the days and nights. Europe was scared and didn't know what to do about it. Europe was sick of itself and didn't know where to go. Three or four centuries earlier whole sections of it could have done what we were doing—turning our faces westward without expectation of going back, perhaps ever. But someone else had seen America

first, and it was no longer open to the brave in heart if the quota for his kind had already been filled.

When the dowdy, white *Empress* passed through the Strait of Belle Isle between the northern tip of Newfoundland and Labrador and moved into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, I wrapped myself in anything I could find to shut out the freezing wind (this was the end of August) and went on deck to have a look at the dark and gloomy coast of Labrador, just visible on our right. Its purple-walled cliffs were sufficiently forbidding to make me take comfort in the knowledge that it was no part of Canada, except geographically. By the next morning we were entering the mouth of the river, thirty miles or more wide, and as we drew in toward the shore to pick up our pilot at Father Point, scattered signs of habitation were visible.

After all the times I had returned to this continent from Europe, I might have been expected to accept the contrasts between the two hemispheres with some equanimity. But once again I felt as though I had never seen this one before. I was filled with wonder at the austerity of this tremendous river, and the sense of enormity that makes men feel insignificant and helpless, and sometimes humble and better able to evaluate the unimportance of human will. It couldn't have looked so very different when the first white men found it, just like this.

A Dutchman stood next us at the rail. We hadn't been talking to him, except for the usual good mornings, because he had seemed disinclined to have anything to do with any of us all the way across. Now he spoke to Hugh in German.

"We're still eight hundred miles from Quebec, aren't we? Why do we pick up a pilot so soon?"

Hugh explained that all ships going up or down the St. Lawrence had to take on a pilot because it was filled with shoals and treacherous places that varied with the seasons.

"This is all very strange," the Dutchman went on. "Strange, indeed yes. This is a new world, or so they tell us. But it looks older than anything in Europe. Those villages over there

along the shore, they're scarcely more than a few houses each, but every one is marked by a tall church spire. That shouldn't be, in America. That's a past generation. Everywhere—the church—and old, old mountains—and this, that they call a river. It's—it's like—I don't know. Where is this young, raw newness they tell us about?"

Hugh knew a lot of answers to those remarks, but before he could say anything, and that's pretty quick, the Dutchman was gone, and the pilot gave orders that started the engines again, and the snub-nosed *Empress* moved on into the continent.

Slowly the river narrowed, but very slowly for another couple of hundred miles or more. Gradually the farms and individual houses in the little settlements became distinct against the backdrop of sharp, black mountains that seem to rise from the floor of the river itself. Didn't the Dutchman know that the history of this steel-colored river goes all in one direction, away from Europe into the warm heart of North America? It doesn't belong emotionally only to Canada, or only to Quebec through which most of it runs; it belongs to this world of the future, this continent of which we are all consciously a part. I thought then and I have thought since that if every applicant for living room in the United States could approach his new country by way of the St. Lawrence, rather than through the lower end of New York, he might achieve greater reverence for the law and beauty of the land, and the opportunities to be found at the end of his voyage.

William Aylott Orton has found expression for a little of this when he calls the St. Lawrence the back door to the States, for he says

. . . of all the approaches to the Northern Continent, none—not even the Golden Gate—so fitly preludes the American scene as that of the St. Lawrence: its quiet unfolding of coast after coast upon an immense sea, under an immense sky, like

the opening of a symphony; its unhurried revelation of boundless land following upon boundless water, with the man-made settlements in their true microscopic proportion—even the cities, as yet, mere incidents on the fringes of the stream.

I thought of other harbors I had known—of Suez, with its back streets smiling slyly at the veneer of French and British efficiency; of Alexandria, reclining for centuries under its dome of golden cloud on a sapphire floor; of Marseilles, winking at the sunset, past the too dramatic splendor of the Château d'If; of the drab fussiness of Havre, and the unpretentious intimacy of the great English ports—and all seemed not merely in a different space, but in a different time; rather as if, in this Western world, time and space were not yet finally dissevered.*

When the St. Lawrence narrows down to become the kind of river we can encompass with our imagination and feel not too irreverent to dabble our toes in if occasion presents itself, the place where it ceases to be grand and instead becomes friendly is marked by a marquise-shaped island called the Ile d'Orleans, and beyond the farther point of this island, out of the mists that invariably lie over the river all summer, rises Cape Diamond and the city of Quebec.

Looking up at the huge mass of rock from the deck of a ship, it seems an impregnable fortress, so sure of itself that it has been able to relax and mellow with age since the last time it was assaulted unsuccessfully by Americans a long time ago. The *Empress* swung around beneath it, knowing full well that she was impressing the watchers on Dufferin Terrace, and then sidled into the dock at Wolfe's Cove, to deposit us in the steam of 98-degree heat.

The city of Quebec survives today as a minor port and the seat of the provincial government, with a population of 150,000. It is the greatest natural bastion after Gibraltar, but it lost its function when

* *America in Search of Culture*, by William Aylott Orton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham. From the moment it ceased to guard the Great Lakes and outflank any expedition from New England to the Ohio Valley, its Citadel became a shell. All its battles were fought outside the city, so the Old Town survives today with hardly a building or a street altered—the largest and most complete monument in the world.

And with an irony rarely grasped, the Gibralter of the western world is surmounted and dominated by America's most celebrated hotel. Its turrets and towers have followed more or less the pattern of an old French castle, and it stands on the site occupied by the Château Saint-Louis in the seventeenth century, but it is nonetheless a hotel and every other building in the city is dwarfed by comparison, for the Château Frontenac surmounts the highest point on the rock. Behind it, at different levels, are new buildings and very old buildings . . . the Court House, the Cardinal's Palace, the Basilica of Notre Dame de Quebec, the English Cathedral and Laval University. The Convent of the Ursulines is much as it was two centuries ago and the university is on the site of old Bishop Laval's Seminary.

Two hundred feet below, at the foot of the cliff on the strip of land by the water's edge, huddle the narrow little old houses with sloping roofs and dormer windows that crowd together just as they were built. Two hundred years ago, up these steep lanes that give access from Lower Town to the Upper Town, climbed servants and retainers of the manors and palaces that surmounted the rock, even as they do today. And priests with shovel hats, starched bibs, and skirts trailing in the dust still find their way through the winding roads to visit ailing members of the parish or give counsel to doubting hearts.

Do you remember how Willa Cather described it in the

days when Euclide Auclair was apothecary to the old Bishop at the end of the seventeenth century?

The Lower Town was so directly underneath the Upper Town that one could stand on the terrace of the Château Saint-Louis and throw a stone down into the narrow streets below. These narrow grey buildings, monasteries and churches, steep-pitched and dormered, with spires and slated roofs, were roughly Norman Gothic in effect. They were made by people from the north who knew no other way of building. The settlement looked like something cut off from one of the ruder towns of Normandy or Brittany, and brought over. It was indeed a rude beginning of a 'new France,' of a Saint-Malo or Rouen or Dieppe, anchored here in the ever-changing northern light and weather.*

The last time I stood on Dufferin Terrace, that broad stretch of board walk bordering the brink of Cape Diamond for a quarter of a mile, it was a clear September night. We leaned against the strong iron railings and looked down on the roofs below us, and then turned to walk among the endless crowds that find their way here to spend moments or hours of every day. We dodged the bandstand and moved along beneath the wall of the Citadel, following it nearly to Wolfe's Cove. Then we turned back, past Champlain's monument, and found ourselves hanging over the rail again, trying to understand and see back through time, in a place that time has changed so little. Champlain's château had stood just behind us then, imposing but not overpowering like the hotel. And from this spot he and his successors had ruled the whole territory from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi, until a daring Englishman named Wolfe had guided his men along this same silent, dark river under cover of a moonless sky, past the lights behind us on the rock, past the huddled houses on the beach below. Then

* Reprinted from *Shadows on the Rock* by Willa Cather by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., copyright 1931 by Willa Cather.

at a signal they scaled this perpendicular cliff which had been unassailable before and has been ever since, and once on its crest, the battle that took place the next day was theirs, and the reign of France disappeared forever from the New World.

Out across the St. Lawrence the lights of Levis crawl up and down cliffs as high as those we are on. Spires of churches can be distinguished, and the dark outlines of factories, convents, institutions and crowded houses. When Wolfe sailed by it that night it was a large Indian settlement; now the three immense forts at Levis, later built by the English to make another attack from the south impossible, are still maintained.

Even in the old cities of Europe the industrial revolution has so thoroughly entered their organisms that survivals of the past are usually inconveniences, interesting today chiefly for the problems they present to traffic managers and the profit they bring via the tourist trade. But here on the rock of Quebec, industry has left no mark, and the narrow and precipitous streets make motors an embarrassment. Only Venice, and perhaps Florence, still seem so ancient. Rome looks a modern upstart in comparison.

And yet Quebec died before the United States was conceived. The city survives as a memorial of an age which had condemned Galileo and had never heard of Newton, an age in which church and state were practically one, a period in which two kinds of men tried to conquer a continent—one for the sake of commerce, and the other for the glory of God and the advancement of a faith. Commerce won, but Quebec was allowed to stay as we find it today. There have been fires and changes, and new buildings in the Upper Town to accommodate new ways, but the spirit of the place has altered little, and the new has fallen into place beside the old.

The walls of the old city remain, but trams run beneath the gateways; the fortifications of the Citadel are garrisoned by Canadian soldiers these days, but one part is still reserved for the summer home of the Governor-General of Canada. The Plains of Abraham are a beautiful park, filled with smooth, emerald lawns, neat flower beds and benches where

old men sit in the sun to read their papers and nursemaids watch their charges. The old parade grounds used by British troops until 1871 are now an esplanade, and a few dismounted cannon are the only remaining marks of a site of past glory.

There are so many things to be seen and thought about in Quebec. Even if one's interest were solely architectural, time would be well filled in the most aimless of wanderings. There is the church of Notre Dame des Victoires in Lower Town, built in 1688 and dedicated in gratitude for two early escapes from English attack; and the lovely hand-carved reredos in the Ursuline Chapel—all native work, finished in 1736. There is the old house on St. Louis Street where Montcalm was brought to die, and still further along on the same street is the house belonging to Dr. Arnoux which the Intendant Bigot, "with his usual liberality with things not belonging to him, presented . . . to his mistress, the beautiful Madame de Péan . . . the wife of Bigot's chief assistant in all his nefarious transactions. (I quote from the guidebook.*)" After Bigot had returned to France stripped of his honors and of his ill-gotten wealth, and branded with the name of thief, Madame de Péan was not forgetful of her quondam lover, but out of the spoils she had managed to keep safe, allowed him a moderate competency."

Perhaps my favorite spot in Quebec is the English Cathedral, built in 1804 on the ground once occupied by the ancient church and convent of the Recollet Friars. Before the cathedral was erected the Friars sometimes allowed the Anglicans to hold services in their old church. Until 1845 an elm stood in the cathedral close, said to have been the place where Jacques Cartier assembled his followers when they arrived in the colony in 1535. It blew down in a storm, but it is scarcely missed now among the lovely old linden trees in the enclosure.

Off to the east the Isle d'Orleans lies fertile and contented and productive, dividing the St. Lawrence and then bringing it together again. Miles away, on the north shore of the river,

* Carrell's *Illustrated Map and Guide of Quebec*.

frowns Cape Tourmente among the gigantic hills which cup the valley and rise in successive layers until they merge with the sky. Ten miles away, where Montmorency Falls rush over a precipice to plunge into the St. Lawrence, a white mist goes up like congealed breath on a winter day. In the other direction, the river curves around the rock below the Plains of Abraham, flowing on from the southwest as it did when its course was first traced as a new way to China.

The motto on the seal of the province of Quebec is "Je me souviens"—I remember. Perhaps that explains better than anything else why its history still seems so vivid, as though the present were as close to the past as it is to the future, and why the whole pattern of this part of the world is unlike any other made by time and men. At least it explains the nature of the French Canadian as nothing else does.

First in Quebec's history came Jacques Cartier to discover Canada in 1534 when he landed at Gaspé, and then followed the great French explorers whose names are familiar to all of us. They followed the St. Lawrence and their conviction that it would lead them directly to the fabled riches of the Orient. Their mistake is still memorialized in a series of rapids near what is now Montreal, named by them *Lachine* because they were thought to be one of the last hazards in their journey. No one has ever bothered to change their name since.

Instead of silks and jewels and spices they found animals with wonderful furs, and Indians who were willing to trade pelts for firewater and guns. When the furs were sent back to France, whoever was putting up the money for the travels decided that China could be forgotten for the time being, and hundreds more adventurous young Frenchmen were persuaded to go out and help send back more furs.

But there was another angle to the settling of Quebec. In its early days it was an essential outgrowth of the counter-reformation that was sweeping Europe. Missionaries were sent along, too, to look after the souls of the fur traders and to convert the Indians, who presumably were expected to produce more furs in return for the favor. The church could

then thank the sovereigns of France for adding converts to the faith, even as they helped establish an empire.

So it happened that the subsequent struggle between France and England in the new world was pursued by two groups of Frenchmen with entirely different aims. Soldiers and explorers thought largely in terms of military strategy; they chose the sites of their cities not with a view to settling in fertile areas good for permanent farms, but to building strongholds in strategic situations. Thus Quebec, Detroit and Pittsburgh were originally military settlements.

The clergy, on the other hand, considered their work to be primarily a task of increasing the size of the Church of Rome, and they served their cause with ardor and courage. Bishop Laval, who left an indelible imprint on the province of Quebec, looked forward to the day when a Catholic cross would stand on every hilltop between Gaspé and the Gulf of Mexico. Remember that, whenever you come upon a cross built high on a mountaintop in Quebec, sometimes in remote areas, or wonder about the famous electrically lighted one on Mount Royal.

The military and clerical French colonizers did not always see eye to eye, though they were expected to share authority. Often feuds grew up between them, to be settled only by the recall to France of a governor, or the appointment of his successor by the Bishop. Statues and shrines throughout the province attest to the ascendancy at one time or another of this military Intendent, or that Bishop. Some of their quarrels have even made anecdotal history, such as Bishop Laval's desire to curtail the issuing of brandy to the Indians, and Frontenac's reply, "If we don't convert them to Catholicism with brandy, the English will win them to Protestantism with rum."

The settlements along the St. Lawrence prospered and grew, and in the absence of civil authority in the small outposts, it was the priests who ruled the new villages. At one time a thousand maidens were chosen by Mme. de Maintenon and sent over by Louis Seize to marry the settlers and bear their

children. Convents and seminaries and religious institutions became the source of strength and authority to this hardy people, and when the French militarists were defeated at Quebec by the British, and the ruling classes all rushed back to Paris after 1760, the farmers and the lumbermen and the fur traders found themselves with only the parish priests and the sisters of charity to lead and comfort them.

Britain, finding herself threatened with the American Revolution, made terms with her new subjects in the most liberal document conceived under such circumstances up to that time. This was known as the Quebec Act, granting French Canada virtual independence under the British flag. It was primarily a bargain struck between London and the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec; the French were required to adopt the British criminal law, but were permitted to retain their own civil law. The right of seigneurie was allowed to continue and the church retained its authority, but the King of New France would henceforth be the King of England. To this day, both sides have kept that bargain.

The French Canadians who were left here not only found themselves abandoned by their own country, but within a short time their old country was no longer a place they could think of with nostalgia. The revolution which it underwent, repudiating the authority of Catholicism and accepting the liberal thought of the eighteenth century, meant nothing to them and eventually Old France became a country which they failed entirely to understand.

Not having experienced the results of the French Revolution, they fell back all the more heavily on the dogmatism of the church. Through the seigneurs and the bishops and the parish priests the homogeneity of the people was preserved, and they were not obliged to become absorbed by their conquerors. As a result, Quebec remained feudal until the Papineau rebellion of 1837. In its dependency on the church and on the local leadership of the parish priest, it is feudal still. Moreover, wherever there has been a mixture of nationality through intermarriage with English or Scotch

settlers, the French have remained completely dominant, and there are MacGregors and MacTavishes in Quebec who can't speak a word of English.

*Colonel Wilfrid Bovey, in his thoughtful study of this people, says: ". . . so we have one of the strangest ironies of history. Britain took Canada from France, not because she wanted the country but to protect the Americans, and with the country she took 60,000 people . . . to whom statesmen of those days hardly gave a thought. Today the French Canadians through their power in their own country have a considerable voice in the British Commonwealth. It is not going too far to say that the descendants of the 60,000 farmers deserted by France in Canada are the most influential political minority in the modern world."**

Today there are 5,500,000 French Canadians on this continent, including nearly 2,000,000 who have emigrated to the United States. So much for fecundity abetted by authority. The French Canadian is hardy and obstinate and, as Colonel Bovey points out, this causes him to be resistant to amalgamation with others and to change of any sort. He is vivacious, cheerful and happy, and if on the whole he may resent English manners and attitudes, individually he is polite and respectful to anyone "outside" his own race and religion.

But like the continental French, these people are also realists with long memories and great patience. They show a flair and a distinct aptitude for politics when they leave the farm, which becomes relatively important when it is remembered that they now comprise a third of Canada's total population. Within another generation, if there is no appreciable influx of Anglo-Saxons after this war, they will have attained their aim of being a majority. They are able to wait, and they are astute enough to force no issues now.

* *The French Canadians To-day*. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons (Canada) Limited, 1938.

Do the French Canadians favor a political union with the United States? Temperamentally, they may feel more closely akin to Americans than to the English, but after waiting this long for political dominance, would *you* choose to become a lesser minority in a larger nation where you would count for little in shaping the destiny of the continent? Anyway, you wouldn't if you were a French Canadian.

John MacCormac has this to say in his pertinent chapter on French-Canadian nationality:

If what differentiates Jean Baptiste (so called from the name of his patron saint) so sharply from the other 155,000,000 odd inhabitants of North America is his way of life, his clergy are guides in pointing out that way. It is they who have maintained the ideal of the family as the basis of authority and the source of joy. It is they who have encouraged him to root himself firmly in the soil that no factory roofs may obstruct his view of Heaven. They have taught him to look with scornful eye on the dollar-chasing activities of his English-speaking compatriots, whose reconciliation of a fervent interest in the material gains of this world with a fervent hope of spiritual rewards in the next excites his derision.

Little in French Canada to this day is done without the Church and nothing can flourish against it. Education in Quebec is entirely under its control. There are twenty-five different religious communities and orders which engage in education, agriculture, charity work, hospital service and missionary efforts. . . . To incur the displeasure of the Church would be, for the politician or professional man in French Canada, a heavy and perhaps fatal handicap. . . . The part played by the Church in politics is far less obvious and direct now than it was in earlier times . . . but its influence which is always on the side of conservatism, is still great.*

Such are a few of the facts which we must evaluate if we

* From *Canada: America's Problem* by John MacCormac. Copyright 1940 by John MacCormac. By permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

would understand why the Habitant of Quebec still uses outdoor bake ovens and dogcarts, why the churches and cathedrals are so enormous in size compared with the surrounding villages and towns, and how Montreal happens to be the second largest French-speaking city in the world today.

The Gaspé Peninsula is that part of the province which juts out to the east between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Baie de Chaleur. It covers an area of 11,400 square miles, but only its coastline is inhabited, along one road which circles it for a distance of 550 miles. It is the northern extension of the great Appalachian system of mountains which extend southwest across the continent as far as the Gulf of Mexico. Locally these mountains are known by their Indian name, "Schickshocks," and some of the peaks rise as high as four thousand feet.

The Gaspé Peninsula was first seen by a white man over four hundred years ago. Americans have known about it only ten or fifteen years. Already they have written more books, articles and letters about it than have been published on any other part of Canada, and yet each time one of us finds himself at the nib of this strange extension of land, he experiences the sensation of being its original discoverer. In that, I'm sure, lies its great attraction.

If there happens to be rain or fog the day you plan to leave Quebec for the Gaspé, stay in the city until it lifts, for the ride along the south shore of the ever-widening St. Lawrence is flatly disappointing if everything is obscure but a stretch of road in front of your tires. If the day is fine, the unfolding prospects will give you a matchless experience, for they are significant and beautiful beyond words. All the colors and tones are muted, misted and subdued even on the brightest days, as though nothing in the immediate foreground could afford to distract attention from the natural backdrop. It always gives me the feeling of watching an

Eisenstein film after having wandered around the art gallery of Quebec City.

Every inch of sloping, fertile ground, from the hills to the brackish river, is under cultivation. There is the usual mixed farming—hay, oats, potatoes, barley and rye; a little stock on each farm, a few chickens, a horse. The men work in the fields all day long, but not too hard, for the *Habitant* is not overburdened with indefatigable energy. The women bake and cook and sew and have babies, and through the long winter they spin and weave in characteristic French-Canadian style. This is a self-supporting part of the province, and of necessity it is equally self-sufficient.

All this countryside still has the look of France; its fields are cleared of trees, and planted rows of poplars line the roads. But it never loses the look of Canada, either, with the broad river moving silvery between the hills, carrying fat freighters from the Great Lakes, sailboats from summer colonies, gray destroyers and large steamers that look like ferry-boats.

The fields have been laid out to run in parallel rows between river and mountains, to give each farmer frontage on the river and on the road. But through the years each farm has become subdivided many times into long, slim strips of land, each portion divided by fences of weathered wooden poles—narrower and narrower, until in some places the crop seems to be fence posts rather than grain, as you glance ahead and see them running up and down in rows through a rich pasture. Every father has divided his land with his sons, and all have sons. And then each son has in turn divided his portion in like manner. Sometimes the children go to live in the nearest village when they marry; sometimes they simply move in with the family. But they continue to work the land their fathers gave them, side by side, and every division is carefully marked by the wooden fences. You will see a cow in one small strip, and another cow in another narrow plot, side by side with a fence between. The long allotments are often themselves divided into two or four,

crosswise this time, but measurements are never left to chance or aged memories. If he is nothing else, the *Habitant* is a confirmed cynic.

Architecturally, these farmhouses are of a distinct French-Canadian pattern which has resulted from a compromise between the styles of old France and the exigencies of a Canadian winter. The form is simple, without ornament, and structurally good, with a pleasant proportion of door and window space. But the roofs are more pointed than their prototypes, to let heavy snow slide off; eaves are wide and overhanging; each house has a wooden veranda because the Frenchman loves to sit and watch the world go by, even if it is only his next-door neighbor. The floor of the veranda is just above snow level, usually minus steps. Why waste wood when you can jump in summer and in winter you don't need them? Once in a while you will see a few potted geraniums, a few window boxes for decoration, but a farmer and his wife have little time for flowers, and so the houses remain sharp in outline, showing stains where they have been banked to keep out the cold in winter.

Every few miles the road runs through a small village, beside a large church or cathedral. All the houses in the towns front directly on the street, their verandas adjacent to the sidewalk. I'm not yet sure whether the proximity to traffic is due to sociability or a disinclination to buy more land than is absolutely necessary. You can tell as you drive through the country where one parish ends and another begins, for in this one all the houses will be painted white and the barns, too, and another will show a preference for red. Doubtless the difference in color indicates no more than the preference of the local priest. In one parish, little children stand at intervals along the road offering jars of chestnuts or berries or wild flowers for sale; in another, every doorstep is bright with hooked rugs which the farm women hope you will buy to give them pin money.

On one long stretch of road north of Quebec last summer we noticed that the front of every barn and house was bright

with whitewash, but only the fronts; the sides and backs of the buildings were still dingy red or brown or gray. Since all the farmhouses have been built at angles to the road, their sides are as visible as their fronts to passing motorists, and the uniformity of this job of front-painting was obvious. Perhaps a felicitous tourist bureau, eager to impress, had subsidized the painting of buildings along this stretch of road to the extent of paying for the side of each that faces the road. And the practical *Habitant* did what was indicated, and no more. There are so many pleasant things like this to think about as you drive through the province.

As the land grows more rugged toward the east, the St. Lawrence wider and the mountains higher, farming gives place to fishing and some lumbering. Life on the peninsula is cold and arduous, and only the influx of tourists during the few warm months of summer brings a new and colorful interest—to say nothing of income—to these cheerful people. The original settlers on the Gaspé were Breton fishermen, and even today the features of their descendants are distinct from the Normans in the rest of the province. They are less suspicious and far more generous, and so far they are entirely untouched by industry and commerce.

Some of the little villages which look scarcely more than a row of birdhouses sitting along a shelf of rocky cliff have never heard of a telephone and couldn't reach one within a hundred miles; until a few years ago they were practically isolated from the rest of Canada except for calls of coastwise steamers or fishing vessels in the summer. Nowadays, aside from the tourists who race through in cars or stop for information or a drink of water, the chief stimulant from the outer world is the local member of the Royal Mounted Police, who gets around the peninsula on his motorcycle at regular intervals, carrying news and the law from one place to another.

The farther east you drive the steeper the grades become. Villages crawl up and down in jagged sections but seldom find a common level. Colors become sharper and deeper in tone,

until crimson cliffs drop sheer into an unbelievably blue sea, and only white lighthouses and sea gulls and clouds relieve the intensity. When you've gone along miles and miles of this, until you are ready to believe that all the colors in the paintbox have been spilled forever, you take a bend in the road and come upon a section more incredible than any of the rest. The dirt of the road is black, the edges of it are black, and great cliffs of black rock stand all on edge, in layers, just as an earthquake in the seventeenth century turned them up and left them. Below, the sandy beaches are pure white, and as a final masterly touch, white daisies bloom in the crevices of the rock.

Then the road crawls up and up, always hugging the edge of the cliff, and Table Mountain rises high toward the interior of the peninsula, its top scrubbed bare of vegetation by the winds that never lessen over its head. There are chasms and gorges to cross or crawl up and around, there are more huddled groups of fishermen's houses, and settlements called Ste. Anne This or That, because she is the patron saint of the fishing folk. Out on the farthest tip of land, at Cap-des-Rosiers, the villages look more prosperous. There are even fields of potatoes and small patches of farms, and a few English names brought from New England at the time of the Revolution. There are Channel Islanders here, too, and a very few Acadian French. In Douglastown everyone speaks English.

And then at the head of a lovely harbor lies Gaspé itself, whose name derives from the Micmac Indian word meaning "the end, or extremity." This little town is each year becoming more prosperous as a summer resort. You can get a haircut here, or play tennis, or send postcards home, or swap experiences with other Americans on the hotel verandas, while the natives go about their business of cleaning cod in the sun. The guts of the fish are used for fertilizer on the fields, and sea gulls follow the carts that carry it as though they were boats.

The road literally slides down into the village of Percé, and the feature attraction of the peninsula lies spread out below like a photograph taken from an airplane. The picture needs

no caption; there is Bonaventure Island with its swarms of wildly-crying birds like white smoke about it, and the great hulk of rosy rock that looks as though it had been split from the main mass of mountain and thrown into the sea to rest and give the town its name. All the descriptions of the charm and color and enchantment of Percé fade into useless words in the face of reality.

The south shore of the peninsula on the remainder of the road back to the Matapedia Valley is markedly different from the St. Lawrence side. The land is softer in outline, more fertile and productive, and the weather is decidedly warmer. The road skirts sandy beaches, the houses are freshly painted and surrounded by flower gardens, the names are English, Scotch and Irish, and no one you meet or pass waves in response to your salutation as they all do on the north shore. Orchards are interspersed with hayfields, and the villages have names like New Carlisle, Port Daniel, Newport and Chandler. The warm waters of the bay and the mellow mist that lies close over the fields at dawn and dusk make this seem a little like East Anglia or parts of the Mediterranean, but more often than anything else, like the Baie de Chaleur side of the Gaspé Peninsula, in North America.

Pulp and paper is the most important industry of the province. Most of the paper and some of the pulp goes to the United States. Over 1,840,000 cords of pulp wood are consumed annually, and the products of the industry are valued at over \$65,000,000. There is fabulous water power in the province, though it has only partially been harnessed for commercial use.

One of the things I am best able to appreciate about the Saguenay cruise is that you may embark on it, by ship, at Chicago. You'll have to change boats here and there to shoot rapids or by-pass a falls, but it's all one continuous journey, with stops at Toronto, Montreal and Quebec on the way. When the ship sails northeast from Quebec her interest centers

on the north shore and the shadows of the purple Laurentians, but if you think you're leaving civilization in the wake of the boat—I did—then the greater the surprise that lies in store. For one thing, I had never managed to get familiar names accurately placed on the map of Quebec, and before I knew it, we were pulling into Murray Bay, up *here*, on the way to Labrador!

Champlain called it Malbaie because he didn't like it as a place to anchor his ships. Wealthy residents of Quebec and Montreal, always on the lookout for the remotely majestic in scenery to give them a satisfied feeling of having made a good bargain with the Almighty when they acquire it for their own—as well as escape from those who can't afford to follow—thought this was not so bad a bay. Map makers and the French inhabitants still call it Malbaie, publicity bureaus call it the "Newport of America," and summer residents call the Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay "home" when they return to Montreal and register at the Ritz-Carlton for the winter.

As a matter of fact, the name Murray Bay is now used to designate the whole settlement that straggles between two bold promontories—Cap-aux-Oies on the west and Cap-à-l'Aigle on the east, likewise named by Champlain, who seems not to have liked things going around without a caption. That must be one satisfaction in being an explorer with imagination—you can name things the way you want them.

Old Murray Bay is practically the way it has always been, with quaint Norman-roofed houses, a gray stone church, and stores clustered at the mouth of Murray River, though the stores are doubtless aware of the proximity of strangers. Pointe-au-Pic is the fashionable colony, where tier upon tier of obviously summer homes and hotels sit in the sun on their green lawns and watch the spectacle of the river below their grandstand. On the most prominent point of all, stands the renowned Manoir, replete with everything to make an American happy.

Tadousac is a love of an old town, sitting complacently at the place where the Saguenay loses its identity to join the St. Lawrence. It was the capital of the first French settlements, and it

has always been a fur-trading center, but it has never grown out of its own shoes. Father Marquette lived here—you know, the one who explored the Mississippi. And near the ruins of his dwelling stands a little Jesuit chapel over two hundred years old.

When Jacques Cartier came along here, before anyone else except the Indians, he ventured into the strange course of the Saguenay only a short way and then he turned back and refused to go any farther. The Indians had told him this was a mysterious place, the abode of evil spirits, and he was more than ready to agree with them. But Champlain ignored such nonsense and explored the entire length of the river in his little bateau.

Long stretches of this deep, somber gorge seem as uninhabited now as they must have then. The river winds and turns between stark, sharp cliffs of granite that tower above the slowly moving ship like skyscrapers at night above deserted city streets. Echoes made by the ship's horn come back eerily out of nowhere, and when Cape Eternity and Cape Trinity loom ahead, standing huge and dark and glowering side by side, even the chatterboxes on the ship are silenced. Or maybe they are all in their staterooms, shivering and wishing someone had told them to bring heavy woolen coats.

When the ship reaches Bagotville, on Ha-Ha Bay, she pants, chuffs, pulls in by the pier and comes to rest. Conveyances wait to take her passengers on a further journey by land to see what the white man has managed to accomplish in this part of the world. Anglo-Saxon enterprise and wealth grow side by side with Old Normandy, summer resorts and industrial towns rub against ancient villages, each one as much a part of Quebec as the others.

The industrialization of the north has been as fabulous as any saga of the American west, and as far-reaching in its importance to the future of the continent as the discovery of oil in our southwest. The cruel, barren shield of the Laurentians that seemed for so long to be a stubborn barrier to the march of civilization and eventual unity in Canada has become its

hope and its heritage. For some time gold ore was known to be in the northern, uninhabited stretches of Quebec and Ontario, but no one dreamed there was so much. Besides the yellow metal there appear to be endless quantities of other minerals, some for which a use has yet to be discovered in scientific laboratories. And the swift, unnavigable rivers have been harnessed to give ample power for mining, smelting and refining, while airplanes make road building through the wilderness unnecessary.

This story is not, however, essentially Quebec's. It may in time change the character of the province, but it has been no outgrowth from the nature of the people. Prospecting, mining and industrialization have been done with Anglo-Saxon capital and initiative, and since they have been simultaneous with the same process in Ontario, they will be dealt with in detail in that chapter.

On the upper reaches of the Saguenay, between Chicoutimi and Lac St.-Jean, this deepest river in the world has been tamed by gigantic hydroelectric plants, industrializing the whole center. But not far away stands the little village of Pérignon on the shore of Lac St.-Jean, where Louis Hémon lived before he returned to France to write his sentimental *Maria Chapdelaine*. Perhaps life in the remote sections of Quebec was once as he depicts it, but it isn't now, and it never will be again.

Quebec provides nearly two-thirds of the world's asbestos, which is exported to a score of countries. Gold and copper now exceed asbestos in value-output, but the province leads also in the production of cement, clay products, lime, building stone and other structural products.

There is another kind of product from this province which deserves more than casual mention. We have all seen industrial plants and the promotion of natural resources in the United

States, but we have nothing comparable to the native crafts of the country people of Quebec.

Some of the rugs hung over fences to capture the wandering eyes of American tourists may seem crude in color, design and texture, as they are; there is as much difference between them and the best of the native craft as there is between a child's first stitches and those of an experienced needlewoman. The Canadian Handicrafts Guild, mentioned in the chapter on New Brunswick, has fostered these skills and helped to keep them intact, but no one has had to teach these people how to work. They have a natural love of certain kinds of handwork, such as wood carving, plastics, metalwork and weaving, and the Guild has managed to increase incentive by providing outlets in shops where the products can be seen and appreciated and sold.

You need no benevolence or sympathy for the workers themselves to enjoy these articles, any more than the worker himself requires your appreciation to increase the pleasure and satisfaction which his creative talents give him. Most of these homespuns, blankets, coverlets, scarves, iron grilles and rugs are in excellent taste, as we judge it in America. Their color, quality and rhythm of design are sound and alive. They are not Indian-pottery and beadwork curios. On the other hand, the work shows none of the disadvantages of modern machine production. Each individual is able to design his own figures and articles as he chooses and complete the entire process himself, to afford satisfaction for his creative energy. Anyone who visits Quebec without examining the work on exhibit in the shops maintained by the Canadian Handicraft Guild in Montreal and Quebec will have missed one of the most delightful aspects of French culture in Canada. Individual studios throughout the rest of the province where fine work is being done have been listed at the end of the chapter.

Montreal lies at the base of a mountain on an island in the St. Lawrence at the confluence of the Ottawa River. It is the railhead of the transportation systems

of Canada, the terminus of a canal system that links the water traffic of the west with ocean commerce, and a clearing house for labor. It has close to 3,000 factories, and a majority of the economic resources of the country pass through St. James Street, its financial center.

When an individual shows evidence of an arresting personality but even with courtesy cannot be called handsome, he is usually said to have character. In some moods, and in certain unguarded moments, Montreal can be provocative and even amiable, but to meet casually, the best that can be said is that the city is never dull. Nine out of ten Americans find it a blow to their expectations, always having confused it with Quebec City, and they remember it chiefly as dirty or a trifle blowzy. Like the homely child with character, its virtues aren't on the surface. Also, its good is strictly segregated from its bad, or so the good believe.

When we first came to Montreal to live, Hugh was busy all day and I had the car. My curiosity was wide and I also had the necessity of finding a place to live and something to put in it. So I found my way through all the byways of the city in search of artisans who could make things the way I wanted them, and sometimes just in search of adventure. I discovered the tilted streets and unexpected, staggering views; gestures of traffic policemen worthy of the ballet (always more graceful, however, than lucid); the sound of a foreign tongue everywhere around and beside me in elevators, trams and restaurants, laughing at jokes I couldn't understand; the sense of a greatly enlarged vision caused by the impact of new customs and ideas.

We were complete strangers in Montreal, and at first even that was cause for gratitude. It meant we were free to make our own living patterns without being obliged to listen to someone else tell us what part of the city to settle in, where to be seen and what not to do. Even now I pass good friends unwittingly on the street because during that first year I encountered no one I had ever seen before and eventually ceased to expect to

do so. The two cities that are Montreal—the one a visitor sees and the one inhabitants know—have now become merged for me, but I have yet to lose the stimulating sense of living in a foreign city every time I emerge from my own front door.

The population of Montreal is approximately one million. Three-quarters of this number are French-speaking, and the rest are a cosmopolitan mixture of every race and color in the world, probably with English and Scotch predominating.

If someone were to point a threatening finger in my direction and without warning ask me what color Quebec is, I should reply with no hesitation—gray, and I would have no difficulty in following my assertion with cogent reasons for the choice. Quebec is the color of the cold gray stone quarried from its hills and used in building its massive, ugly cathedrals and institutions and parish churches. In Montreal, many of the old Victorian mansions are formed of a bloated red brick, but the new ones that climb higher and higher up the sides of the mountain are made of the native stone. And there is no colder gray in the world.

For months in the year the snow is gray too, crusted over with dust and soot. Spring in Montreal is mounds of gray snow and running rivers down the streets, and glutinous masses of dirt and sand and cinders that have been thrown on sidewalks and street crossings for five months. Every year it takes the city until June to clear away these messes, left behind when the snow finally disappears. And the method of disposing of them is to send out crews of men on every windy day with stiff witches'-brooms to sweep the gutters and crosswalks. Why pay to have the dirt carted away when the wind so obligingly blows it around until it gets lost in pedestrians' eyes and down their necks and on their private walks and porches?

I don't much like Montreal in the spring. But it has one advantage; it emphasizes and outlines—like a dull wood frame on a water color—all the loveliness of the other seasons. From

the end of May until the middle of June, Montreal rushes to make up for her waywardness; then she blooms and blushes like an eager girl, and all is forgiven. Later on, after the summer is over, between the middle of September and the end of October, Montreal is again sure of her own attractions, and she produces week after week of clear, vivid days that are made for walking, and playing and remembering. It seems as though Indian summer will go on forever. And then one day without warning the first snow falls, scarcely wetting the ground. But it comes again and again, building for the best season of all, when Montreal shines and sparkles and draws admirers from everywhere . . . the long, white weeks between Christmas and Lincoln's Birthday.

Mount Royal, the bumpy bulge in the topography of the island that has given Montreal its name, rises in the heart of the city, to be crowned by a natural park. The expanding metropolis has embraced it from every direction. Industry has moved toward the water front, and homes have crept back in its shelter. Now the city completely encircles the mountain, and there is a marked social distinction in the number of feet above sea level at which a house rests.

Montreal has the manners of the old world and the mannerisms of the new. There are more handsome men under forty-five, more dogs on leashes, and more determined dowagers in Montreal than any other city on the continent can hope to rival. The men are unfailingly more courteous than American men when you meet them either in business or in their homes; they are also more mature and dignified regardless of their age. They do not regard women either as their bosses or their slaves, but neither half of the household doubts who is master of the family. And make no mistake, Canadian women prefer it that way, and so do the American girls who marry Canadians. For all their greater dignity, Canadian men seem to have far more fun than Americans; they play more games, spend more

time outdoors, and look and act younger when they are over fifty.

The English-speaking section of Montreal would be no more than a smallish town by reason of its numbers if it were separate from the rest of the city, and yet it controls the banks and the throbbing financial center, maintains the large hotels and the ceaseless night life of Ste. Catherine Street, owns the majority of the private homes and clubs and mansions on the mountain, and keeps its trouser cuffs clear of the political imbroglio in the city hall by preserving its own municipality on one side of the mountain. Though Westmount has become entirely surrounded by Montreal, it has never relinquished its independence. But it would be cold boiled potatoes, in spite of its lovely trees and handsome views, if it weren't for the flavoring which seeps into it from the rest of the stew.

All the usual events of a business day in Montreal take place an hour later than they do in American cities. Business and professional men who have their own secretaries seldom reach their offices before nine-thirty in the morning—wartime schedules apart—take an hour and a half for lunch and a squash game, have tea served at their desks at four-thirty, and leave their offices by six or six-thirty. Evening entertainment seldom gets under way before nine o'clock and what Montrealers use in place of sleep I have never discovered. Undergraduates wouldn't dream of starting for a dance before ten o'clock, and eleven is considered smarter.

But every Sunday morning—Easter is no different from any other Sabbath in this respect—the whole town turns out for church. And after the service, everyone walks for an hour afterwards, up and down the mountain, up and down Sherbrooke Street, up and down mean little side streets in St. Henri and Verdun and Pointe St. Charles.

If you have only a few hours to spend in Montreal, or even as much as a few days, there is one thing I give you solemn warning not to do. Avoid a tour of the city under the sponsorship of one of the guides stationed in Dominion Square. He will take you to see Notre Dame Church and tell you it is a

replica of Notre Dame de Paris, while your own eyes tell you it is less than a poor imitation, facing the corpulent Bank of Montreal across Place d'Armes. You will be shown a large drugstore in the French section and told that it is the largest in the world, which again your own eyes will repudiate. As a climax to the trip, you will be taken to a waxworks museum; if you pay admission and go in, you will see representations of the early martyrs of the church.

The Montreal that I love isn't difficult to find. You'll see it in little boys of all ages and sizes wearing blazers and school ties; in the atmosphere of restaurants like Aux Delices, Chez Ernest, Drury's English Inn, Au Lutin qui Bouffe, and Chez Pierre on Labelle Street; in the way everyone skis and skates, from three-year-old sonny who will hardly remember when he learned, to his grandfather who can still cut figure eights. During five months of the year the streets are colored, day and night, with the bright outfits of skiers on their way to Mount Royal or one of the ski trains for the north. Skating rinks are crowded every afternoon and evening, making a pool of swarming tropical fish where they are flood-lighted at night. Out on the streets old-fashioned, flickering, crackling blue arc lights give little illumination themselves, but they are amply reflected by the snow.

Montreal is Sherbrooke Street, running through its entire length, but particularly Sherbrooke Street between University and Côte des Neiges. High arching elms like those in a New England town shade hotels and shops and clubs smart enough for Fifth Avenue. Sherbrooke Street takes you to the gates of McGill University, and the dejected rows of sleighs or broughams—according to the season—waiting for Americans to hire them for a ride around town. It leads you onto the “hill of snows” too, and Westmount, and all those lovely streets with sudden, unexpected views.

Montreal is a city full of French signs that one soon forgets are not English. *Sens unique* sounds better than “one way” anyway, though *ne stationnez pas ici* is hardly peremptory enough to force obedience. Of them all, *hommes aux travailles*

posted by an open manhole is my favorite. And then there are the reminiscent street names, like Old Orchard, Coolbrook, Grey Nun, Queen Mary and Pie IX Boulevard; City Council-lors Street, de l'Inspecteur, and Beaver Hall Hill; St. Mathieu, St. Marc, St. Luc and . . . Guy!

Montreal is Bonsecours Market on Monday, Wednesday or Friday, where the smells are a combination of everything eaten by man, and a lot of things never tasted by this particular one. It is run on the same principle as Les Halles in Paris, and the same spirit of holiday and good-natured bargaining pervades it. That's where I first saw the signs calling attention to *chien chaud* and *patates frites* in a restaurant. Beyond the pushcarts and the stalls, where the street begins to tilt upward a little, is a gray little church with a steeple of lovely proportions. Flanking the steeple on either side are two gilt cocks, and in a niche over the entrance stands Ste. Anne, with hands extended to bless. During almost any hour of the day you can find men from the wharves or the farms, laborers, or fishwives sitting or kneeling in its worn pews. Hung from the rafters are an assortment of ship models, and candles flicker in their red glass holders by the altar. I like that little church more than all the pompous citadels of religion in the rest of the city put together.

The cobbled street in front of the Bonsecours Church leads to the Château de Ramazey, where Benjamin Franklin lived and set up a printing press in 1776 when he was seeking French-Canadian support for the Revolution. When his mission failed he returned to Philadelphia in time to sign the Declaration of Independence. The Hôtel de Ville and the Criminal Court Building are here, too, but they smell the same as American seats of law and order and have the same cigar-chewing hang-ers-on in the corridors.

Montreal is Delormier Street and all the thoroughfares in the middle-class section of the French part of town, where the houses are the most hideous conceived by man, so incredible as to be arresting. In particular, the iron stairways that twist and turn and curve in fantastic patterns up and down the

fronts of these awful stone structures give an effect to the streets unlike anything else I've ever seen. They rise from the ground to the second floor, and then separate ones rise from the ground to the third floor, all on the same house, and each house contains from two to six families.

It was three years before I discovered the reason for these treacherous, outside structures that must be abominable to walk on in winter. The man on the ground floor in these houses has no intention of helping to heat an inner stair hall for the convenience of the families overhead. And the neighbors overhead have no intention of paying for the heat, and the extra space, if they can climb to their own front doors from outside, over the windows of the people below. It's as simple as that.

More than any other one spot in the city, Montreal is the top of the mountain, where English, French and strangers all meet. Cars are not allowed over the last half-mile, but it is the walk beloved of every Montrealer through every season of the year, and your reward will be great when you reach the summit. Below will be spread the whole of Montreal and the St. Lawrence Valley, and beyond that, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the Adirondacks in New York, and even the White Mountains of New Hampshire on a clear day when the wind is from the northwest. Skyscrapers in the city look like bulges, and the grain elevators and docks and wharves assume a relative importance in the map of the whole.

On winter evenings, skiers take their life in their mittens and swoop and swerve through the trees; they have to be good to ski on Mount Royal, and they are. During hot nights in summer, symphonies and band concerts are given on the steps of the Chalet. The moon is much closer up here, and nights when the moon isn't in evidence, strings of yellow lights on the streets below sparkle and glow like fireflies through the trees. Neon signs on Ste. Catherine Street look like rubies and sapphires as good as Woolworth sells, and the big black horse advertising Dawes ale stands higher than anything else below the mountain, but there is still plenty of room to let your eyes rest on the black river and dark hills beyond.

Montreal is a woman in a sealskin coat, sturdy shoes, snap-brimmed hat and overshoes. It is bending forward over a basin to have your hair shampooed instead of lying back, and learning to say "tram," and tin of sardines, and crumpets when you want English muffins. It is the rudeness of women who persist in wearing their silly hats through movies and become insulted if you suggest kindly that you can't see through a tilted pancake or an underdone bird. It is the amazement of your hostess when you arrive at the hour suggested in her invitation, since Montreal has made a fetish of its own bad manners until it is now considered impolite to arrive earlier than thirty minutes to an hour later than the time appointed. Church, hockey games and trains still start as scheduled.

No one had told Eugene Ormandy about this defection on the part of Montreal audiences when he came to conduct the Quebec Music Festival one year, or if they had, he couldn't believe that the uninspired reactionaries of Montreal's top-flight society could possibly be so undignified. After all, the King manages to make his appointments on time.

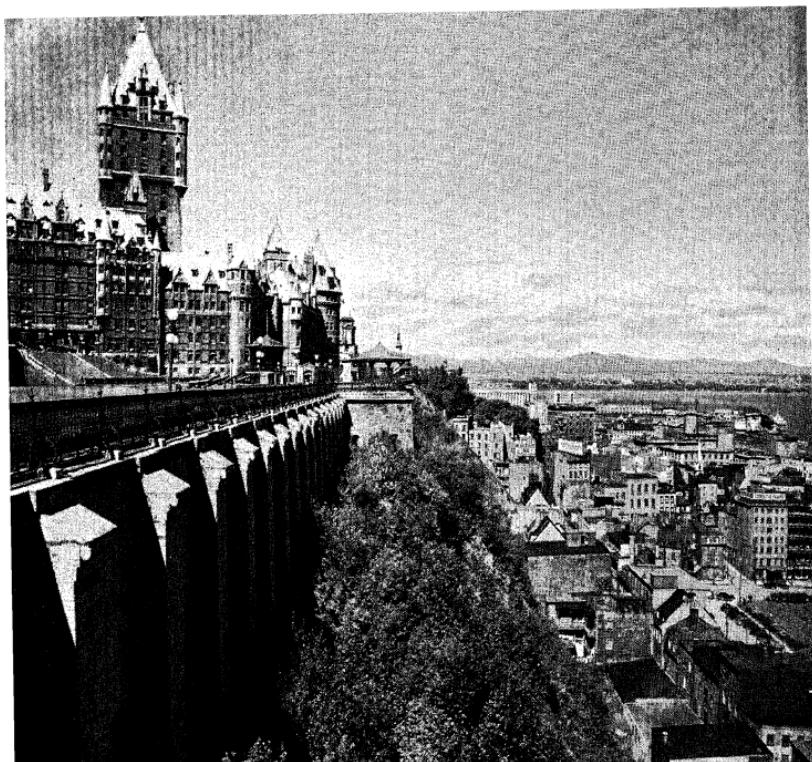
I happened to be sitting on the stage as a member of the Elgar Choir, above the orchestra, when Ormandy came onto the platform to conduct Mozart's G-minor symphony at the opening of the program. He had already held his entrance twenty minutes, but the cathedral was still half empty. At the end of the first movement, a horde of late-comers shuffled down the aisle none too quietly, holding up the second movement for at least six minutes. At the end of the second movement the remaining fourth of the audience trooped in, obviously without shame. Ormandy turned and stared, flushed with anger over the insulting bad manners. For a moment I thought he would walk off the platform and end the performance there, and I sincerely hoped he'd do it. It would have meant the loss of our pleasure in singing the Requiem Mass, so he stayed. But the mood of the music was ruined.

I love Montreal for its friendly hearth fires on cold winter days; for its sunsets and the sound of its bells . . . ringing, tolling, calling, counting the hours; for the moan of horns and



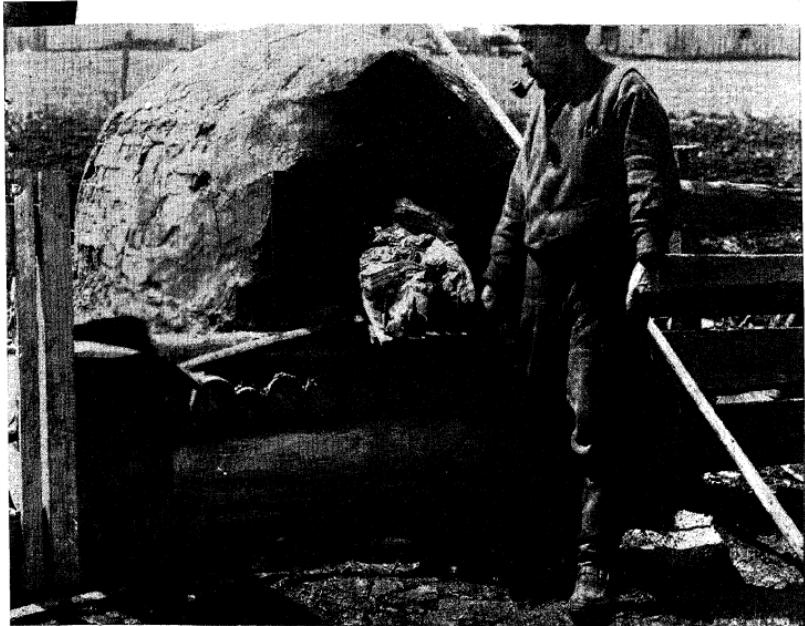
Gaspé Peninsula, Quebec . . . the road literally slides down into the village of Percé . . .

Canadian National Railways



Canadian Pacific Railway

Quebec City, Quebec . . . Dufferin Terrace . . . bordering the brink of Cape Diamond . . .
a place that time has changed so little . . .

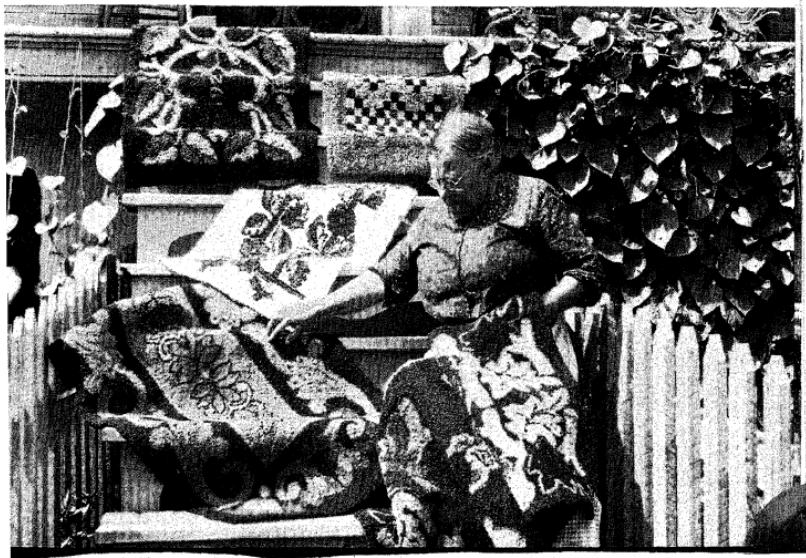


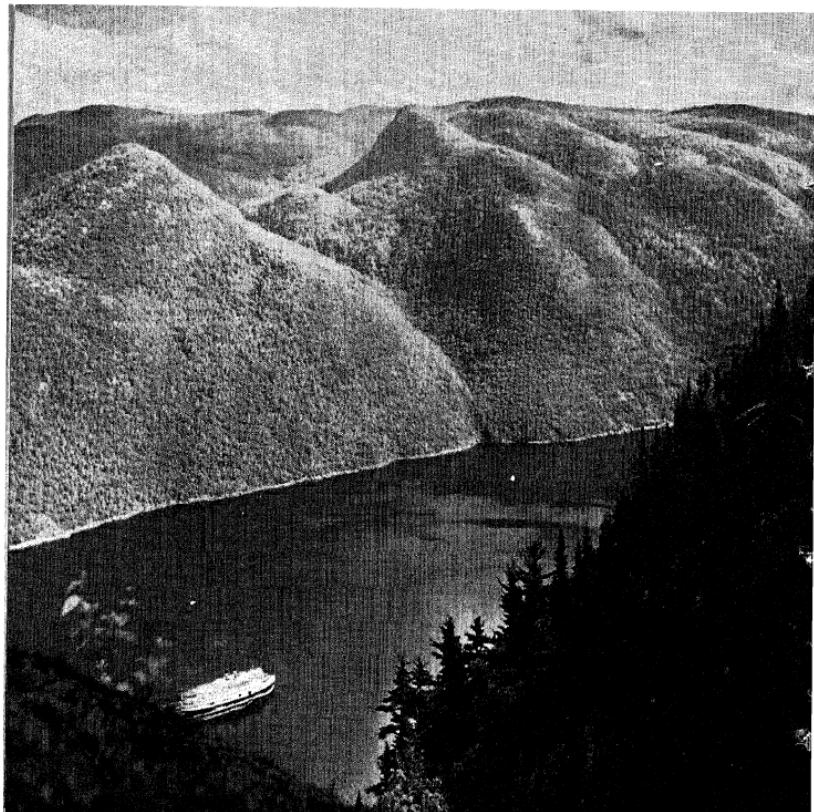
Canadian National Railways

Outdoor bake oven, Quebec . . . *the Habitant feels no need of interpreting himself to the rest of the world . . .*

Quebec handicrafts, St. Lawrence Valley . . . *no one has had to teach these people how to work . . .*

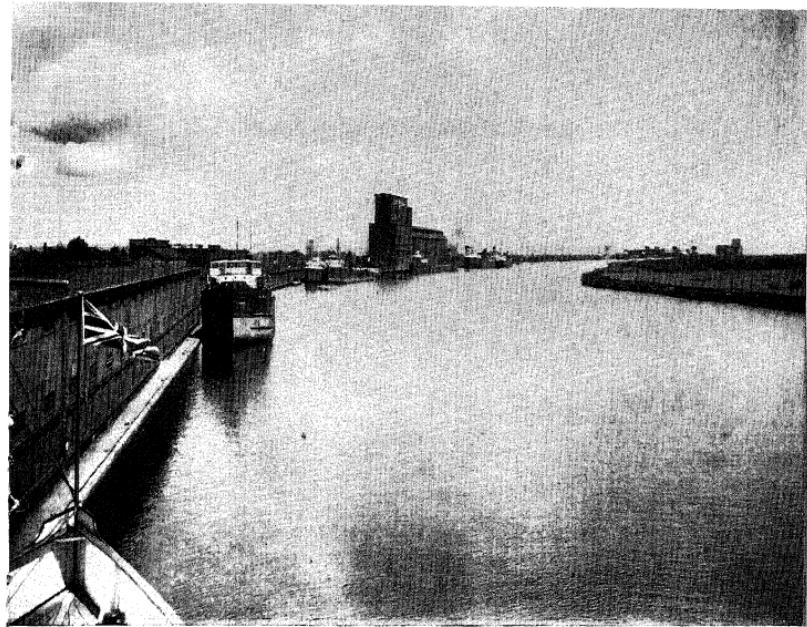
Canadian National Railways





Canada Steamship Lines

Saguenay River, Quebec . . . long stretches of this deep, sombre gorge . . .



Canadian Pacific Railway

Fort William, Ontario . . . lakehead freighters, docked in the shadows of enormous grain elevators . . .

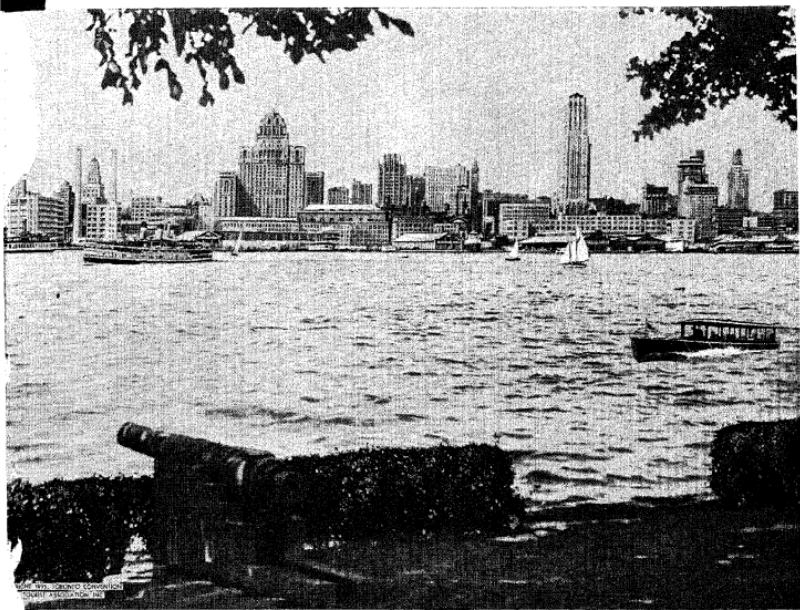
Tadoussac, Quebec . . . the capital of the first French settlements . . .



Canadian National Railways

Montreal, Quebec . . . *Your reward will be great when you reach the summit . . . of Mount Royal . . .*

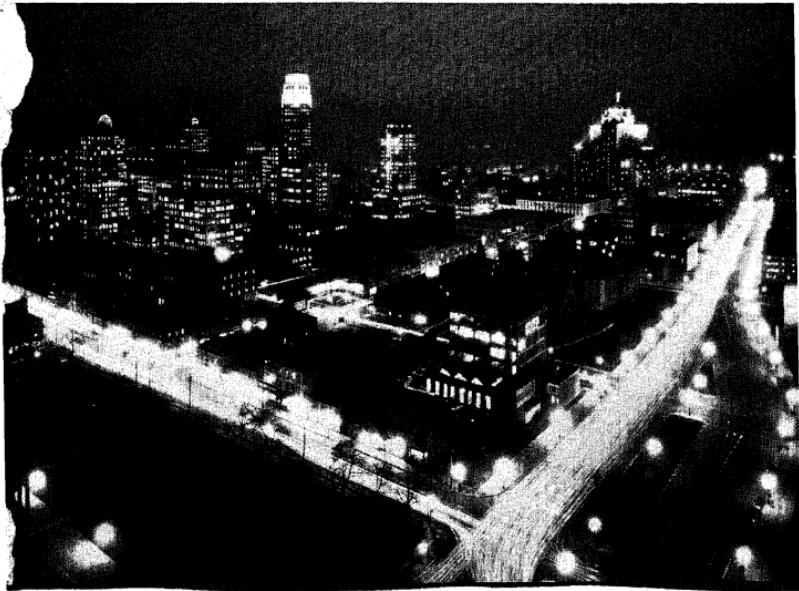


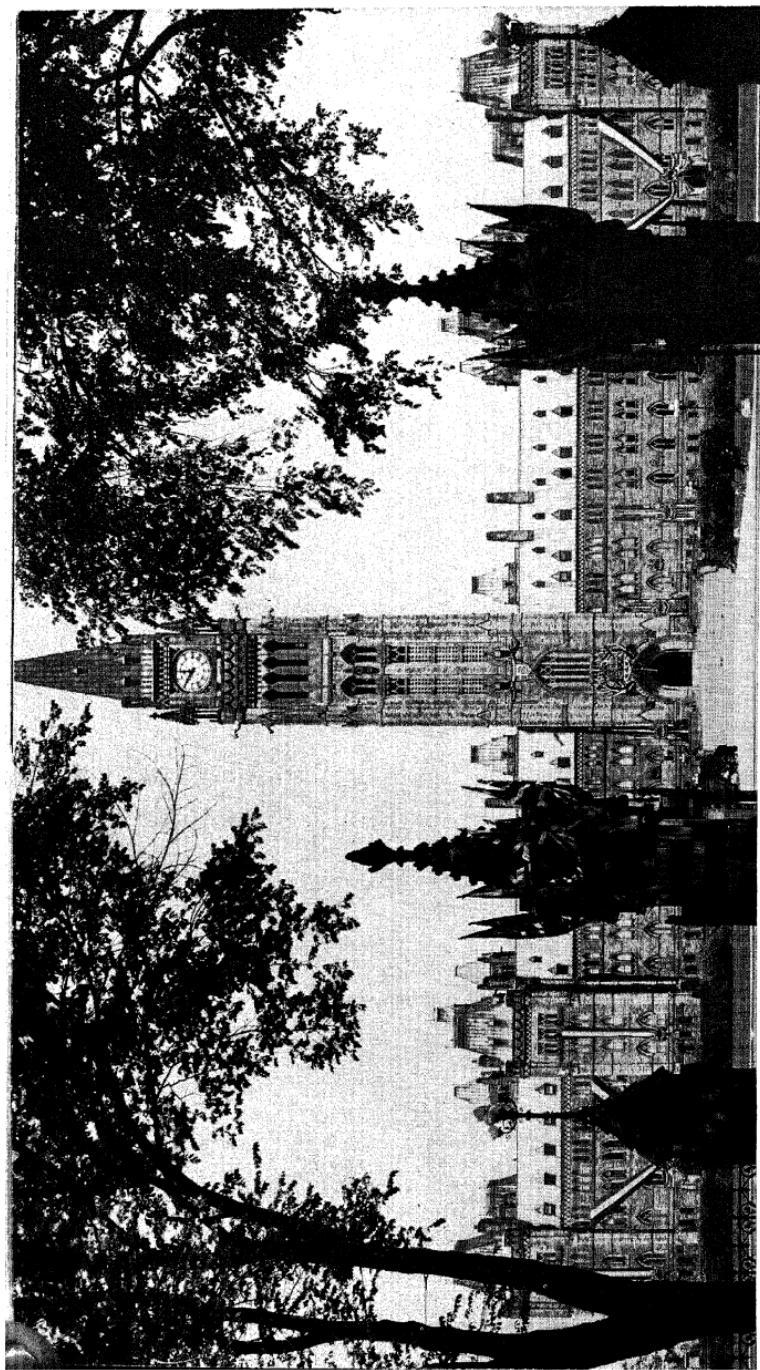


MORE INFORMATION
TORONTO CONVENTION
AND TOURIST ASSOCIATION, INC.

The Toronto Convention and Tourist Ass'n. Inc.

Toronto, Ontario . . . the center of the wealthiest consuming population in Canada . . . by day and by night . . .





Canadian Pacific Railway

Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, Ontario . . . lean and angular and mellow, like the faces
of Britches . . .

steamship whistles that come up from the docks; for its dusky, London-like squares and its fan-lighted doorways; for its warm friendships and good evenings of conversation, and the fact that it is one of the crossroads of the world.

Railroads penetrate the mountains for ninety-three miles north of Montreal, and at least one good motor road is kept open nearly an equal distance throughout the winter. This area is the playground of Montrealers, where they are outnumbered by Americans in winter two to one. In the season of 1930-31 the Canadian Pacific Railway carried 14,307 passengers over week ends to the north. In 1938-39 the total was 111,177. That represents an average of 6,177 a week for eighteen weeks; New Year's traffic amounted to 12,336 in a few days. And the Canadian Pacific is only one of two railroads serving this territory.

Every year the ski trains grow longer and run more frequently. On Friday and Saturday they are filled with week-enders, and on Sunday mornings they are packed with one-dayers who get off at Val Morin and ski cross-country to Shawbridge, where they join the crowded trains returning to Montreal each Sunday evening. Boys and girls and men and women have found and mastered a comparatively new sport on this continent, and no one seems able to get enough of it. All through the city on Mondays there is talk of little else in offices, shops, schools and drawing rooms but conditions encountered over the week end, and new trains, slalom races, powder snow, a new kind of wax, and "Hill 70."

If you stand in the concourse of the Windsor Station with your eyes closed you can tell by the sounds if a ski train is about to leave. Heavy ski boots grate on the stone floor, skis bump and poles rattle as they keep time to steps; laughter is quick and voices strong and healthy; and passengers for these trains know their way without question. Open your eyes and you will see them all dressed alike in gabardine or woolen

ski pants, Grenfell jackets, brilliantly embroidered sweaters and socks and parkas. And their sole baggage is contained in the rucksacks slung from their shoulders.

Skis stand in racks between the coach seats, somebody opens an accordion, three people begin to sing; the vendor comes through with sandwiches and cokes; Ste.-Thérèse, St.-Jérôme . . . and the ride is half over. The Laurentians don't look so much, if you are thinking of the slopes of Switzerland or the Rockies, but their grades are kind to the novice, and the expert can always try the Kandahar Trail. Snow lies from six to eight feet deep everywhere, traced by the thousand miles of ski trails in the area. They run through open country between villages, or cut through brush and timber to link popular ski centers.

Shawbridge is the first stop in the ski country beyond Montreal, forty miles and an hour and a half away. At each little station a group alights, glad to be back, breathing deeply of the clean-smelling air. Some begin to buckle harness around boots at once for the first limbering-up on the way to the small pensions or big hotels that provide bed and breakfast for two dollars a night. Sleighs pick up customers for the large resorts, and the train chugs on to the next stop—Mont-Rolland, Ste.-Marguerite, Val-David, Ste.-Agathe, St.-Jovite and Mont-Tremblant.

On holiday week ends every available bed in the Laurentians has been reserved for months ahead. New inns and hotels are built and become sold out before their paint is dry. Special trains from Boston and New York come through without a stop in Montreal, discharge their city-dressed passengers, and return to pick them up at the end of the vacation time. There's something about this country that draws its visitors back again and again, from farther and farther away.

Every night the thermometer falls to twenty-some below zero, but by noon it is twenty above in the sun and it feels like forty. "London smoke" glasses appear on the terrace of the inn and winter sun tans glow. These days are filled with a quality of brilliant sunshine unknown anywhere in the United States

in winter. The dry air seems invigorating rather than cold, and when the snow falls, it comes thick and heavy, never in drifts or blizzards. Then as much as a week or two will go by with nothing to hide the sun, while the ground stays packed and white.

In the middle of the day the pines on the hills are dark gray, not green at all, and the outfits of the skiers zooming down runs or crawling slowly back again are splashes from a painter's brush. Sundown is early in the hills, and rapid. By three o'clock shadows on the slopes have lengthened, crawling straight across the clearings, and by teatime the horizon is pale green-blue and the snow is no longer white. Sunsets are a miracle in the north, and then suddenly it is dark, and you know the skiers are still out by the sound of their echoing calls and laughter, and the thumping of their boots as they shake the snow off before they come in.

When the moon comes up the shadows are sharp again, and the snow turns mauve. And then skis ring on the slopes, and the little town of Ste.-Adèle-en-haut is a cluster of purple roofs across the lake, and everywhere is the floodlight of the moon.

Winter odors in the Laurentians are almost better than anything else. French villages exude an essence peculiar to themselves, but once you have left the last house, on your way back to the inn, you can smell the snow in the air again, and the spruce and hemlock and pine. Steaming horse dung on the road is pungent but not unpleasant; the odor of old buffalo robes is worse, as a sleigh passes with its bells jingling. And then there comes the smell of wood smoke as you near the hotel, and on the terrace where the skis are stacked in rows against the wall, wax and tar and resin. Inside, you can smell the row of cold fur coats near the door, and the day's pot of habitant pea soup steaming in the kitchen. From downstairs rises the sound of clinking glasses and gay voices, and the smell of the late-afternoon drink of the mountains, hot buttered rum.

In the middle of the night, when northern lights are playing like green searchlights, ice snaps on the branches of the trees,

and sleep is the easiest thing in the world to find. But in the morning, someone else is always up and outdoors first, and you can hear the crunch and clump of skis and poles as they climb for their first run . . . then the zing and sing as they descend, and a blow of snow when they christie . . . while you still lie in bed.

Boots walking on hard-packed snow screech and whine with every step, and skates out on the frozen lake sound like someone crunching crackers. When icicles along the low-hanging eaves begin to melt in the heat of noon, sun bathers move their chairs along the terrace to escape the crash of splintered ice when they fall. Every day is like every other in Quebec in the winter, yet no two are ever quite the same. All the palm-fringed shores of the South Seas could be put up for auction, and you'd never trouble to make a bid.

APPROACHES TO QUEBEC

SEAWAYS—Service from Europe can be determined only by direct communication with steamship lines until the end of the war. No schedules are posted, no sailing dates given out to the press or the chance inquirer.

Cruises: These vary from year to year, but schedules are still being kept from Toronto, Montreal and Quebec. Make inquiries of Clarke Steamship Company in New York and Chicago, or their agents in Boston, Patterson, Wylde & Co. Canada Steamship Lines maintain agents for their Saguenay Cruise in Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Duluth, Minneapolis, New York, Philadelphia, Rochester and St. Paul. If the government does not requisition their fleets, information may also be obtained from Canadian Pacific Steamships and Canadian National Steamship Company, Montreal, as to their plans for next summer.

RAILWAYS—Quebec has connections via six railways with such cities as Halifax, Boston, New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Toronto and Winnipeg. Make inquiries locally, or write direct to Canadian National Railways and Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal.

HIGHWAYS—There are innumerable approaches to Quebec from the United States. The most popular roads are Route No. 9 in New York state; No. 7, and No. 5 in Vermont; No. 3 in New Hampshire; No. 2 through Ontario from Detroit.

AIRWAYS—*From Boston*: Northeast Airways, Inc., two round trips daily to Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec City.

From New York: Canadian Colonial Airways operate four round trips daily, connecting with all points in the United States.

From Vancouver: Trans-Canada runs two trips daily from coast to coast, in which Montreal is one of the stops on the way to Halifax.

This means of transportation is developing so rapidly in Canada that no accurate list of schedules can be included. New runs are being adopted constantly.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO GET IT

Furs—Jay Wolfe in Montreal; J. B. Laliberté in Quebec City.

Linen—in Montreal: Deimels, Silbro, and Julius Heim. In Quebec City: Simons & Co. Ltd.

Blankets—the famous Murray Bay Habitant blankets may be found in Murray Bay, but don't buy them in the usual tourist shops. They may also be found at a slightly higher price in the cities. Kenwood blankets and Hudson's Bay Point blankets are considerably cheaper in Canada than they are in the United States, and may be found in any of the department stores.

Antiques—Peel Street between Ste. Catherine and Sherbrooke in Montreal is the joy of every American antique hunter. The shops are all worth a visit.

Woolens—Jaegar in Montreal for excellent imported coats, sweaters, skirts, dresses and accessories. The supply from England seems undiminished, though prices are somewhat higher. Tweeds and homespuns are good at the Canadian Handicraft Guild in Montreal and Quebec. Also Simons & Co. Ltd. in Quebec.

Men's Wear—Max Beauvais and Henry Morgan in Montreal, among many, for the best in men's clothing from shoes

to hats. Also Jaegar for sport clothes in Montreal, and J. B. Laliberté in Quebec. Dack's English shoes in Montreal—their own shop on Peel Street—are considered unsurpassed in quality.

French imports—what is left of a stock of silks, petit point, stationery, perfume and kid gloves can be found in the department stores, but the supply will soon be exhausted.

China—the farther west you go in Canada, the more expensive is the imported English bone china and earthenware. In Montreal try Birk's, and Cassidy's wholesale house.

Wood carving—this typical Quebec handicraft is represented in all kinds of shops in the cities, but it can be seen at its best in ateliers where the work is done. The figures range in size from miniatures to nearly a foot in height, all representative of the country people, all tinged with humor, and beautifully done. Médard Bourgault, a country carpenter who has found contentment and satisfaction in the creation of these wooden figures, can be found at St.-Jean-Port-Joli. Rodolphe Duguay studied in Paris and then returned to his father's farm to work. You can find him, and his woodcuts, at Nicolet.

In Trois Pistoles, Mme. Rioux maintains an atelier where you may buy her hand-woven tweeds and coverlets. At Percé, *The Black Whale* is one of the best of the small local shops. In Montreal, there are four large department stores: Eaton's and Robert Simpson have the best bargains, but they are the most crowded; Oglivy's and Morgan's serve a more discriminating clientele and cater to Americans.

Food—Montreal and Quebec have innumerable patisseries where you can buy French pastries and long loaves of crusty French bread. To find those delicacies you can buy and take home, go to the Epicure Shop in Henry Morgan's, Montreal. Among the hundreds of English imports you may be particularly interested in Major Grey's chutneys, Twinings' English teas, the biscuits of Peak & Frean and Huntley Palmer, Stilton cheese in attractive crocks, English toffees, Frank Cooper's marmalades and jellies, and Nova Scotia lobster. Also, London House Coffee, made in Montreal, is the best on earth.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Away to the Gaspé, Gordon Brinley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1935.

Away to Quebec, Gordon Brinley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1937.

These books follow the pattern set by the authors in their other publications of the same title-form.

The French Canadians To-day, Wilfrid Bovey. Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, 1938.

This is one of the most sympathetic and astute books on the subject. Colonel Bovey is a human being before he is a nationalist or an educator.

Shadows on the Rock, Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1931.

Appreciation of this book increases with a visit to Quebec, and vice versa.

Sackcloth for Banner, Jean Charles Harvey. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., 1938.

A novel of unromantic life in Quebec City by an emancipated French Canadian who is nonetheless one of his fellow countrymen's greatest exponents.

Canadian Handicrafts, Wilfrid Bovey. Montreal: Canadian Handicraft Guild, 1938.

Arts and Crafts of Canada, William Carless, F.R.I.B.A. McGill University Publications, Series XIII, No. 4.

Maria Chapdelaine, Louis Hémon. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., 1938.

The author was a native of France, who spent a short time on Lac St.-Jean, the scene of the story.

Quebec Patchwork, J. M. Donald. Toronto: Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., 1940.

A section-by-section guide and commentary.

Thirty Acres, Ringuet. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd., 1940.

This is the nom de plume of Philippe Panneton of Montreal, who knows his people and has here written a moving account of a few of them.

Gaspé, the Romantique, Olive Willett Smith. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell, 1936.

The Gaspé Coast in Focus, Doris Montgomery, with photographs by Mary Van Nest. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1940.

Better than usual photographs, which manage not to oversentimentalize the country or the people.

MORE INFORMATION

The Provincial Tourist Bureau, Quebec City, is prepared to supply the following material on request:

road maps

an extensive list of hotels, boarding houses and tourist rooms, with rates

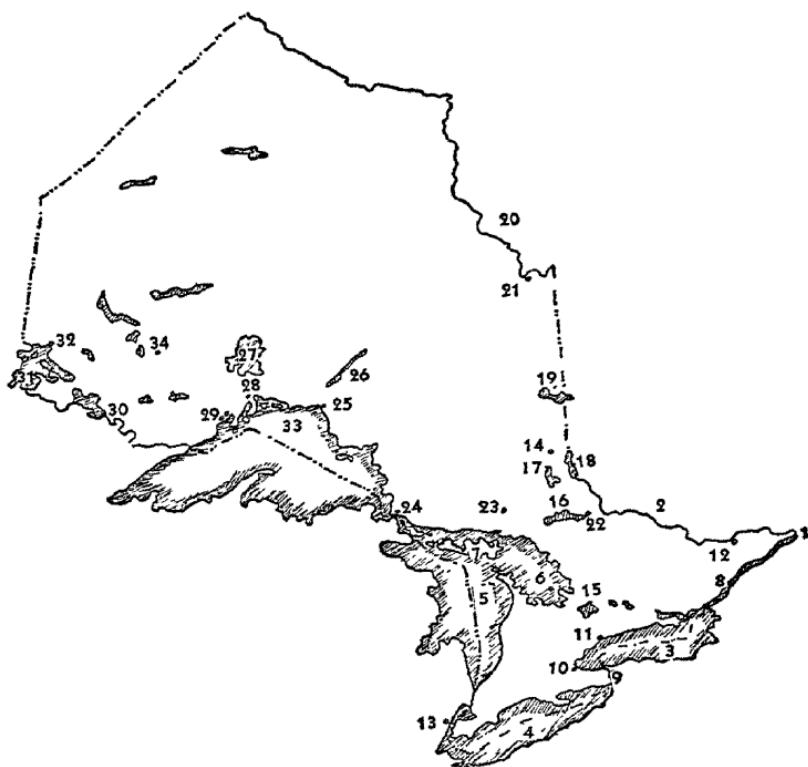
highly-colored folders descriptive of various parts of the province, suitable for promoting tourist travel.

Canada Steamship Line, Canadian Pacific Railway and Canadian National Railways, all of Montreal, are more than pleased to furnish illustrated and provocative folders, and related information, on trips and tours into any part of Quebec.

The Bureau du Tourisme, Dominion Square, Montreal will likewise supply information, rates, maps and directions, on request.

Ontario





- 1. St. Lawrence River
- 2. Ottawa River
- 3. Lake Ontario
- 4. Lake Erie
- 5. Lake Huron
- 6. Georgian Bay
- 7. Manitoulin Island
- 8. Thousand Islands
- 9. Niagara Falls
- 10. Hamilton
- 11. Toronto
- 12. Ottawa
- 13. Detroit
- 14. Cobalt
- 15. Lake Simcoe
- 16. Lake Nipissing
- 17. Timagami Lake
- 18. Lake Timiskaming
- 19. Lake Abitibi
- 20. James Bay
- 21. Moosonee
- 22. North Bay
- 23. Sudbury
- 24. Sault Ste. Marie
- 25. Heron Bay
- 26. Longlac
- 27. Lake Nipigon
- 28. Nipigon
- 29. Fort William and
Port Arthur
- 30. Rainy River
- 31. Lake of the Woods
- 32. Kenora
- 33. Lake Superior

VI

ONTARIO

SEVERAL years ago an elderly woman in a faded cotton dress stood on the American shore of the St. Lawrence River, watching one of the ferryboats that threads its way through the Thousand Islands several times each day between the United States and Canada. When it had pulled into the wharf and all its passengers had come ashore, she made her way to the purser.

"Can I maybe go with you this trip?" she asked.

"Certainly, madam. We leave in ten minutes. One-way ticket?"

"No. I'll be comin' right back."

Halfway across, while she was sitting primly on a bench on the port deck, she was approached by a Canadian Immigration Officer. In answer to his questions she explained that she had always wanted to see Canada, and today she wasn't very busy, and she thought she'd just have a look.

"Where do you live?" the officer asked.

"Down the road a piece. I got the hired man to drive me to the landing. I was never on one of these boats before."

"Where are you going in Canada?"

"Over there?" she said. "Oh, no place. I hear people talk about it a lot and I just want to see what it looks like. I'll stay on the boat and come right back."

The man smiled courteously and suggested that she might prefer the view from the starboard side. "The right side," he amended. "We'll dock in a few minutes."

He finished his round of the other passengers and when the boat sidled into the wharf he managed to be standing not far from the visiting American. She watched the Ontario shore

intently, richly clad in the same summer foliage to be found on the south shore of the river.

"How many miles does it go . . . that way?" she said.

"Canada, you mean?" he replied. "Quite a few. In fact, there's a good deal of it."

"Thank you," she said. "It's all about the same, I guess. No different over here from what it is at home. Anyway, I can tell my children I've seen a foreign country. Nice day, isn't it?"

She smiled for the first time and the officer smiled back. He had encountered too much ignorance about his own country to be moved by this further proof that Americans are a peculiar people. Indeed, he felt grateful that she hadn't expected to see the Canadian shore lined with Mounted Police, little Dionnes, or French Habitants.

The Province of Ontario is over a thousand miles in its greatest length and nearly nine hundred miles in its greatest breadth. In area it is more than four times the size of Great Britain, and almost equal to the combined areas of the six New England states, together with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Ontario is a state of mind, bounded on the east by a foreign language, on the north by wilderness, on the west by the hungry prairies, and on the south by another country. After Ontario was explored and opened by fur traders, missionaries and Indian fighters, it was settled by people of culture, who found their way this far along the St. Lawrence as refugees from the revolutionary violence of New England and New York. They suffered hardships and privation for the privilege of living according to their sincere convictions, and through the succeeding century and a half they have maintained a way of life commensurate with these ideals as consciously as have their neighbors to the south. That they are now more like Americans in appearance and habit than anyone else in Canada is only one of the paradoxes for which Ontario is renowned.

Physically, Ontario leads all the provinces of Canada in industrial and civic progress. Its mineral resources are beyond the ability of man to calculate, its fruitgrowing belt is one of the most beautiful and fertile in the world, its agricultural output helps feed the Empire, its playgrounds are used by Americans and Canadians alike, and its possibilities are still far ahead of production. It is Canada's greatest manufacturing province and her richest mixed-farming area. Unfortunately, it is also the province most disliked by everyone else in the Dominion, for Ontario remains mentally isolated in the center of the continent.

Ontario and the Maritimes shake fists at each other across Quebec, and because Quebec is so broad and because the fists occasionally carry bricks, the French get hit perhaps more often than they deserve. Ontario might be temperamentally compatible with British Columbia if the west coast didn't feel aggrieved and cheated, too, by this rich central province; in their case the grievance is freight rates and the long haul, and besides, that great stretch of prairie lies between. As for the south, Ontario feels less reason to be interested in her neighbor than any other part of Canada, for after all, this section of the country bore the brunt of the War of 1812.

To Americans who visit Ontario, all this has little meaning, unless as individuals they have acquired a habit of thinking in terms wider than the boundaries of their own back yards. For an American like myself to discuss this phase of Canadian psychology would be impertinent if I were not convinced that good will between these two countries can be advanced only by the recognition of our fundamental similarity of purpose. Once this is understood, the differences in surface characteristics will assume a relatively unimportant role in the forming of judgments.

I love Canada because it has offered me sincere friendships, it has enlarged my appreciation of natural beauty, and it has given me an opportunity to work and continue to grow as I choose. I have watched it through nearly two years of war and shared its small deprivations as a resident of the country,

and I have learned not only to respect the people of this Dominion from the bottom of my heart, but to share their emotions as well, until they have become my own. More important than anything else, I have discovered that these experiences have made me not less, but more loyal an American, and I am convinced that no differences of opinion held by our great-grandparents can keep our two countries from enlarging and improving their future together.

The population of Ontario is nearly four million. There is a representation of Dutch, German and other European stock, and French Canadians are moving into certain sections, but more than three-quarters of the population are of Canadian birth, descendants of the original English, Scotch and Irish settlers.

One of the first things an American notices when he crosses the border into Ontario is the subtle, but unmistakable difference in the faces of the people he sees on the streets. The men are lean and hard, no matter what their age, and they wear suspenders rather than belts resting on their hips. But the suspenders are covered with tweed jackets, and the lean jaws hold pipes in clenched teeth more often than they do cigars. In the large cities of Canada, as in all metropolitan centers of the world, fashionable women bear the same stamp, but in the smaller towns and villages of Ontario the women look more sensible than their American cousins, more patient and integrated, certainly far less spoiled and discontented. Contentment has always been considered more important in the Canadian way of life than efficiency.

The houses in Ontario are less gracious than those of Revolutionary America, for they were built in a later period. But they are solid and square and enduring, constructed by people who had need of shelter in a hurry but had no intention of moving on again to some place else. The towns of southern Ontario have a unique appeal, with their old maples, Victorian façades and an air of inner satisfaction.

Sounds and noises are keyed lower in Ontario than they are below the border. I don't know why unless there are fewer of them, and the ones considered necessary are not backed by impatience. Perhaps the difference derives from a greater natural consideration for other people, for that is an unquestioned mark of the Canadian, wherever you find him.

On the whole, however, Americans find that southern Ontario looks much like the states that form the southern shores of the Great Lakes. It has the farmlands of Ohio and Indiana, the orchards of Michigan, the dairy pastures of Wisconsin and the forests and lakes of Minnesota. Ontarians have the same harsh, nasal speech of the American Midwest; they play baseball instead of cricket; they put on the kind of spectacular shows that Americans love, such as marathon races, expositions and outdoor symphonies. And they gauge the value of their possessions, and subsequently their status in society, by cost. An Ontarian will tell you, just as an American does, that he has built a new ten-million-dollar plant or bought a three-hundred-dollar radio, and he won't understand why the rest of his countrymen consider such remarks in bad taste.

Politically and emotionally—an inevitable combination of causes—Ontario bears little resemblance to any part of the United States. It is the seat of the conservative element of Canada, fanatically loyal to the British Empire by tradition and training. The social circles of Ontario's largest cities tie themselves into knots in a determined attempt to be utterly English, much to the embarrassment of the visiting Britishers whom they lionize. Disloyalty in Canada is disloyalty to the British crown, and Toronto puts a far stricter interpretation on what constitutes disloyal utterance in wartime than the authorities in England ever do. Yet all the while these worthy men and women are thinking with nostalgia of an England many of them have never seen, their cooks are using American foodstuffs, their chauffeurs are driving American cars, their daughters are wearing American nail polish and their sons are dancing to the music of New York bands.

Ontario is a funny place. It's got everything men could

want, and knows it, but it doesn't yet know what to do with such abundance. It should be producing leaders and artists and great thinkers, as well as cheese and gold; instead, it is being corrupted by American high-pressure advertising, urgent radio announcing, and the habit of boasting about itself. The rest of the provinces watch uneasily as Ontario becomes Americanized, the while it proclaims loudly its emotional affiliations with Great Britain. Ontario protests, of course, too much.

The commercial importance to Ontario of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River can hardly be overestimated. Measured from its source to its mouth, the St. Lawrence is one of the longest rivers in the world. It boasts 2,200 miles, as it drains a basin of 530,000 square miles, 450,000 of which are in Canada. In its course it expands into the five Great Lakes, which contain about half the fresh water on the globe. Four of these lakes form the major portion of Ontario's southern boundary.

There are three distinct geographical divisions of this province, known as Old Ontario, Northern Ontario and Northwestern Ontario. They are as dissimilar as Norway and southern France.

Old Ontario is the rich and densely populated portion that lies like a wedge between Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron, shaped like an Indian flint. If you examine it on a map of the continent you will see that it lies far south of Maine, and its lowest projection is nearly on a parallel with New York. This is the section that makes Ontario first in agriculture and industry in the Dominion, and yet it is a proportionately small part of the entire province.

Northern Ontario has less easily defined boundaries. Roughly, it covers the territory north of Lake Huron and the immediate vicinity of Lake Superior traversed by the two transcontinental railways. It is rich in minerals, timber and

game, and is the section best known to hunters and summer vacationists.

Northwestern Ontario is all the rest of the province north to Hudson Bay, approximately half of the whole. It is a primeval, untracked timberland, uninhabited except for trappers, prospectors and the small settlements around occasional mines. Its potentialities, both in minerals and agricultural lands, are enormous.

There are eight international bridges between Old Ontario and the United States: Ambassador Bridge at Detroit-Windsor, Blue Water Highway Bridge at Port Huron-Sarnia, Roosevelt Bridge at Cornwall, Thousand Islands Bridge near Kingston, Peace Bridge at Buffalo-Fort Erie, Lower Arch Bridge at Niagara Falls, and the bridge connecting Lewiston, New York, with Queenston, Ontario. All give access to paved roads and some portion of the King's Highway, along which hundreds of thousands of American cars roll each year.

OLD ONTARIO

Throughout this whole section of the province paved roads form a complicated spiderweb, lending themselves either to leisurely exploration or fast coverage. Chatham, St. Thomas, London, Woodstock, Brantford, Peterborough, Fort Erie—each town maintains its individual distinction; together they form the pattern of Old Ontario. One grows tobacco, another makes woolens, a third has given its name to a canoe. In each little town, industry balances agriculture. Some of these hamlets are sleepy and attractive, some are not, but each has its own manufacturing specialty, and its cherished bit of history.

Some of the towns are supported by packing plants, all running at capacity, since much of the fruit produced in this part of the province is eaten elsewhere. Near the extensive tobacco plantations along the shore of Lake Erie there are towns concerned chiefly with drying, packing and shipping the big brown

leaves. Names of products well known in the States are often seen on the sides of blank-faced factories, but the familiar trade-marks are always altered by the addition "of Canada, Ltd."

One thing which gives an immediate stamp of foreignness to the country is the quality of advertising on billboards and posters. A girl in the midst of a Highland fling, wearing the Macdonald tartan, advertises British Consol cigarettes, though she is neither smoking one nor watching anyone else do so. No equivalent of the glamorous Chesterfield girls has ever been used to advertise anything in Canada. But cigarette manufacturers up here were the first to appropriate the Services; immediately on the outbreak of war all brands began to represent themselves as the favorite of dashing Generals of the Queen's Light Infantry, Pilot Officers of the R.C.A.F., or Admirals of the Royal Navy—each appearing to smoke Vice-roys or Buckinghams or Sweet Caporals in preference to all others.

But best of all, this is the only part of Canada that can produce a season which has a right to be termed *spring*. Everywhere else in this northern world, with the exception of the west coast, winter hangs around with backward glances until it is suddenly pushed out by an impatient summer. In Old Ontario the countryside is gently undulating as it draws away from the shore of the lakes, and in springtime the orchards are a bower of blossoms. In pasture lands the young grass grows quickly through April rains, and farmers are out early to turn the soil. Rain barrels fill at the corners of buildings, calves bleat at the far end of the pasture, broilers are separated in the barnyard for market. It is a world of spring freshets, maple sugar, wet feet, clouds, smoked ham, plows, mayflowers and arbutus.

There is a wide variation in the climate of Ontario, the north being influenced by Hudson Bay and the south by the Great Lakes. Old Ontario is milder than many districts much farther south in the United States. The annual rainfall is thirty to forty inches.

Once near Chatham, in a cemetery filled with leaning headstones and surrounded by open fields, I found a marble monument surmounted by a chiseled crown. Beside it a painted wooden sign read: "The grave of Rev. Josiah Henson, the original Uncle Tom of Uncle Tom's Cabin by Harriet Beecher Stowe." That he had been an individual as well as a cause had never occurred to me before, much less had I wondered what became of him in reality.

And then I remembered a gentle lady I had known years before in Illinois. She and her husband were originally from Toronto, but I never thought of them as Canadians; they were unique in my experience for their abundance of tolerance, consideration and lovingkindness. One day we had been talking about the difficulty her children experienced with their classmates because of their apparent inability to distinguish between themselves and the negroes in the school.

"But why should they?" she said. "They have always been trained to find no distinction in creed, race or color. It's quite as easy for children to grow up like that as to be forced to burden themselves with our old hatreds and perpetuate them."

"Are all Canadians like that?" I asked.

"I don't know." She smiled. "But Ontario was the receiving end of your own underground railways during the Civil War, you know. Near Amherstburg, on the shore of Lake Erie, there's a dilapidated house that's still known as 'Eliza's Cottage' because runaway negro slaves found haven there in the days before emancipation. We've never forgotten it."

Now, looking at Uncle Tom's grave, I remembered that one of those children had eventually reached Geneva as an earnest worker in the League of Nations. And I thought how, more ways than geographically, the lines of this continent run up and down, rather than horizontally.

In the dairy country around Woodstock, champion Holsteins are bred, and the picturesque little town of Paris twenty miles beyond is the home of famous mills. Brantford was once the stronghold of the Mohawk

Indians, and the home of Alexander Graham Bell when he was a young man. Beyond is the lovely Dundas Valley. So the balance between industry and agriculture goes on.

The Niagara Peninsula is a forty-five-mile strip of land along the shore of Lake Erie, backed by a wooded escarpment of which the ledge forming the falls of Niagara is a continuation. In the spring it smells of pear and peach and cherry blossoms, and smokehouses and mud and the sticky green buds of its abundant sugar maples. Anyone who has lived through such springs and sensed their fragrance can never forget them, and that is why the people who live here feel a subconscious, but nonetheless powerful spiritual kinship with England. Unlike the French of Quebec, the farmers and fruitgrowers and dairy-men of Ontario don't think of the land as a personal possession in the sense that furniture or their own food may be, but rather as a heritage which they are privileged to use, enjoy, care for and share. Even those who must live by their work in factories are never far from orchards and fields, for each little town is surrounded by them.

Hamilton, at the western end of the peninsula, is one of the most rapidly expanding industrial cities of Canada. The war is making its boundaries bulge, for its basic industries are steel, iron and textiles, and it has stepped up production of war materials beyond the widest hopes of Great Britain. Its enormous plants manufacture such diversified products as waxed paper, jewelry, farm machinery, tin cans, brushes, fertilizer, air brakes, elevators, road-making machinery, vinegar, electric bulbs and silk stockings. In a recent survey of 250 Canadian and American cities, Hamilton stood second in financial rating.

At the eastern end of the peninsula is St. Catharines, the hub of the fruitgrowing district, lying thirty miles from Buffalo in a pocket between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. This town has the sophisticated beauty of ample mansions, gabled roofs, ancient vine-draped walls; and a lot of finger-crooking goes on in its social circles.

The Welland Ship Canal, ranked among the great waterways of the world, skirts the eastern limits of St. Catharines. It extends twenty-five miles from Port Colborne on Lake Erie to Port Weller on Lake Ontario, around Niagara Falls. Its eight locks lift vessels a total of 325 feet, the difference in the level of the two lakes. If you want to see them in action, there is a paved highway which parallels the canal through the whole St. Catharines area. But don't throw anything into the locks, because some Germans did in War '14, and they died to regret it, I shouldn't wonder. The canal is better guarded this time.

All through this district there are museums and monuments to early settlers and particularly to incidents and individuals made famous by the War of 1812. This conflict is mentioned far more often in Canada than it is in the United States for the good reason that they not only know they were right in the matter, but feel in a sense that they won it, if having kept invaders from taking what they came to get can be called a victory.

The more I learn about that little war of aggression the more shamefaced I become, not so much for the part played in it by the United States, as for the absurdity of all our text books on the subject. It seems to me time to stop this silly business of telling ourselves that we went to war with Great Britain in 1812 because of a trumped-up excuse like pressing sailors or tribute at Tripoli, a varnish we'd see through in a minute today if someone else tried to use it.

Let's grow up and admit that Britain was faced then with much the same situation presented to her by Germany in the autumn of 1940, only then it was Napoleon who threatened invasion of the British Isles. And it was this moment that the United States used as an occasion to grab the rich farm lands north of the Great Lakes and the fortresses along the St. Lawrence, hoping the British would be too busy elsewhere to notice.

Washington was burned only in retaliation for the burning

of York, later rebuilt as Toronto, but our schoolbooks have never mentioned this fact, nor explained adequately how British soldiers happened to get to Washington anyway. If Ontario has remembered, and ever since felt occasion to fear and distrust the motives of the United States, it is no great wonder. When we are willing to face these facts and understand their effects, we shall have a basis for a more equitable relationship between the two countries. In the meantime, you can't blame Ontarians if they still look to England as a model of behavior.

Before the Americans gutted it, Toronto was called Muddy York. Today it has a population of 850,000. Its old fort, erected immediately after the American invasion, is probably the only place in the Dominion which contains a memorial tablet to a general who assisted in capturing a Canadian fortification . . . General Zebulon Pike, the discoverer of Pikes Peak, who was killed in the battle.

Three flags have flown over this community on the northern shore of Lake Ontario, the fleur-de-lis of France, the Union Jack, and for a time in 1813, the Stars and Stripes. For countless years it had been a meeting ground for the Huron Indian tribes, and later it was a French trading post. Eventually bands of United Empire Loyalists reached here from Maryland, Virginia and the Carolinas, and their contribution to the cultural life of the town has always been recognized.

Nobody really likes Toronto except the people who have lived in it a long time, and they don't like any place else. It is smug, self-righteous and sober, an overgrown suburb where the law of behavior is patterned on a neighbor's opinion. Its churches are huge, wealthy and overflowing every Sunday morning with fashionably dressed women and dutiful men. By reason of its wealth, Toronto can command the presence of the most able clergymen and the most gifted musicians in Canada, and it patronizes them both.

Canadians who aren't fortunate enough to live in Toronto themselves say they don't like it because it's too American. Americans who don't know the difference always get it confused with Montreal. Torontonians believe that the rest of the world is envious, and to emphasize their superiority a local publicity bureau makes the claim that fully 55,000,000 people in the United States live within five hundred miles. Other Canadians find it difficult to understand what this proves. Unquestionably, however, Toronto is the center of the largest and wealthiest consuming population in Canada, for within a radius of a hundred miles is concentrated one-third of the total buying power of Canada's national market.

Toronto harbors four hundred or more British and United States industrial companies; in fact, 54 per cent of the listed agencies for American products are located here. It is one of the worst lighted cities in North America because its current is alternating and all light bulbs flicker constantly and in-terminably. But it has the tallest office building in the British Empire, the largest fresh-water yacht club in the world, and the largest hotel in the British Empire—the Royal York.

Toronto leads the world as a mine mart, with the greatest mining exchange in the world, where gold stocks have dominated trading through the past few years as the monthly production of Ontario and Canada have constantly reached new records. The mining section of the exchange lists approximately two hundred stocks, having a market value of billions.

Toronto is efficient, progressive and worthy. It is fanatically loyal to Great Britain in theory, but its citizens have a way of behaving in a strangely disillusioned manner when they get to the Old Country, the inevitable result of discovering that a god is only a human being after all.

One night in London, before the present war, Hugh came away from a concert in Queen's Hall in the company of another Rhodes scholar who had reached Oxford from the University of Toronto. The Ontarian was silent as they walked out into the dark streets, but Hugh was filled with praise of the music. He tried at some length to find words to express his

joy in it, and finally he turned to his silent companion. "Tell me what you thought of it," he said. "I haven't given you a chance. Did you ever hear the *Emperor* played better?"

"Oh, it was all right for this place," said the Torontonian. "But it would never go over in Massey Hall."

There are about 7,600 public schools in Ontario, and school attendance is compulsory between the ages of eight and sixteen. There are also excellent collegiate or high schools, continuation schools, eight normal schools, and the College of Education at Toronto. The technical school at Toronto, among many, is noted for its buildings, equipment and attendance. Of five universities in the province, the University of Toronto is largest, with well over 6,000 undergraduates. This institution demands so high a standard of work that only the most exceptional graduates of high schools in the United States can gain entrance to it.

From Toronto's water front to its northern limits, Yonge Street cuts through the city, dividing it evenly like a knife in a freshly baked cake. It begins at grain elevators and railway freight yards, skirts the towering Royal York Hotel, runs a middle course between wholesale houses and international banks, and supports the activity of the College Street section and its departmental stores, as Canadians call them. Off to the left is Queen's Park, with its painfully ugly Parliament Buildings and the University of Toronto.

Left and right from Yonge Street the residential section branches out with tree-lined avenues and sturdy residences of brick or stone, a good majority owned by their occupants. One of the few gracious aspects of Toronto is the reticulation of ravines that cut through the city, usually allowed to retain their natural wooded beauty wherever they divide lots or cut through more spacious grounds. Toronto is a city of homes rather than apartments, for it has always had plenty of room to grow.

Everyone is in more of a hurry in Toronto than they seem to be in other Canadian cities, and the pace reaches a climax in the two weeks that precede and follow Labor Day, for those are the days of the Canadian National Exhibition. This annual fair is housed in permanent buildings on the lake front that provide a million square feet of display space. Crowds gather from every hamlet and village in the Dominion and the city forgets its silk hats and ermine to join in this purely American spectacle, a cross between Coney Island and the International Live Stock Show.

During the rest of the year Toronto concentrates diligently on self-improvement, and recounts her achievements in the world of culture by listing famous actors, musicians and dancers who have gone from here onto the stages of the world. From Mary Pickford to Raymond Massey their rank is top, and occasionally they visit Toronto in a play from Broadway. Perhaps of equal benefit to the world are the Toronto railway pioneers who invented overhead wire and trolley poles for electrical railways, and certainly Sir Sanford Fleming deserves mention for his useful invention of "Standard Time," originated in the vicinity of Yonge Street and since adopted by almost every civilized country in the world.

I like the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto because it houses one of the finest collections of Chinese ceramics in the world, as well as an assembly of North American Indian lore. And I like the entrance of the main building of the University because it has one of the finest reproductions of Norman architecture on the continent. These seem to me to deserve equal mention with the glittering jewels and shining limousines that dominate Toronto affairs.

But I do not like their formidable Art Gallery, in spite of some of the paintings that hang on its walls. If you think to have a look around on a quiet afternoon, and choose Sunday as a likely day, you will find that half Toronto has already arrived before you, taking the cultural air as carefully as the citizens of less benign towns take a walk through the park. The sounds of a symphony seep through the halls, distilling

what someone considers a proper mood. . . . Beethoven and busts, Mozart and murals, Debussy and dry-point etchings. It is no use trying to escape the cadenzas by going to a remote part of the building; the music is everywhere, carefully modulated but ever-present; it probably comes through the radiator grills. In the hall of statuary it swells in proportion to the size of the figures, but none of the Toronto patrons seem disturbed by this mélange of cultural influences; they take it stoically and dutifully as it comes, like daily baths.

A Montreal heretic with a sense of humor decided to track the hidden music to its source one Sunday afternoon. He had come to look at a particular Tom Thomson he liked, but he suddenly decided that if he was forced to listen to the Ninth Symphony, then he'd like to see the musicians and their conductor. It took a deal of corner-turning, but he found the concert hall at last. It was behind three palms and a screen in a remote gallery, where a meek little man with a gramophone changed records diligently but never the expression on his face. If you happen to be in the Gallery some Sunday afternoon when the air is suddenly rent by the off-beat dissonances of Glenn Miller's latest, you will know that the Montrealer has at last distracted the attention of the record-changer and achieved one of the choice aims of his life.

If Toronto were inclined to take its attainments less pontifically the rest of the country would be more inclined to look its way for leadership. Until its audiences stop behaving like trained seals, its artists will continue to sound like self-conscious high school sophomores. One original departure only has had its beginnings in the Toronto atmosphere—a school of painters who called themselves the Group of Seven. Their canvases have been bold and sometimes brilliant, deriving from nothing but the native beauty of northern Ontario. The quality of their work should be typical instead of unique, but they stand alone in a country that has yet to develop its own interpreters in every art form.

Hugh and I have often talked about this aspect of the Canadian way: why, with her excellent educational system, she has

made so small a cultural contribution to the world. With one-twelfth the population of the United States, why has she not produced at least one-twelfth as many men of letters, musicians, architects? The two countries have the same stock, the same mixture of peoples. Is it perhaps because the winters are longer in Canada? I can answer that one: look at old Russia. Is it because the seasons are so sharply differentiated and there is little to compare with a southern spring? But there is, in Ontario.

Hugh's answers make sense. He points out, first, that in the sciences Canada stands high; in proportion to the population she ranks close to the top in medicine and nursing. Sir William Osler, a Canadian married to a descendant of Paul Revere, laid the foundations of the school of medicine at Johns Hopkins in Baltimore and then went on to found the Oxford School of Medicine. Banting and Best discovered insulin. One of the finest neurological institutes in the world is in Montreal.

It is in literature and the arts that Canada falls down, and these are more often than not the fields by which a nation is judged. At least they are the manner in which a nation reveals its soul. So far, Canada has failed to produce a single creative musician or writer who in any reasonable sense of the word can be called an international figure. And this is not because Canadians do not like music or read books.

The answer, says Hugh, may rest partially in the natural conservatism of the country, and partially in the fact that Canada has been faced with a more difficult job of building the physical structure of her civilization than was necessary in the United States. But there are two further factors more important than these. Just when Canada had achieved sufficient leisure to blossom intellectually, the first World War carried off 60,000 of the finest young men in the Dominion, and wounded 120,000 more. Finally, the United States itself has unconsciously seduced and won the cream of the population possessed of literary imagination or artistic temperament.

Canadians who reach out for self-expression find their audiences and monetary rewards, but practically never in their

own country. One-tenth of all Canadian college graduates are earning their living in the United States. Twenty-three presidents of American colleges or universities are Canadian-born and trained. There are scores of Canadian writers, actors, musicians, teachers, some with world-renowned names, but they live and work outside their own country, making wads of money and doing little to further an honest interpretation of their native land. Nor could they now if they would, for they have given up their artistic background, and few major artists of the world have ever been eminently successful (by which I mean likely to be known to more than one generation) except when writing or painting out of the background in which they were born and grew up.

If blame for this situation must be laid on some doorstep, let Ontario take it. In this province where living is easy and comfortable, where standards are high and opportunities plentiful, something better than the claptrap of imitation and personal adornment should be fostered and ripened. So long as Ontario maintains a vice-regal complex and waits to be led by the old world, it will suffer the effects of a dual personality, and fail to draw the best young men of Canada to it for recognition and a livelihood.

At the moment Canada is in the midst of a gigantic industrial expansion, centered as usual in Ontario. Until well after the war is over and the ensuing economic adjustment has taken shape, this effort will absorb all energies. But simultaneous with the sound of heavy industry and mining drills, a new Canadian voice is beginning to grow and expand and develop into the expression of a new era. Some day it will be a focus of attention in the everlasting search for entertainment, interpretation and leadership. Of this I am convinced.

Ontario has 33 per cent of the population of Canada and 48 per cent of the buying power. This province consumes 58 per cent of the electrical energy used in Canadian homes, and has 47 per cent of all the telephones used in the Dominion.

Some of the big and little towns along the shore of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River between Toronto and Montreal are mellow and lovely, some are brash and busy and ugly. One is the home of General Motors Corporation of Canada Limited; another has a "Ladies' College" and a family who once entertained Edward VII, as who didn't in Canada; a third harbors the only radium-refining plant on the North American continent; and a fourth has generous-proportioned old houses that sit in their spacious grounds and look out over Lake Ontario, remembering the days when this was a favorite summer resort of the wealthy and Katharine Cornell used to spend her summers under its dark old trees. There are towns along here dominated by air-training schools, hangars, landing fields, barracks and the boys in sky-blue with fresh young faces and serious eyes. There is one old village that looks like a Hollywood set built to represent the old south, in which nothing real has ever happened.

And then there is Kingston at the place where Lake Ontario becomes the St. Lawrence River, and everything in the vicinity bristles with activity. It has a penitentiary, a university, one main street, an old fort, a cathedral, and the Royal Military College, which is the Canadian Sandhurst or West Point. Queen's University was founded by royal charter granted by Queen Victoria in 1841 and is considered by many to be the best university in Canada because it escapes the mental miasma of a large city. Graduates of the penitentiary are less renowned and articulate.

Fort Henry, adjacent to Kingston, was built after 1814 to ensure protection against marauding Americans. Imperial and then Canadian troops were stationed here through the years until 1890, when the fort ceased to function as a bulwark of defense, untried and unused. It was said that the fort was built the wrong way around, and that the engineer who made the mistake committed suicide on his way home to England to face court-martial. Another local whisper says that the plans used here were really drawn up for a fort to be built at Kingston,

Jamaica. Today it is a restored ruin, still enshrouded with legends.

All along this road between Kingston and Montreal there are relics of old forts and memories of skirmishes between Canadians and Americans. As late as 1838 a party of two hundred men was landed on the Canadian shore across from Ogdensburg, New York, led by an overenthusiastic young Pole who seems to have had a vision of delivering Canada single-handed to the care of the United States.

It has always seemed an abiding mystery to Canadians the way Americans persist in believing that theirs is the only true democracy on earth, and how the most progressive people in the world still hold with reverential awe the letter of a constitution written a hundred and fifty years ago. After all, the American Constitution is merely a logical development of *Magna Charta*, just as the modern liberal constitution of Great Britain has drawn vitally from the work of Jefferson. But because our Constitution is written, we mistakenly believe that it must remain more or less fixed forever, and thus we go through unbelievable contortions to put through a reform for a situation that could not have existed in the days of the founding fathers. After nearly five years of being shocked by intelligent conversation on the subject I am beginning to realize how much of a fetish we make of our Constitution, inhibiting the free use of our intellect and rendering all normal criticism almost sacrilege. I had always thought myself a fairly tolerant American, too!

The Thousand Islands dot the St. Lawrence River for fifty miles northeast of Kingston. They are built over with stately homes and mansions, monuments to late nineteenth-century opulence and bad taste, and cottages and bungalows of the early 1900's. The International Boundary Line runs a jagged course between them, of which there are many more than a thousand.

Distances are short between towns in Old Ontario, and to a

stranger they seem to merge into a single pattern. To the inhabitants they remain as distinct as the Dionne Quintuplets do to each other. Kitchener is the center of the German settlement; until the last war its name was Berlin and nothing else about it has been changed. Stratford intends to be noticed, for it has named the local stream Avon, its park Shakespeare, and its streets such appropriate, if sometimes embarrassing names as Romeo, Juliet, Mercutio, Hamlet and Falstaff. Guelph draws attention to itself by the fame of its prison, a fine agricultural college, and a renowned sanitorium. One must be specific when visiting here. Among its memorable sons it counts such diversified figures as John McCrae, the author of "In Flanders Fields"; Arthur Cutten, the grain magnate; and Edward Johnson, famous operatic tenor and now director of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

When the British Food Ministry cables Canada for more of this or that, the answer rests with Old Ontario. More cheese, says Great Britain, and thirty-three plants now producing both cheese and butter concentrate on cheese, increasing production by 12,000,000 pounds in a year. The other 658 cheese factories in Ontario agree to step up production by another 16,000,000 pounds without increasing their equipment, and before a year is over they have more than fulfilled their promise.

A student land army was enrolled this autumn by keeping high schools closed throughout Ontario until October first. Students volunteered from both cities and rural districts for farm work or jobs in canneries, and some did light chores around farms in order to release men for heavier harvest work. Ontario is irresistibly efficient.

Following the lead of the United States after 1927, when the first United States Minister to Canada was appointed, nine other diplomatic representatives are now registered at Ottawa. Only the United States and France have built their own legations, and the official residence of the United States Minister, entirely apart

from the Legation, is one of the finest homes in Ottawa, set in the midst of its own spacious grounds.

Ottawa belongs to no specific section of Ontario. It has grown up at the place where the Rideau joins the Ottawa River, in the far eastern end of the province. Quebec is just across the way, and the Laurentian hills are on the northern horizon. It is said that a dispute over the location of the capital of the Dominion was brought to Queen Victoria for settlement, and she picked the least likely claimant for the honor, a minor settlement called Bytown. With perspicacity she renamed it Ottawa, and the fact that it enjoys probably the worst climate of any civilized section of the Dominion, being insufferably hot in summer and unbearably cold in winter, was of little moment. In those days kings and queens seldom crossed the sea.

Physically, Ottawa's development has followed a definite plan, but its tempo has always been leisurely and dignified, so that even new buildings begin to look old before they are ready for use. Probably no city in Canada, or for that matter, on the entire continent, will find itself so changed when the war is over. Its pulse has quickened to measure the accelerated heartbeat of the nation, and gigantic plans and achievements now flow through its arteries, once concerned chiefly with pageantry and tradition.

Unlike Washington, Ottawa has never been considered a national shrine by Canadians and until recently, few organizations made it their national headquarters. Since the autumn of 1939, however, its complexion has changed rapidly, as war activities and government expansion have dominated its life. Inundated with the surge of new faces that were called here from every part of the Dominion, Ottawa had no place to house its expanding personnel until soaring rents and profiteering were halted by government decree. But over all the hubbub, Parliament Hill rises serenely, unconcerned with the sudden focus of attention, after having been ignored for so long.

I have never known an American who took the trouble to

visit Canada's capital who wasn't both surprised and impressed by what he found. Too many of us have hurried on to more publicized parts of the country and missed the very thing Americans like best to find in a strange land—evidences of a way of living compatible with our own which yet includes all the storybook splendor and ceremony given up by our matter-of-fact, but not quite so smart, ancestors.

The buildings on Parliament Hill are lean and angular and mellow, like the faces of Britishers, just as the Capitol in Washington is suggestive of the American face and figure. High in the center of the main group rises the Peace Tower, to overlook the whole city and surrounding country, and the walk that leads to it from the main gate is straight and gradually inclined, through wide-swept lawns and landscaped gardens. On either side of the main building are two well-proportioned wings running forward toward the street, and so inclosing the central lawn. Bronze memorials to past Canadian statesmen stand here and there in the grounds, and the effect of the whole is one of space and dignity and graciousness.

In 1916 all the Parliament Buildings, with the exception of the octagonal library, were burned to the ground. When they were rebuilt on their present larger scale their style was kept uniformly Victorian Gothic, and they look now as though they had stood just as they are through generations. Regardless of their effect on modern architects, they are exactly right as a symbol of the Canadian character, and I wouldn't have a single plush door or narrow, pointed window changed for anything.

One day last autumn I walked past the sentries at the main gate, turned my face up into the smoky sunshine that flooded the lawns, and then made my way through the arch of the East Wing, that section of the buildings devoted to Foreign Affairs. There was no horde of tourists gandering at the great in the dim Gothic halls, only serious-faced men with brief cases and uniformed guards ready to be of service in directing persons on business who were unfamiliar with the long corridors. I had an appointment with an old friend, nearly as difficult to see as the Prime Minister himself, but like every Canadian man of

affairs I have ever met, never too busy to be courteous and helpful. The Hollywood version of the harried business man is unknown in the Dominion.

When I reached the portion of the building devoted to the offices of the Prime Minister and his staff I was shown into a reception room and allowed to wait ten or twelve minutes. I could have wished it might be half an hour, for the sun was pouring through the leaded windows and the fifty-three bells of the carillon in the Peace Tower were playing their noon serenade—simple, old melodies, sweetly in tune—and they seemed to fill all the space that was Ottawa.

I was sitting in a black leather armchair, old fashioned and comfortable. There were ferns and ivies growing in the windows, and the middle of the opposite wall of the room was occupied by a small, coal-burning fireplace in true Victorian style, black marble and flush with the wall. Oriental rugs covered the floor, and this was the reception room that led by circuitous routes to the sanctuary of the Prime Minister. Perhaps minor offices were less like a London club, but I saw none that deviated from the pattern.

Discreet sounds trickled through a half-open door, and then I was led down a long corridor, and then still another one at right angles to the first, both lined with closed doors that were covered with some sort of deep red felt. It was a particular shade of red, and I realized as I followed my guide, trying not to let my heels click on the tile floor, that its technical name was royal purple. Eventually I was shown through doors of stained glass, and then I was being led through the anteroom of the Privy Council Chamber—empty, of course, or I should hardly have been walking through.

I remember most distinctly a row of heavy brass hooks along one wall, each accompanied by a brass plate inscribed in large black letters with the name and rank of the cabinet minister to whom it belonged. I could tell which were the most recent appointments by the shiny look of their name plates.

The Privy Council Chamber itself is no architect's dream of showmanship, but a man's room, comfortable, high-ceilinged

and unadorned. On the far side of the room are two doors, one leading to Mr. King's private office, the other to the office of his principal secretary. I remain impressed with the manner in which the privacy of both these gentlemen is guarded against the itinerant individual with more curiosity and nerve than good sense. There were no guards standing outside these particular doors, but there were no indications, either, that one of the most important men in the British Empire worked behind so unobtrusive an entrance, at the end of so many devious turnings and blind alleys. For all I know, I may have been observed through secret panels in every one of the red felt doors I passed, but I saw no one except the man I followed, until I reached my destination.

There are many other parts of the Parliament Buildings where visitors are allowed, however, subject to special occasions or war emergencies. At the base of the Peace Tower is the impressive Memorial Chamber, a nation's tribute to its war dead. At the far end of the Chamber, under vaulted stone arches, is the Altar of Remembrance, supporting a bronze casket, which preserves the names of the 60,000 Canadian men and women who died in War '14 in the service of their country. The stone floor of the Chamber was brought from the parts of France and Belgium where Canadian soldiers fought and died; the marble border was a gift of the Belgian Government; the beautiful white stone from the Château Gaillard was presented by the Government of France. Great Britain supplied the huge block from which the altar was carved. And all the relief work and carving has been done over a period of years by Canadian craftsmen, depicting a story of their countrymen's valor and sacrifice.

The Senate Chamber and House of Commons are ordinarily open to visitors when Parliament is not in session. These are great, oblong chambers, modeled more or less on the British Houses in London; their architecture alone would forbid the kind of disorder to be observed by visitors in our House of Representatives. The business of governing is taken seriously in Ottawa, enlivened neither by the urbanity and occasional

drama of Great Britain's House of Commons, nor the small-town familiarity of Washington. Caution and restraint have always been the keynote here, but the exigencies of war are sending these characteristics into temporary discard, along with gold-braided uniforms, guards of honor, gun salutes, satin knee breeches and stately music.

Nearly as imposing as Parliament Hill is the socially swank Château Laurier, another in the chain of Canada's famous hotels. This one follows the pattern of the châteaux of Provence . . . gray, turreted, washed by the moat of the Rideau Canal—and so balances with its architecture the twofold heritage of this capital city. To complete the picture one must follow the Rideau Driveway to Rockcliffe, a fashionable suburb whose homes and gardens look more American than those of any other city in the Dominion. They could double for Westchester County or Chicago's North Shore with ease.

I was sitting in the oak-paneled lobby of the Château Laurier one evening waiting for a train. It was crowded with bored men whose wares probably ranged from a new bomb sight to a collapsible army cot. And then the hotel began to fill with the elite of Ottawa, arriving for a function in a distant ballroom. By the time some sixty or seventy women had passed through I realized that only three had been wearing a wrap which wasn't black velvet trimmed with ermine or its imitation. Moreover, these uniform evening wraps were all cut on precisely the same lines, with the same amount of fur at the neck, and it was obvious that each woman who wore one was safe in the knowledge that she was conforming to Ottawa convention, for her the last word in style.

Behind me two salesmen were talking about beer. "Where do you get a drink in this place?" one asked. "I haven't seen a tavern all day."

"You don't," the other replied. "But you can get beer in a beverage parlor."

"Pugh," said the first one. "Those things."

"Yeah, and it's mixed up with sex in the minds of these

people. If you take your girl to a beverage parlor you're shown into separate rooms. It's not nice to drink even beer together."

"No! And no juke boxes, either?"

"Sure. Juke boxes everywhere. The French—there's lots of them here—they can't get enough canned American music. Those things are the sound of French Canada, I always say."

"Separate rooms! . . ." I heard the incredulous newcomer musing as I left for the station.

There is a tunnel from the hotel, but I preferred a walk through the night air. The Peace Tower was bathed in flood-lights, the sound of rivers and canals and waterfalls mingled with the tinkling bells of the carillon, and the urgent business of an Ottawa day—taxes and munition contracts and commissions and casualty lists—seemed lost in the loveliness of an Ottawa night. The spirit of Gothic tracery and vaulted arches still dominates Ottawa, hemmed in on the south by Old Ontario and a world of sentiment, yet drawn closer every day to the northern wilderness and its imponderable future.

Ontario has 75,000 miles of roads of all kinds, over 17,000 of which are in Northern Ontario. Every mile was built to accommodate tourist, miner or settler, and since the 350,000 square miles of Northern Ontario are sparsely settled, without organized municipalities or local control, the entire responsibility for the construction and maintenance of these roads has been left to the province.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

This is a world of summer camps and fishing trips, of sleeping lakes—oily and smooth at sundown—of flies, both black and trout, and children's voices carried far across bays and inlets. It is a world of station wagons and dirt roads and trips for the mail and supplies; of widely separated farmhouses where each day of the week accounts for specific duties, even as they still do in New England: Monday for washing, Tuesday for ironing, Friday cleaning, and Saturday baking.

There is a pause through all the woods and meadows as July gives up to August, and the still trees take a breath before slipping into their new colors for autumn. The stains of wild berries and fruit are on the fingers that find them; hay is cut on the farms and barn mows are full; everything drowses in the deep shade of noon. No tides make a rhythm in the waters of these secluded lakes, and there are no briny winds or fog-horns. But loons cry out in the night, and dragonflies skim over the surface of the water when evenings grow cool and the hills are quiet. During the day all is heat and humidity and picnics and sailboats, and paths leading off through the woods to nowhere.

These are the lakeland holiday districts that Americans love almost as much as Ontarians do. From the highway leading north out of Toronto, roads branch in all directions to lakes with hundreds of miles of shore line and attractive summer homes and resorts. Georgian Bay is probably the best known, with its fine fishing grounds and big and little islands, and Wasaga on its shore with a beach like that of Daytona where a car may be driven for seven miles over a hard, sandy surface. Manitoulin in Lake Huron is one of the largest fresh-water islands in the world, carpeted with wild flowers and dotted with white farmhouses and smaller lakes of its own. Muskoka Lakes and the Lake of Bays are famous for children's camps, internment camps and sanitoriums.

Any one of the 1,600 islands in the Temagami Forest Reserve may be leased from the provincial government for a term of years; Lake Nipissing and the French River are good for fishing and canoe trips; Algonquin Park has 1,500 lakes and streams in its 30,000-acre game sanctuary. The Highlands of Haliburton have lakes of rugged beauty, good fishing and attractive lodges. And not far from North Bay, near the French-Canadian hamlet of Callander, is a tourist attraction that offers neither boating, fishing nor sunny beaches, but draws more visitors than any other bit of scenery in the Dominion.

Last year over a million and a half people visited the nursery of the sisters Dionne, who may be seen at certain hours every

day if the weather and their health permit. Also within sight are hot-dog stands, souvenir counters, giant billboards, and the home of the rest of the family across the road. No one is yet certain why so many people will go so far to see so little. Are they drawn by incredulity, imagination or imitation?

Though extensive lumbering operations have been carried on in Ontario for the past seventy-five years, and forest fires have destroyed the timber in vast areas, there are still 56,100 square miles of merchantable timber and 119,300 square miles of accessible young growth. Eight areas, totaling 19,600 square miles, have been set apart as provincial forests, in addition to Algonquin and Quetico Parks, each containing uncut timber of great value.

I know no more appropriate national symbol than the maple leaf of Canada. In the green of summer one isn't aware of the preponderance of these trees, particularly in Ontario, but once the first corner of autumn has been turned, they lose their anonymity in decorating this best season of the year. After Labor Day the visitors have gone home and a sudden quiet lies over the land. No more voices of boys calling each other in games, no splashing on sandy beaches, no chugging motorboats or racing American cars. Nature begins to spill all the colors left in her store—purples, dark reds, orange and indigo—the sun falls fast to the horizon in the afternoons and lights are turned on indoors before supper. Pumpkins and apples and squashes fill roadside stands, and housewives scurry around to preserve fruits and vegetables while they are abundant. Heavier frosts tell of time to bank the house against the coming of snow, but the feeling of hurry has gone, between harvest and winter tasks. And then one morning the first drift of white touches the ground, a gentle warning before it falls to stay. Canada knows Indian summer, too, but the colors whirl faster and faster—until, like a pinwheel when it spins with speed, they turn to gray.

The second week end in the first October after we were married, Hugh and I took the occasion of a school holiday to drive from Toronto to Montreal. I've lost count of the number of times we've covered the same ground since then, but I shall never forget the first impression it made upon me, for the maples were at the height of their annual glory and they lined that 380-mile drive. Some towns were predominantly yellow, with the sun shooting bars of filtered gold across the leafy streets; some were a blaze of fire-red; others mixed the crimson and scarlet like an impetuous child with new paints. Each time we took a turn in the road and found a new, unbelievable display ahead of us it seemed lovelier than anything we had left behind, and I was sure this must be a remarkable year and I would never see the same spectacle again.

We had loitered along the way and now it was Monday. The road was filled with cars and the cars were filled with families, all going some place or just driving, but certainly not about their usual business. Hugh had said there was no school today and I had assumed the college had its own British-sounding reasons for celebrating, like Speech Night or Guy Fawkes Day, but here was Ontario dressed for a special occasion, too. What day was it? October tenth. Or had I lost track somewhere?

"What kind of day is it?" I said, trying to be casual.

"Pretty good," Hugh answered. "And Thanksgiving, too."

It was like discovering that Mexico celebrated the Fourth of July, only for fun they called it in January. So they've stolen the custom from us, I thought, and kept the resentment to myself. Thanksgiving Day shouldn't be treated so lightly. It belongs to Massachusetts and the Pilgrim Fathers and football games and that month-until-Christmas feeling. If they must copy us, why change the date to the second Monday in October?

I knew if I voiced these thoughts it would take Hugh no time at all to point out that the ceremony of giving thanks for the harvest was a custom brought to North America by the pilgrims, not invented by them; and after all, John and Priscilla Alden's descendants live in Canada, and have for nearly

a hundred and fifty years. Why shouldn't Thanksgiving be celebrated up here in October, while the sun still shines and corn shocks stand in the fields and the whole world rests in the beauty of fruitfulness and a last song of color? It is only sensible and English to manage long week ends, instead of appointing a day in the middle of the week.

Suddenly I lost an overwhelming sense of being a stranger in a strange land, this first Thanksgiving away from home, and the heretofore comforting thought that I could run for the border and reach it in no time at all was forgotten. Henceforth this beautiful country was going to be my home, and a private thanksgiving swelled in my heart for these kindly, courageous people who had managed to keep alive the traditions that were my inheritance, too.

NORTHWESTERN ONTARIO

To be accurate, these millions of acres of forests and clay in the great slab of land lying between James Bay and Manitoba are in reality far-northern Ontario. But this half of the province is called "northwestern" to distinguish it from the region directly north of Lake Superior, though where one section leaves off and the other begins is difficult to determine. There is a marked difference in weather, for the Lake Superior region is bitterly cold, while the country farther north, toward Hudson Bay, is constantly milder. This entire area, outside the wedge of Old Ontario, is larger than France and prewar Germany combined, and its variety is matched only by its immensity. For the purposes of clarification I have included all the mining activities of the province in this section, even those in the vicinity of North Bay and Sudbury.

Until forty years ago the implacable core of the Laurentian shield which extends across Ontario to the western end of Lake Superior was considered the bitter fate of the country. It formed what seemed to be an obstinate barrier between eastern and western Canada, uninhabitable in winter because of the cold and endless winds, equally uncomfortable for a good part of the summer because of black flies.

And then the Canadian Pacific Railway decided to bridge this gap between two growing civilizations by a transcontinental railroad. The gigantic undertaking went on—through a mountainous barrier of the hardest kind of rock, through swamps and semi-bottomless muskeg—as rock was blasted, swamps were filled, bridges built and surfaces consolidated with rock ballast. And then one day in 1883, while construction gangs were working up here in northern Ontario, in the vicinity of Sudbury, the drills turned over a strange kind of rock, and examination proved it to be copper ore. Eventually the railroad brought prospectors and engineers and metallurgists and investors. Nickel was found to run deep and wide through here, along with the copper, but it was considered of little value. Only in the last decade has the multitude of modern uses for this metal been worked out by scientists; today it belongs to the war.

So Canada's evil demon has turned out to be a fairy godmother. Her gifts are lavish, but none is bestowed without payment, for this land is hard and stubborn, promising with one hand as it punishes with the other. New substances are constantly being discovered, some with faintly guessed uses, and laboratories are busy in an attempt to determine their value. Men are drawn from all over the world, some to lose fortunes, others to go away rich, many to spend their lives here.

The chief metallic minerals of Ontario are gold, nickel, copper, platinum metals and silver. Important lead and zinc deposits await utilization. Ontario supplies over nine-tenths of the world's demand for nickel, one of the most important assets of the British Empire. With each of these minerals there have become associated names of camps and towns, all boring, raising, smelting and pounding out at top speed. Giant smokestacks rise over the nickel and copper mines of Sudbury and Copper Cliff; lights burn brilliantly all night around the gold mines of Kirkland Lake and Porcupine, which collectively form the second most productive gold group in the world; and the phenomenal silver field at Cobalt is still producing top-grade ore after thirty years' operation.

Considered by-products at first, platinum and palladium now give Canada world leadership in their production. The only radium refinery in the British Empire is located at Port Hope, but its product comes from pitchblende ores mined at Great Bear Lake in the Northwest Territories. Chromium resources are expected to add another metal to the province's imposing list. And at Blacksmith Rapids, in the coastal plain of James Bay, an extensive body of lignite coal has been discovered, waiting for future demand as a cheap fuel, while the china clays and fire clays of the Moosonee area—Ontario's salt-water port—are forming the basis for new mining and manufacturing industries.

The great clay belt of Northern Ontario, south and west of James Bay, contains many millions of acres of fine farming land. In the years to come after the present war it may well see an enormous influx of refugees, brought by air, supplied by air-express, their products marketed quickly the same way. Already many parts of this district are under cultivation, providing ample proof that the area is adapted to the production of general farm crops, dairying and livestock. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway passes through the center of this country, from North Bay to Moosonee, a distance of 440 miles.

The stories that come out of this country are legion, and most of them are considered news. None has appealed to me more during the past winter than the one about the new departure in prospecting that has been taking place at Steep Rock Lake, some 140 miles west of Lake Superior. Geophysicists have joined geologists to speed mineral exploration, and the results of this combination have probably surprised no one more than the individuals who thought it might be a good idea.

First, large areas of hematite, or iron ore, were blocked out under the lake when the water was frozen, by means of elec-

trical, magnetic and gravitational surveys. This was the part of the geophysicists, after geologists had estimated that this ought to be good iron country if it weren't too thoroughly covered by small lakes to be of much use.

Late last summer the first tapping of this new iron ore reserve was begun, and the surveys made on ice were proved to be accurate. It is estimated now to hold at least 300,000,000 tons of high-grade ore. Heretofore Canada has been forced to import from the United States and Newfoundland all the iron ore needed in her munitions and steel industries. Now she will be able to transport the ore to Port Arthur by rail and from there take it over cheap waterways to the blast furnaces of Great Lakes ports both in Canada and the United States. With sixty per cent of northern Canada under water or muskeg, this new method of exploration gives ripe promise.

There are two great railway systems in Canada, the Canadian National Railways, owned by the Dominion Government, and the Canadian Pacific Railway, under private management. The Canadian National serves every province of Canada, from Sydney, Nova Scotia to Vancouver and Prince Rupert. The Canadian Pacific runs from St. John, New Brunswick to Vancouver. Including several minor railways, there are over 42,000 miles of track in Canada—a high percentage for the population. Each of these systems owns a fleet of steamships, a telegraph service and a chain of exceptionally fine hotels.

Traveling across a country by train has never endeared itself to me as the best means of learning anything about the life of its people. In many parts of Canada, however, one still has little choice in the matter of transportation during some eight months of the year. The Trans-Canada Highway is now open from Nova Scotia to British Columbia, with the exception of a 135-mile stretch north of Lake Superior, which may be circumvented by using the twice-a-week boat service from Sault Ste.

Marie to Fort William. But it is still too costly a job to keep this highway open in winter, and so travel is restricted to air or rails.

Transcontinental trains in Canada are at least leisurely enough to permit long thoughts on the scenes that unwind past their windows, and every stop is like a port call on a round-the-world cruise. Moreover, there are decided advantages to off-season travel: fellow passengers are native, and they are invariably riding with a purpose; one sees the land in its work-a-day clothes. All these things counted, I discovered, for unexpected pleasure when I set off on a business trip to Vancouver not so long ago.

Years ago I had spent a summer holiday at Banff and Lake Louise and Yoho in the Canadian Rockies, followed by the usual circular trip on to Victoria, Seattle and San Francisco. That was a post-college summer, dedicated to the first newspaper job. Before I started out again over much the same ground I tried to recall impressions of that other summer, and I found they had been wholly visual, unrelated to the Canada I had come to understand after gaining a perspective by way of several summers in Europe and a Nova Scotian husband. Would I be likely to find anything in western Canada this time, I wondered, that had escaped me before?

I set out for the Pacific Coast the first week in November, planning my route carefully to take me through unfamiliar country, partly Canadian Pacific, mostly Canadian National. Each railway maintains the same kind of service and the same schedules, one train a day each way. The Canadian National follows a more northerly route, as it takes a sweeping bend around Jasper Park and then drops suddenly down to Puget Sound, or branches out for Prince Rupert and the British Columbia coast. Both lines send their trains out of Montreal at night, to arrive in Vancouver the third morning thereafter.

The long string of baggage cars, mail cars, coaches, tourist sleepers and pullmans was crowded when it left Windsor Station. By my watch it was an hour late because Quebec and Ontario run on permanent daylight-saving time in order to

conserve power for war industries. So I would have to adjust myself to four time changes before I reached the Pacific.

Two hours later we slid into the station at Ottawa and the parlor cars and coaches were emptied of army officers, well-dressed women, self-satisfied men with brief cases and, when everyone else had passed down the platform, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, the latter in a ridiculous hat of beaver skins. Yet the train seemed crowded still when it moved out along the Rideau Canal into the night.

There was a stop at Petawawa after midnight to disgorge some more of the army. This is the largest artillery training camp in Canada, and there is doubtless an internment camp in the vicinity, too. They are scattered all through northern Ontario. When we stopped at Mattawa at three in the morning I woke up and had a look. There was nothing to see but a scraggly mining town in darkness, yet how can one judge any place from the side it turns to the railroad tracks. There was a massive Roman Catholic church surrounded by shacks, and that was familiar, after Quebec. As we moved on I could see that a light burned in nearly every house in the town, and then the reason came into view . . . a mill or mine of some kind, running at full strength through the night.

Sudbury in the dawn light of six o'clock was an enlarged version of the same thing—gaunt, sprawling and busy. But a model city, somewhere in the distance beyond my vision, has been built in the Sudbury area, and every modern convenience has been used to alleviate a mining town's worst aspects. Modern methods blow sulphur fumes five hundred feet in the air from giant smokestacks, carrying them away from the gardens and green lawns of the miners' houses and their children's playgrounds and schools. In this area covering a diameter of approximately fifteen miles there are fifty thousand people dependent upon the world-famous mines such as International Nickel at Copper Cliff, the Frood Mine to the north, and Canadian Industries Limited. Sudbury is still a tough town, filled with the sound of foreign languages, but it is likewise one of the most modern communities of its kind in the world.

Even at this hour of the morning there were hundreds of shiny cars parked around the smelters. As we moved on toward the west I tried to distinguish slag heaps from outcroppings of rock, but it was hard to tell them apart in that light.

By breakfast time we were deep into the unbroken back of Ontario north of Lake Huron, somewhere between Metagama and Woman River. Forests of evergreen and birch were blank walls on either side of the train and it was impossible to see fifty feet beyond the right-of-way, except where stands of birch grew slim and gray-green and bare, silhouetted sharply against the firs.

The ground is never flat and never hilly up here; it looks as though excavations had been made for millions of houses and the debris left lying about when they were abandoned, and then forests had come along and grown over the whole thing. Every little while there is a break in the dense growth to reveal a patchy, irregular bit of lake, not one of them with a name or a place on the map. Ice lies in thin crusts along their edges and covers the entire surface of smaller ones. There are hundreds of thousands of these pockets of water, each a gem obscured by its similarity to all the others. If any single one were near a large city it would be circled with summer cabins. But these lakes give no evidence of having been seen by human eyes before. Once in three or four hours a minute settlement huddled around a pulp mill is passed, and it goes on like this all day, without variety.

Once when the train slowed in expectation of being passed by the transcontinental going east I slipped into my coat and stood on the platform, trying to figure out how many we should pass before we reached Vancouver. It was the old arithmetic problem in actuality. We were stationary in a silence so complete it seemed to reverberate in my ears. I thought that if I should get off the train here and it should go on and leave me, I'd be more alone than anywhere in the world I'd been before. For this is utterly unlike any part of the United States or Europe, unless Finland resembles it, and the whole of Fin-

land would fit into a fraction of this expanse of nothing but forests and lakes and wild animals.

At Chapleau, in the middle of the afternoon, the train stopped for twenty minutes and all the passengers hurried out to pace back and forth the length of the platform, like deck walkers on a liner. Officers walked together (when will I learn the insignia of British ranks); two young girls walked together, conspicuous because fewer women travel alone in Canada than in the United States; several English women, newly arrived refugees, carried their babies or pulled older children by the hand. No one made friendly conversation with anyone else, not from disinclination but rather from shyness and the fear of intruding upon another's privacy.

Suddenly soldiers from one of the coaches discovered a *beers and wine* sign at a shanty across the road when a freight car moved on, and they were joined by a single sailor in their race for the door. Pilot Officers in air-force blue and well-shined boots kept aloof. Hunters, lots of them, were met by guides, and they clumped off in small groups, each arrival carrying a packsack, a gun and an ax. Considering the amount of clothes they were wearing, the packs must have been loaded chiefly with whisky. A lean major of the Active Service Force (I know that rank by the crown), swagger stick under his arm, remarked that it was a cold day when I passed him and I was too surprised at the salutation to think of an answer before the conductor called "Booizard!"

More hunters got off at White River, and a little beyond I saw Indians working on the tracks, dressed in fine leather boots, khaki breeches, red woolen shirts and mackinaws. I knew then why Indians instinctively prefer to wear bright colors: it's their only relief from the monotony of the forests.

November is the in-between season when the lakes and rivers are no longer navigable by canoe and not yet frozen deep enough for sleds. Like the days before breakup in the spring, it's the most difficult time of year for those who have to carry their supplies miles through the woods. The whole country seemed to be waiting for the first snow and a perma-

nent freeze. Dead cattails stood straight and brown in the frozen swamps beside the tracks. Hour after hour the scene was the same, until I caught sight of a broken, paint-peeled red canoe, beached by a lonely, tortuous lake. There was no other sign of habitation, past or present, within a hundred miles.

And then, just before sundown, we stopped at Heron Bay, on the shore of Lake Superior. Until we reached Schreiber and complete darkness I couldn't take my eyes from the left-hand windows, where the involved outlines of Lake Superior's northern shore stood revealed. Each of the Great Lakes has its own characteristics, from the gray flatness of Ontario, the sedges on the pondlike shores of Erie, to the sand dunes of Michigan and the blue, wood-fringed waters of Huron. I don't know the south shore of Lake Superior, but in this part it is utterly unlike the others.

I found it magnificent, frightening and glorious . . . nature on the grand scale. Giant headlands thrust into the solemn, dark water, rising and falling sharply from two thousand feet to the shore level. There are layers and layers of these rocky promontories in succeeding shades of purple-gray, some covered with twisted evergreens, some swept bare by the endless winds that roar over this coast. Whitecaps broke the surface of the water and clouds piled up and moved across the sky, but every time the train rounded another curve to present a new view across the lake, the rhythm of the jutting headlands maintained the same tempo of land against water, and water against land.

I can remember many other parts of this continent that have gained fame on the basis of their spectacular contrast and daring color, and this is one of the finest of them all. Yet it is so nearly inaccessible as to be practically unknown. When the tremendous undertaking of the Trans-Canada Highway is finally completed through this last stretch of unbroken country, motorists will wear the road thin along this shore.

The highway would be finished now were it not for the war. Expenditures in this field have been slashed to almost nothing, but work is still progressing slowly, with prisoners clearing

trees and stumps. When their preparatory work is finished, five or six million dollars will be necessary to complete this last section between the two coasts. From Port Arthur to Nipigon and on to Schreiber the road is already finished, to make an unforgettable 123-mile drive through the finest territory in Ontario for big, gamy speckled trout. And the boats that cross between Sault Ste. Marie and Fort William all summer can always be induced to carry cars.

It was raining and black dark when we moved along the buttressed walls of rock encircling Thunder Bay and into Port Arthur, then on to its twin city, Fort William. The train runs beside the harbor and the water could be seen as it reflected the riding lights of lake-head freighters, docked in the shadows of enormous grain elevators, with strings of boxcars at their feet. Some of the elevators were so close I had to raise my head to see their top from where I stood on the back platform of the pullman; others were farther away, and still others were distant through the mist, perhaps as far as several city blocks, but they dominated everything roundabout.

The rain made their white tubular shafts look oiled, for each elevator is illuminated by great searchlights that play along its flanks. One is lighted from the top and its curves are thereby flattened; another is lighted from one high corner and the diagonal beam throws horizontal shadows into sharp relief. All of them seemed to have only two dimensions, stark and bold against the night. There were no sounds except the squeeze of tires on wet pavements as cars paced the train on its crawl to the station, slightly ahead of time.

No one has described these twin ports as well as Stephen Leacock in *My Discovery of the West*. He says:

When I say Fort William I include with it the adjoining city of Port Arthur. They ought to be joined and called Fwarthur, or Port Arthliam. One can't keep saying both. But under any name it is quite literally what you would call a *gigantic* place. It is drawn upon a big scale, as if a great hand had seized a pencil and marked out in great bold strokes vast

empty squares, and streets as wide as fields. So big is the city that they haven't had time to fill in the houses. Later on when they get time to put in lots of houses and buildings, it will be a fine city. At present it is all so spread out that a motor car looks lonely and a pedestrian like a solitary wanderer. There are great open spaces everywhere. Everything is planned to be a mile away from everything else.

All this is just right and in keeping with the surroundings. It was nature that suggested the gigantic idea. Outside, beyond the capes of Thunder Bay, stretches the great reach of Lake Superior. The bay itself would shelter a whole navy, and its towering rocky islands and shores make a navy look small and insignificant. . . . Behind the city mountains rise, quite close by, single and in chains, not like other mountains, soft and sloping, but torn and scraped and scarred, with upheaved layers of separate rocks that bear witness to millions of years of evolution. Geologists say that this is the oldest part of the world. I believe it. The Creator was trying out his hand: not in the dainty touches of finished art but in the broad, bold strokes of primitive design.

As with the town so with its commerce. For Fort William no gewgaws of retail trade in parcels and packets, no luxuries in little boxes. It deals in great raw primitive stuff, and it handles it not with hands but with cranes. High stacks of pulp-wood rise as little mountains and keep sinking down as the pulp sticks go into the roaring mill, splash and tumble in foam, agonize in sulphur fumes, depart this life as living wood to come spinning out from great rollers, quiet and still, in their death shroud, as miles and miles of paper. Two hours sees it all through its death and resurrection. Wrapped in great bales too big to lift, machinery piles it up in cars, and rolls it into the Great Lakes steamers and away it goes down the lakes. Newsboys presently will be shouting over it in the great American cities. But in the beginning was Fort William.

With the paper goes iron and other ores; everything seems to go far away and to come from far away,—Ship-loads of sulphur from Yucatan for the death agony of the spruce sticks,—ship-loads of binder twine that was sisal in Honduras and will be turned into social credit in Alberta. But towering over it all, and dwarfing even the gigantic primitive industries

are the grain elevators and the grain boats: the wheat that never ends, pounded and poured, spread out and sucked up, moving in a roar of machinery and a cloud of dust,—still and inert in the ship's silent hold, and thus all the way from the prairies to Liverpool. The elevators of the twin cities have a capacity of 92,000,000 bushels of wheat. But the figures don't matter. Make them as big as you like and they'd seem too small.*

By November the season is nearly over in the twin ports, and there is an air of hurry to get the last ships loaded and under way. After a spell of mild weather, winter will come to the lakehead on a strong northwest gale, temperatures will plunge and snow will blow through Fort William and Port Arthur, and wherever the freighters are caught by ice, there they must stay until breakup in the spring. This is the season for statistics, to show that clearances for the year have approximated nearly 100,000,000 bushels more than the preceding year. One day the newspapers will carry the information that 5,609,000 bushels was the greatest quantity of grain to have left the lakehead in a single day during the season, loaded on twenty-four vessels that cast off their cables before midnight to meet the marine insurance dead line. Still other boats tie up at the elevator docks and take on grain for winter storage.

Back in the lighted lounge of the transcontinental train, conversation was easier between strangers and the main topic of conversation was the next day's presidential election in the United States. Every word of the campaign speeches had been read carefully by every Canadian; they had listened thoughtfully to every broadcast made by the chief candidates; their choice was made, almost unanimously. There was no bitterness up here and Canadians were ready, no matter what the outcome of the election, to expect only friendship and co-operation from the winner. But they knew, even better than many of those who were privileged to vote, that Hitler was not im-

* By permission of Stephen Leacock, from *My Discovery of the West*, published by Thomas Allen, Toronto; Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

partial and that he was awaiting the outcome too, like a cat at a mousehole.

To most Canadians, this method of electing a president is one of the few weaknesses they find in American democracy, forcing as it does the cessation of all important diplomatic decisions once every four years for a six months' period between two circus conventions in June and inauguration the following January. They feel this is too much time to devote to an emotional spree in the modern world of radio, television and airplane, in which an election campaign could be conducted with dignity and force in a third as much time and with a tenth as much inconvenience to the rest of the world. There must be significance in the fact that these Canadians, riding through a vast, unknown part of the continent which is on the verge of development, should consider that the choice of the next American president is important to them. Americans have made the whole world their playground. It is hardly strange that their nearest neighbors now return the attention with interest.

Beyond the rain on the windowpanes lay the hinterland of Northwestern Ontario—Kenora and its beautiful retreat, Keewatin's flour mills, Rainy River and Lake of the Woods, a vast region of forested islands and excellent fishing waters, most of them draining north. Farther north still, through uncharted forest and barren ridges, one knew that some ten or twelve gold strikes were being developed. It is no longer necessary to wait for roads to be built nowadays in order to reach and bring out this hidden wealth; air service does it all. Sioux Lookout has four commercial companies; Pickle Crow Mine and Red Lake see as many as fifty arrivals and departures of passenger and freight planes in a single day. Airplanes are relied upon almost exclusively for conveying supplies, mine equipment, men and freight, and for marketing the resultant products. The Red Lake landing field up here is said to be the busiest air terminus on the continent; unquestionably it handles more freight than any other. If it were not for the

airplane, much of this wilderness would still lie unknown; because of the airplane its future is assured.

Ontario's riches have given it a powerful voice in the Dominion Government, as well as an insuperable self-esteem. At the moment it is natural, if not always agreeable to the others, that this province should be the dominant force in Canadian politics. But some day, like the rich young man in the Bible, Ontario will be asked to give up its pride and the belief that its wealth is a personal attribute. Ontarians can never be expected to acquire a sense of humor, but they will be forced to realize that great gifts inevitably entail great responsibilities to less well-endowed neighbors. And when that realization has taken place, Ontario will find itself leading instead of dominating this country. Then Canada will have a psychological unity, and it will be recognized as one of the foremost cultural influences in the world of tomorrow.

APPROACHES TO ONTARIO

SEAWAYS—Canadian National Steamship Company maintains service between Duluth, Fort William and Sault Ste. Marie. Information can be obtained from the offices of this company in the major cities of the United States, or the head office in Montreal.

RAILWAYS—Chicago to Toronto and Ottawa, via Michigan Central and Canadian Pacific Railway, or Grand Trunk and Canadian National Railways. Connections at Toronto for North Bay and Moosonee, via Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway. Ottawa is on the main lines of both Canadian National and Canadian Pacific, with Toronto and Montreal connections, from New York, Buffalo and Detroit.

HIGHWAYS—see enumeration of bridges between United States and Ontario in text.

AIRWAYS—*From New York*: Canadian Colonial Airways, Inc., to Montreal. Connections there at St. Hubert Airport for Ottawa and Toronto, via Trans-Canada.

A new direct service from New York to Toronto has just been inaugurated by Trans-Canada, two flights daily non stop, flying time two and a quarter hours.

From Chicago and Detroit: Trans-Canada to Toronto and Ottawa, via Windsor.

See note at end of last chapter.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO GET IT

Native furs—Holt, Renfrew & Co. of Toronto show furs from their own silver fox and mink farms.

T. Eaton Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Diamonds—Birks, Ellis, Ryrie, Inc., Toronto.

China—also Birks; Simpson; and T. Eaton Co.

Burberry Coats—Burberry Coat Shop, Prince Edward Hotel Bldg., Windsor. Also Robert Simpson, Ltd., Toronto.

Antiques—Stewart & Company, Bank Street, Ottawa.

Christmas Cards—Canadian Artist Series, at James Hope & Sons, Ottawa; also the department stores of Toronto.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

This Is Ontario!, Katherine Hale. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1937.

A definitive guide book of the entire province, leaning heavily toward local history, but well overlaid with the poetic imagination of the author.

Wilderness Wife, Kathrene Pinkerton. New York: Carrick & Evans; Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1939.

A personal experience in northern Canada which gives a picture of the country better than anything else written on the subject.

My Discovery of the West, Stephen Leacock. Toronto: Thomas Allen; New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1937.

Sound economics dissolved in humor.

Clearing in the West, Nellie McClung. Toronto: Thomas Allen; New York: Fleming H. Revell Company, 1936. Autobiography of a Canadian writer; it is also the biography of early Ontario.

Canoe Trips in Canada. Ottawa: Canadian Travel Bureau.

“King’s Highways of Ontario,” R. M. Smith. *Canadian Geographical Journal*, April, 1938.

MORE INFORMATION

From Province of Ontario Travel and Publicity Bureau,
Toronto:

Road maps

List of hotel accommodations, tourist camps and golf clubs in Ontario.

Northern and North-Western Ontario: a booklet containing articles, excellent and honest photographs, game laws.

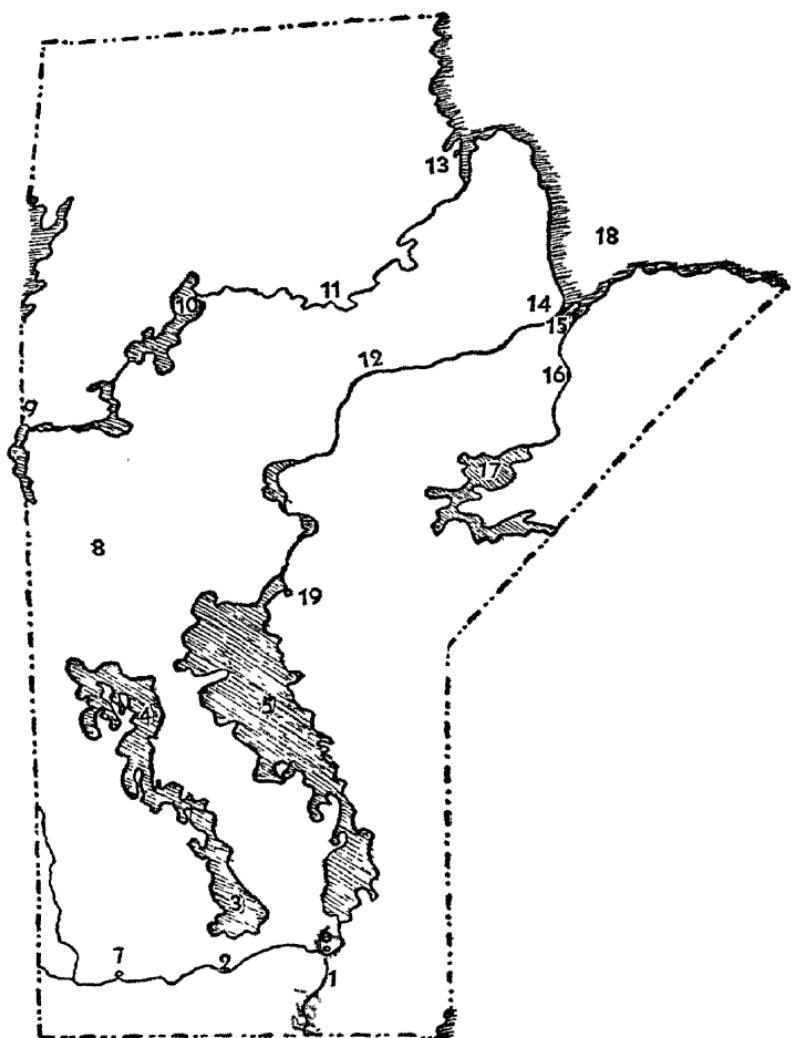
Travel Ontario on the King's Highways: a particularly useful handbook, with sectional maps on left-hand side of pages, faced by information, pictures and details, divided into sections of the province.

From Ontario Motor League, Toronto:

Road book, containing minute directions in the form of routes, maps, explanations and pictures of all roads in Ontario and all connecting roads from cities and towns in adjacent states and provinces. Lists of bridges, tunnels, steamship connections; laws for motorists; radio guide; synopsis of game laws; list of hotel and summer resort accommodations in Ontario, with prices; list of tourist camps.

Manitoba





1. Red River
2. Assiniboine River
3. Lake Manitoba
4. Lake Winnipegosis
5. Lake Winnipeg
6. Winnipeg
7. Brandon
8. The Pas
9. Flin Flon
10. Southern Indian Lake
11. Churchill River
12. Nelson River
13. Churchill
14. Port Nelson
15. York Factory
16. Hayes River
17. God's Lake
18. Hudson Bay
19. Norway House

VII

MANITOBA

LYING midway between the 'Atlantic and Pacific, Manitoba shares the peculiarities of both halves of the continent and adds a few of its own. Unlike the rest of the prairies, it is a maritime province by virtue of its tide-water seaport at Churchill on Hudson Bay, but like the majority of Canadian provinces, its people still live principally in the southern portion, close to the border of the United States. It has been "discovered" any number of times, fought over, ignored, lauded and forgotten. People were drawn to it from all over the world in its boom days and it has never lost the marks they gave it, but still it nourishes an inferiority complex like no other section of the Dominion.

Most Manitobans are sensitively fond of their own province, but they have long ago ceased to expect outsiders to share their affection. They know the west is called the backbone of Canada, but deplorably dull, as though it were an agricultural Manchester, and now they are almost ready to believe it themselves. Perhaps this state of mind has developed from the habit of nearly all Canadians of grouping the three prairie provinces as a unit, calling them "the west" and seldom distinguishing them by name. Yet they are no more alike geographically than any of the other Canadian provinces.

The land surface of Manitoba is 219,723 square miles, which is somewhat larger than France. Its water surface is 26,789 square miles, while three-quarters of its entire area is a succession of large lakes, forests, a rock belt and a stretch of tundra. All the rivers of Manitoba flow into Hudson Bay or contribute to it through

Lake Winnipeg—260 miles long—and three other large lakes which vary in area between 1,200 and 2,086 square miles apiece.

A Manitoban-by-adoption once asked me to tell him candidly what I thought I could say about his province that would interest anyone who didn't intend to live there or invest money in wheat. I turned the question by asking what he'd have me say.

He thought a moment. "Well, certainly not the sort of thing the old tourist offices in Trafalgar Square used to display—husky farmers smiling out at the traffic over seas of golden wheat. The Soviets have horned in on that sort of thing and it never was true, anyway."

I smiled. "Posters like that aren't seen very often in the United States, but a lot of Americans get up your way just the same."

"Why?" he said. "When they've got the rest of the country to choose from?"

"Why do you stay there?" I replied, knowing he remained from choice.

"I wish I could tell you." His frown changed to an answering smile. "I've often tried to tell myself. I guess I like it and that's all there is to it. There's not a single startling thing in the whole province, unless you try fishing for white whales in Hudson Bay. But it's comfortable, and it feels like home, and I'm always glad to get back, no matter where else I've been."

In Manitoba, it depends upon what you happen to be looking for, whether or not you're startled. For one thing, no one ever mentions the color of the soil. They say it is extremely fertile and rich and good for this and that, but they seem to forget that there is no soil like it in any other part of the continent, for it is as black as carbon paper.

Until recently, and that means less than a generation ago, the prairie provinces were Canada's great frontier, a land of promise to the emigrant from Europe in search of a home-

stead, and a field for speculation to the Canadian financiers of the east. From being Canada's future, they have overnight become her most intricate problem. Yet out of disillusionment, when easy fortunes could no longer be made from limitless wheat, and out of the sifting of values and experiments in technics and government which the west has experienced, it is probable that Canada's leaders of the future are being forged.

From the standpoint of travel, the prairies are still considered something to be crossed on the way to some place else, a bore whether you are sitting in a train or driving your own car. Those who write of their Canadian travels wax strong on economics and cause and effect when they reach this part of the country, citing figures and drawing charts to show how thoroughly they know what they're talking about. To me, this country remains a marvel of beautifully designed wheat fields, astonishing color, experiments in living, and proof of the enduring quality of human hope.

Unlike their equivalent in the United States, these prairies are cut off from the eastern part of their country by the Great Lakes and an expanse of unbroken land—a psychological barrier as well as a physical one. With British Columbia across the Rockies they have little in common except grudges. Today their sons are facing east, leaving for the war in blue-gray droves, with air-force caps set at jaunty angles. Those left behind on the farms sit patiently, holding their immense spaces, waiting for someone to find a way to feed a starving world with the wheat they can so ably produce and store, which at the moment nobody is capable of taking off their hands.

According to Dominion census returns, the growth of population in Manitoba has run as follows, by decades: 62,260 in 1881; 152,506 in 1891; 255,211 in 1901; 461,394 in 1911; 610,118 in 1921; 700,139 in 1931. These figures tell their own story, and the census of 1941 will show little or no increase.

In spite of the fact that the majority of people living in

Manitoba today are of British ancestry, with a scattering of French and some American-born, it is the mixture of European nationalities that seems to dominate, chiefly by reason of their colorful nature. Unlike the steady Americanization of immigrants in the United States, those of foreign birth in Canada are encouraged to retain their own language, folk festivals, costumes and habits, and consequently entire communities present an aspect of middle-Europe or Scandinavia.

Bulbous-shaped domes like upturned onions break the skyline throughout southern Manitoba to indicate a Ukrainian settlement. If you can manage to visit the village on a festival day you will see how easily it could double for a part of Bessarabia. The black earth intensifies the vivid hues of costumes and decorations on the houses, the way a black mat around a painting sharpens its tones, and it is suddenly obvious why Hitler slobbers in his hunger for the land these people left behind in the old country. For they must have settled in a part of this country as nearly like their first homes as they could find.

When German-speaking Mennonites came here from Russia they brought with them their natural characteristics of thrift and self-reliance, as well as the seeds of flax and muskmelons, and now these products are both widely cultivated in the prairies. They immigrated in two groups, the second composed of over four thousand families who joined their friends in Canada after War '14 when the Canadian Pacific Railway advanced a loan of \$2,000,000 to facilitate settlement in the west. These conservative people have proved to be excellent citizens wherever they have settled, so long as they are allowed freedom in their religious beliefs.

Of all the European groups, however, perhaps the Dukhobors are least understood and most distrusted, for they offer a startling contrast to the ways of the adopted country that has given them haven from intolerance and oppression. Theirs is a militant aversion to the use of arms for self-defense, a conviction for which they have traveled across the globe and endured endless misery. At last they found rest and a livelihood in the Canadian prairies, and here they have stayed. That

someone else had to use weapons to make this security possible for them seems not to enter their reckoning. But granted the privilege of pacifism, they live to themselves, working together and sharing in a true communal group. They were peasants in Russia and they are farmers in Canada. Their new value rests chiefly on their habit of using nakedness as a weapon against governmental oppression. For the sake of their health it is perhaps as well that Canada has been more than lenient with them of recent years.

The climate of Manitoba is characteristically mid-continental. On an average, the whole year through, there are over five and a half hours of unclouded sunshine per day, giving an unusual amount of brightness. The winters are dry and quite cold, the summers hot with usually cool nights, marking the seasons sharply. Summer growth is rapid.

One of the characteristics which distinguishes Manitoba from other provinces is the variation in the size of its cities and towns. All this province's capacity for metropolitan growth has concentrated on one spot, the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red rivers, giving Winnipeg a population of 200,000 and making it the largest city of the prairies. Its suburbs add another 100,000. And then comes Brandon with a population of only 17,000, Portage La Prairie with something over 4,000, and the rest are no more than small towns and villages.

Winnipeg has a distinctive and easily remembered name, derived from something which is said to mean "dirty water." Like Omsk and Tomsk, it is known to be big, flat, important in the realm of wheat, and a long way from other places. Unlike either Omsk or Tomsk, however, its citizens have a habit of traveling all over the world and sometimes they settle down to live and work in other parts of the continent. Wherever met, they are uniformly outstanding in such qualities as personal charm, levelheadedness, self-assurance, and lack of ostentation. I know no other city in Canada which has left such identical

marks on its ex-patriots. None of them seem to have any personal axes to grind or to labor under the burden of sectional patriotism, which is such a peculiar combination of strength and weakness in the rest of their countrymen. Their similarity in this respect makes it difficult to believe that the city of their background is entirely unaccountable for the circumstance.

Winnipeg may be a gateway to the wheat fields, but it is no bald-headed prairie town. It is as rich in gardens and lawns as a Cleveland suburb. Great trees line its streets, splash its lawns with shade, make leafy walks through its three-dozen parks, and fringe its dozen-and-a-half golf courses. They are upland trees . . . oaks and ash and hickories and hard maple . . . but they never get in the way of sunsets or crowd the horizon. From the top of any one of its tall buildings Winnipeg can be seen to its limits in every direction and compassed as a whole, foursquare and compact, with the rim of the earth lying in a circle around it. But its trees soften angles and pad its hollows, and make it seem to a stranger an inviting place in which to live.

The architecture of Winnipeg is hardly noteworthy. Even the excellent proportions of the Provincial Legislative Buildings are good without being spectacular. It is their setting at the termination of a sweeping green mall, surrounded by parkways and terraces, that gives them distinction. All the rest of the city is indicative of the age in which it grew up, when architectural style was transitional, and comfort was considered more important than ornament or line or balanced masses. Winnipeg looks like any American city of comparable size in the same relative part of the continent, except that it seems to be cleaner.

People on the street look busy and happy and ready to laugh, less concerned with other people's opinions than with the job at hand. Their voices still carry the traditional British modulations, untouched by the harsh, nasal sound of most midwestern voices, which ought to refute the theory that dry air tightens the vocal chords and makes Kansans talk that way.

The dry, clear air of Winnipeg has a flavor of its own. It

makes sleep sound and waking a pleasure. Men who have always lived on the coast, east or west, find they can make six hours of sleep do the work of eight when they are in Winnipeg, from one year's end to the next. Conversely, people from Winnipeg usually feel they are never really awake when they live in a climate such as Halifax enjoys.

Maybe the wide streets and avenues have something to do with it. Winnipeg was built on generous lines, planned in no particular fashion because it grew too fast, but it will never be crowded, even when it is centuries old. All the sun and wind in the world can pour into it, and both of them do, bringing intense heat in the summer and extreme cold in the winter. Stephen Leacock maintains that when the thermometer registers thirty below in Winnipeg and an unobstructed wind is howling behind him down one of the main streets, he is left in no doubt as to which side of him is which.

The entire shopping and commercial district of the city runs the length of Portage Avenue and its extension into Main Street, and the life of the city seems to flow back and forth along this artery. At night Portage Avenue is as brilliantly lighted as Times Square, even though neon signs and shop windows show perhaps less imagination in their design. For the length of several miles there are canopies of white lights—sixty or seventy to a string and half-a-dozen strings to a block—crossing the wide street like an arcade. Hydroelectric power is cheap in Winnipeg, cheaper in fact than in any similar city in North America, so they claim. A public and privately owned company operate in competition, but I have neglected to ask which one maintains these overhead strings of lights.

Winnipeg was incorporated in 1873 with a population of 1,869. Today it boasts forty-two parks and eighteen golf courses, two of which are municipal; the largest and finest auditorium in Canada, used for such a variety of amusements as concerts and nightly roller-skating; the largest cash grain market in the

world; and the world's most extensive single railway freight yards.

Winnipeg is the sound of freight trains coming in and going out over the prairies, as ships are the sound of a port. It is the smell of raw lumber being made into laths and two-by-fours. It is the taste of fresh water from inland lakes, full of weeds and sluggish fish, permeating even the coffee and tea which are brewed with it. It is as American as Omaha, as Canadian as Ottawa, and as necessary to the rest of the world as the wheat and cattle it brings in from the west and sends off again through the Great Lakes to the larders of every nation on earth—in time of peace.

In all the cities of western Canada one hears the inhabitants speak of something known as "The Bay," which turns out to be department store, criterion of style and price, social center, and purveyor of goods to all classes and kinds of people. The largest of these establishments is in Winnipeg, and aside from its charming restaurant with a superb view of the city, my favorite spot in it is the Hudson's Bay Company museum, occupying the major portion of an entire floor.

The growth of Manitoba, contiguous with the growth of this company, has been one of the romances of modern times. Seventy years ago this part of western Canada was practically virgin territory, known only to fur traders and Indians. Its only lines of communication were north and south, through Minnesota or Hudson Bay. Today, communities vast distances apart are linked by telephones, radios and every modern convenience, and cities and towns thrive where bleaching buffalo bones marked the ox trails of sixty years ago. To understand Canada one must know the history of the fur trade, its growth in the European market, and specifically the part played through nearly three centuries by these "gentlemen traders" whose reign was once supreme, if not uncontested, over the major portion of what is now the Dominion of Canada. The theater of this drama was nearly always Manitoba.

It all seems to have started in England, Holland and France in the time of Charles I, when a vogue of large felt hats adorned with fur came into prominence. Beaver became the preferred fur because it stuck better to the felt, but beaver skins would never have been known in Europe in the first place if fishermen in the Gulf of St. Lawrence hadn't traded knives and fishhooks to the Indians for their beaver robes. The Indians were left standing naked, examining the knives, and the fishermen promptly took the robes back to Europe as novelties.

So beaver pelts, once seen, were coveted, and before long it was known that the best beaver territory in the world was the great forest belt between Labrador and the Rockies, because it was intersected by countless streams and lakes, it had the kind of trees that beavers like to chew, and the long, cold winters made their pelts thick and glossy. It was their acquisition, as well as a passage to the Orient through the northwest, that began to motivate hardy explorers in their expeditions into this wild and unknown territory. For some time the Dutch had been trading with the Indians at Albany on the Hudson River, and the French had established posts along the St. Lawrence, but now a great new field was to be opened, and it became a race to the swiftest and the strong.

First came Henry Hudson in 1611, financed by an English company, in his search for the Northwest Passage. He found the straits and the bay which were named in his honor, but when he decided to winter in the north, the crew of his ship, the *Half-Moon*, set him, his son and seven others adrift in a small boat without food, clothes, fire or other necessities, and they were never seen or heard from again. Hudson had been entrusted by King James with a letter to be delivered to the Emperor of Japan, the Emperor of China, or any other oriental potentate whom he might encounter in these parts, but no one ever received the message.

Then came Thomas Button in 1612, the first white man to land on this northern shore. He found the mouth of a river on Hudson Bay which he named the Nelson, but he went

away again and never returned. He was followed in 1631 by Luke Fox, who proclaimed the protection of King Charles II over this whole land, and a little later came Thomas James to give his name to the southern extension of Hudson Bay. But it was 107 years later before the first white man traveled across what is now the province of Manitoba.

In the meantime, however, two enigmatic Frenchmen, Pierre Radisson and his brother-in-law Chouart Groseilliers, had roamed this whole area from Detroit to the Red River. They knew the source of the furs brought down the St. Lawrence by Indians to be north of Lake Superior, and they had the insight to see that the best means of reaching this region was by sea. So they took themselves off to France in the hope of organizing an expedition into Hudson Bay. When they were rebuffed, they returned to New York, met Sir George Carteret, Privy Councilor to Charles II, and eventually went with him to England in 1666. They must have been two extremely clever men, for they caught both the attention and the fancy of the courtiers of Charles II, who backed them and gave them two ships—one Frenchman in each—and sent them off for Hudson Bay to prove their contentions. Groseilliers reached Hudson Bay in 1668, but the ship with Radisson on board was damaged in a storm and forced to turn back.

By the following spring Mr. Gooseberry, as the English called him, had brought his ship back loaded with furs, and with this proof in hand the courtiers applied to the King for a Royal Charter over this amazing land, which was granted on May 2, 1670. It gave "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" rights to "sole trade and commerce" in a territory wider than was then known to white men, specifying that they were to be "true and absolute Lordes and Proprietors."

In terms of modern geography this charter included the provinces of Quebec and Ontario north of the Laurentians and west of Labrador, the whole of Manitoba and Saskatchewan, the southern half of Alberta, the southeast corner of the North West Territories, and most of British Columbia,

as well as the states of Washington and Oregon. For nearly two hundred years this company was instrumental in the development and government of the territory under its jurisdiction, but never in that period was its right to exclusive trading privileges undisputed.

By 1680 the Company had built forts at Rupert River, Moose Factory and Albany Factory on James Bay, as well as Fort Nelson (later York Factory) on Hudson Bay, but these were separated from Montreal by nearly a thousand miles of unbroken forest, swift rivers, lakes and rugged hills. A great stone fortification was built at the mouth of the Churchill River to serve as a powerful base of operations for the Company, and then the French took up the challenge of this English entry into the American fur trade.

In the words of *A Brief History of the Hudson's Bay Company*:

The struggle for the fur trade ended only in 1821. It was war with interludes of peace until 1713, but there occurred outbreaks of violence on the shores of the Bay simultaneously with periods of peace in Europe. To the casual reader this aspect becomes a distant skyline of foundering ships and burning forts. Actually there were many quiet and monotonous years of trading.

The winter, the wilderness, the spirit-breaking distances and the small parties of men engaged, make these forest skirmishes appear fantastic when viewed as military operations, yet they were highly significant in the history of Canada and assumed importance in the peace conferences of Europe.*

Repeatedly the French took one or more of these posts on Hudson's Bay and the English recaptured them. Sometimes they were left in ashes and subsequently rebuilt, but there was always at least one post where the British flag continued to fly; from 1697 to 1713 that post was Albany Factory. When England and France settled their affairs in Europe in 1713

* Published by Hudson's Bay Company, at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

by the Treaty of Utrecht, the forts on Hudson Bay were returned to the Company, and nearly seventy years of peaceful trading followed.

In the meantime, however, the French of Quebec and Montreal were not idle. They knew that the Adventurers traded only from their comfortable forts on Hudson Bay, and that if the Indians could be saved the long and hazardous trip to these posts, a sizable portion of the trade could be obtained. So fifty Frenchmen left Montreal in 1731 under the guidance of Sieur de la Vérendrye and his three sons. They crossed the prairies to the foot of the Rockies, establishing forts as they went, and they are accounted the first white men to have explored and settled the Red River valley and the site of what is now the city of Winnipeg.

From London headquarters came instructions to the men of the Hudson Bay posts, resulting in a series of one-man expeditions into the prairie in an attempt to persuade the Indians to continue making the long trip to the Bay with their pelts. But the French were trading principally in brandy, and British persuasion was ineffectual in comparison. These expeditions served as guides for future exploration, however, for the men kept records and had the stamina and self-discipline to return with them. As *The Brief History* says:

So the exploration went on, not by the spectacular exploits of magnificently equipped expeditions, but by simple fur traders whose wages could have been the least of their rewards.

It is an oddity in the Company's long story that fur traders should have built and maintained the greatest stone fortification in America (excepting possibly Quebec and Louisbourg) on Hudson Bay at the mouth of the Churchill River. . . . From 1732 to 1771 the construction (of *Fort Prince of Wales*) went on laboriously until at last the walls, thirty to forty feet thick, must have given the Adventurers a sense of security for all time. It proved to be an illusion of stone and mortar, for, on an August day in 1782, La Pérouse, the celebrated French admiral-geographer, appeared with three ships and four hundred men.

To be still briefer than the *History*, Fort Prince of Wales was sacked after the Governor, who had only thirty-nine men within the walls, surrendered. Today the main walls of the Fort still stand, and the Hudson's Bay Company continues to trade at near-by Churchill.

After Wolfe took Quebec in 1759 and Montreal surrendered to the British, it was no longer French traders in the southern part of the prairies who threatened to absorb the Indians' business, but independent English and Scotch traders in Montreal, who had no intention of leaving this vast territory in the sole control of the Hudson's Bay Company. They put the St. Lawrence route into lasting competition with the Hudson Bay route, and forced the Company at last to build posts in the south, in bitter opposition to the men from Montreal.

In 1784 nine of these independent fur-trading interests banded together to form the North West Company, headed by shrewd Scottish Canadians. Forts were built side by side at strategic trading points and the bloody rivalry that ensued nearly ruined both companies. Collections diminished, expenses increased, and rum became the accepted trading article.

By 1808 one Alexander Mackenzie was head of the North West Company, and he continued to push expansion of the trade westward. In his attempts to find an outlet to the Pacific he discovered the great river that flows into the Arctic and now bears his name. Then he explored the Peace River and struggled across the Rockies, not from scientific curiosity but in an attempt to lower transportation costs, which he never succeeded in doing.

Finally he went to London in the hope of buying out the Hudson's Bay Company and forming a combine of fur-trading interests to control the Hudson Bay route. He was knighted by his King and acknowledged the greatest fur trader of his time, but he was thwarted in his main object by Lord Selkirk, who agreed to buy a controlling interest in the Hudson's Bay Company on his behalf and then when he was given a seat on the Board of the Company, kept the shares and proceeded

to reorganize the Company himself. So the bitter rivalry continued.

Lord Selkirk conceived a plan of sending a group of impoverished Scottish farmers to the Red River at the place where it joins the Assiniboine, to settle and farm the land in the vicinity of his trading post, Fort Garry. The purpose was chiefly selfish, for his intentions were to provide cheap provisions for the post and a ready supply of cheap labor, as well as to make good the Company's claim to this land under its charter.

The first seventy settlers landed on the shore of James Bay, wintered at York Factory and reached the Red River valley in the spring of 1812. In the next three years they were joined by other parties from Scotland, and as the Red River Colony flourished it seemed as though Lord Selkirk's plans were completed for the establishment of an agricultural community directly in the way of the rival company's route to the west.

But in 1816 a group of half-breeds employed by the North West Company massacred twenty-two men at Seven Oaks just north of what is now Winnipeg, including the Company's local governor. Selkirk fought an "inconclusive legal battle," but the massacre shattered the colonizing project, and both he and Sir Alexander Mackenzie died in 1820. In 1821 the partners of the North West Company reached an agreement with the Hudson's Bay Company, a merger was effected, and Parliament passed an Act which gave the monopoly of this vast territory from Labrador to the Pacific and from the lower reaches of the Mackenzie River to the American passes over the Rockies to the new company, which bore the name of the senior group in the partnership.

Under the rule of George Simpson as Governor-in-Chief, a man of great vitality, efficiency and ambition, the Company was reorganized, order emerged from confusion, and the fur trade settled down to a businesslike procedure. Regulations were established, the results of each officer's trading were examined, furloughs were determined, discipline was applied, and promotions and retirements were recommended.

to the Board in London. "To the council rooms of Norway House, York Factory or Fort Garry, the officers of the Company came each year from the wilderness to meet, and, after dining sumptuously, to settle the affairs of half a continent. It was a structure unique in commercial history, combining trading rights with a sovereignty under the British Crown. From the Governor to the voyageurs and labourers it was to be imbued with a loyalty only comparable to that of the army or navy."

And then in 1857 more difficulties arose. When settlement in the United States reached St. Paul, the half-breeds that had heretofore been dependent upon the Company for barter found they could take their furs to market in St. Paul as well as to Fort Garry. In an attempt to break the monopoly, an inquiry was undertaken on charges of maladministration, and the Canadian Government put in a plea that the fertile land of the west should be laid open for settlement. As a result, a great portion of the monopoly was allowed to lapse, subject to the provision that when Canada settled a portion of the fertile belt and gave it transportation, this section of the country should be transferred to the Government.

It was only after Confederation in 1867, however, that young Canada was strong enough financially to provide transportation facilities for the west. By Deed of Surrender in 1869 the Company gave up certain of its trading privileges in Rupert's Land and the North West Territories, but not its Royal Charter, and by way of compensation Canada paid the Company an equivalent of \$1,500,000 and allotted it one-twentieth part of the land in any township settled within the fertile belt.

During the thirty years that followed, railways and telegraph lines crossed the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, and more than two million people moved into the territory west of the Great Lakes. Settlers, speculators, merchants, adventurers and vagrants came in droves to this land that was old to the fur trade but new to the rest of the world. Some of

them went away again, but most of them stayed, and the great days of the Gentlemen Adventurers were over.

“The transition from the state of being ‘absolute Lordes’ with privileges of exclusive trade to that of merchants and traders in a newly opened pioneer land, exposed to every form of competition, in settlements where the population was migratory and even government uncertain, was a challenge to the two-century old Company,” according to the *Brief History*.

Growing towns needed general merchandise, and the Hudson's Bay Company began building small shops, replacing them with larger stores as the population expanded. Hudson's Bay House on Portage Avenue in Winnipeg, within a stone's throw of Fort Garry Gate, is today the Canadian head office of the Company, and one of the finest retail stores in Canada.

The fur trade continues as the senior of several departments; a land department administers the seven million acres of land acquired from the Canadian Government by the Deed of Surrender; a wholesale department handles the celebrated Hudson's Bay “point” blankets, tea, coffee, tobacco, wines and spirits, distributing to the north as well as to retail outlets. The Company is known best in the United States today for its blankets and its whisky.

Its name remains as it stood in the original charter of 1670:- “The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay.” This Royal Charter is regarded with pride, and so are the ancient armorial bearings that go with it, as well as the unique right which the Company holds of flying its own flag, a red ensign with H.B.C. in white on the red field. Today this flag flies over nearly 250 fur-trading posts and outposts from Newfoundland to British Columbia, from the Great Lakes to several hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, supplied by airplanes, ocean-going vessels, river boats, canoes and dog teams. The history of Canada's Arctic is still the story of the H.B.C.

Copper, zinc, gold, silver, selenium, tellurium and

cadmium are the chief mineral resources of Manitoba, all now being produced in the Flin Flon area, near the Saskatchewan border. Eastern Manitoba contributes most of the province's gold output, especially from the development of gold-bearing deposits at God's Lake and other points near the Ontario border.

Like Ontario and Quebec, Manitoba is finding herself possessed of great riches in a section of territory formerly thought good for nothing but wild animals and Indians. Mining towns are booming, with all the drama and influx of mixed peoples to be found in such places the world over. There is one striking difference in these northern Canadian mining camps, however, and that—as I have pointed out in the chapter on Ontario—is the manner in which they are knit to civilization by air service. In some cases these Manitoba mining towns have no roads within hundred of miles, but they are far better supplied than boom towns were in the old days, and the hazards and hardships of getting the ore to market are cut to a minimum.

Flin Flon, just over the border from Saskatchewan, is a wide-open copper town, growing faster than it can comprehend. A branch line of the Hudson Bay Railway gives it access to the world, but owners of cars in the town have no place to go, for there are no more than a few miles of road in any direction from it.

The Pas (better get it straight to start with: it's pronounced paw) is in the center of the province, the southern terminus of the railway that leads to Churchill, Hudson Strait and Europe. It is a commercial center for the entire region, boasting a population of some four thousand. Only a few years ago it was little more than a northern trading post; today it is a modern town, known to hundreds of curious Americans who make the trip to Churchill and back on the once-a-week train. Its fame in the past has rested chiefly on an old Anglican church which looks rustic and barren on the outside, but inside displays pews that are hand-hewn and carved in a setting

quite as lovely as any New England meetinghouse, with tablets in the Cree language.

The future of The Pas may very possibly find added fame in a new local enterprise, for a minor boom is spreading through the district, and this time it is fur farming. Four hundred families of trappers have been settled here in a government rehabilitation project. To enable them to raise muskrats, they were given forty dollars to outfit themselves and then allotted a designated area in the marshlands set aside for this purpose. Each family was allowed a maximum of three hundred pelts and given three weeks in which to catch them. It was accomplished with ease, and before long there were 120,000 muskrat pelts ready for the Winnipeg market, which brought in approximately \$175,000 at the sale. It may not be as much fun for the trappers this way, but it's doubtless far more lucrative.

Two-fifths of the raw furs produced in Canada today are from fur farms. During the past year the value of pelts marketed by Manitoba fur farmers exceeded \$572,000, while the estimated value of raw furs taken from the wild was more than \$2,500,000. (Twenty years ago there were two fur farms in the province; now there are over a thousand.) Animals kept are badger, fisher, fitch, blue fox, cross fox, red and silver fox, karakul sheep, marten, mink, raccoon, wolf and the first chinchillas—twelve of them—brought from California this year.

Churchill, senior gateway to the Canadian west, is at once very old and very new. The ruins of Fort Prince of Wales stand today just as they were left by the French in the eighteenth century, rusted guns lying as they were dropped after the battle. Officially, all this is now a historic monument maintained by the Dominion Government. Inscriptions can be found, too, chiseled on the face of worn, old rocks, which tell

of the departure or return of early Hudson's Bay Company explorers. One of the easiest to decipher reads: *Sl Hearne July ye 1. 1767.* Samuel was the young fellow who found the Coppermine River and followed it to its mouth, and so became the first white man to reach the Arctic Sea from the interior.

The modern grain port of Churchill was built by the Government in order that wheat might be sent to England by way of Hudson Bay as a short cut. One vertical, swollen grain elevator with a capacity of two and a half million bushels stands stark against the northern sky, its bins full, its white shafts outlined by the brilliant colors of the aurora borealis, as it waits for the day when it can pour its burden into the holds of freighters. But until the war is over no wheat boats will sail from here because no convoys can be provided to escort them across the Atlantic, and the experts who balance long columns of figures against each other will have to wait for an uncertain future before they can determine whether or not this grain port is a paying investment on the part of Ottawa.

For hundreds of miles on three sides of Churchill there is nothing but treeless tundra, a kind of terrain unknown in the United States. During a good portion of the year the fourth side of the town is bordered by a sea of ice. Even in the middle of summer this part of the world resembles the end of nowhere, a fit setting for a Walt Disney fantasy. Parts of the shore look as though all the white whales ever dreamed of in Hudson Bay had been washed up and left stranded, and then turned to stone. Their backs are worn and rounded and partially covered with lichen, and they are neither small enough for a man to jump from one to another, nor large enough to hold a house. Few living things have found a foothold on them, for the town is set back a distance, and only railway trestles and a grain elevator grow out of their immobility—up here in this port that can beat New York's time in sending ships to Liverpool.

Manitoba's playground lies on a plateau which forms the summit of Riding Mountain, in a section of wooded land set aside by the Government as a national park. The highest point in the park is approximately half a mile above sea level, but the approach to this height is gradual. The park lies on one of the main routes followed by migratory birds to and from their nesting grounds in northern Canada. It is also a sanctuary for elk, deer, moose and a small herd of buffalo. A beautiful and popular summer resort has been built on the shore of Clear Lake, in the center of this park.

A blinding snowstorm was under way when I left Winnipeg for the west one day early in November. Holstein cows stood with their backs to the wind-swept snow, the flakes showing on their black hides; roofs of farms and farmhouses became solid white rectangles against a blue-Persian sky; and underneath it all was the rich, black earth, with a dramatic white outlining the furrowed rows where winter rye had already been planted. It looked like a camera study hanging on a gallery wall.

Beyond Brandon we began to climb, almost imperceptibly, and the farms dropped away. The land looked strange, unlike anything I had ever seen before, still in muted shades of gray and black, accented by the driving snow. We seemed to be cutting at right angles across a series of ridges and escarpments, which ran off right and left sometimes as far as the eye could see, each one a little higher than the ones we had left behind. It was like crawling up a series of terraces that were covered with burr oaks and alder scrub and high-bush cranberries and dried winter grasses.

I looked around the Pullman for a friendly and knowledgeable face that might know more than I did about this country and be willing to tell me, but the car was empty except for a sleeping porter. I made my way back to the lounge, with its inviting modern decoration and color, but it was empty too,

except for magazines and stationery and two rows of comfortable armchairs and sofas. What *was* this—a transcontinental *Outward Bound*? Here I was being pulled through space by an invisible engineer across an eerie land, as filled with unseen shapes as a fog at sea. There seemed to be no color left in the world but the greenish-blues and rusts of the upholstery in this lounge, and beyond the windows the terraces and escarpments continued to rise ahead of the train, occasionally bending to form half-circles lined with rocks, as though this had once been the shore of a sea.

And then I remembered something I had read a long time ago: how there had once been an ancient glacial lake covering this entire area . . . Lake Agassiz, the geologists called it. Three-quarters of Manitoba had been at the bottom of it, and when the waters eventually receded backwards into Hudson Bay, the large lakes of Manitoba had been left behind, and the south-central part of the province had been covered with deposits of clay and silt, and finally a deep layer of vegetable mold had covered it all. So that accounted for the color of the soil! And these peculiar elevations were the various shore lines of the lake, as it had grown smaller and smaller in circumference.

It was all as plain as pencil drawings now. I watched for new shore lines for another hour or two, and then the train crawled out onto the prairie steppe, and farms reappeared and everything lay flat and straight ahead. The soil was once more of clay and sand, mixed with humus where it had been cultivated, and Saskatchewan and the wheat fields had begun.

APPROACHES TO MANITOBA

SEAWAYS—none at the moment. The *R. M. S. Nascopie*, operated by the Hudson's Bay Company, takes a few passengers each summer on its annual Government Patrol, which calls at Churchill. But for the duration of the war passengers must make way for a gun crew. See chapter on the Arctic Territories.

RAILWAYS—Both the Canadian National Railways and the

Canadian Pacific Railway meet in Winnipeg on their transcontinental lines. The connecting railroad from the United States is the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie—better known as The Soo Line.

The Pas and Churchill are reached from Winnipeg by the Hudson Bay Railway, operated by Canadian National.

HIGHWAYS—There is only one paved highway into Manitoba from the United States—through Emerson, on the Minnesota border. Winnipeg is sixty-six miles north of Emerson.

AIRWAYS—Winnipeg is one of the regular stops on the transcontinental flight of Trans-Canada Air Lines. Connecting lines to northern points are Canadian Airways, Wings, Ltd., Starratt Airways and Transportation Ltd., and Northwest Airlines.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO GET IT

Oriental rugs—at Jordans Limited, in Winnipeg. British Empire oriental rugs, notably the Kalabhars from India, should have been mentioned earlier. They are woven in solid colors, unlike most orientals, and are of excellent wearing quality, deeper-piled than the best Scottish broadlooms and far less expensive.

Hudson's Bay Point Blankets—at "The Bay" on Portage Avenue, in a variety of good colors. One beaver pelt has always been the standard unit of trade, and a four-point blanket is worth four beaver pelts. The "points" of a blanket (which mean its size) are indicated by faint black lines and half-lines below the black band which is the insignia of this famous brand. There are few other blankets in the world that give so much warmth for so little weight.

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A fictionalized version of the founding of the Red River Colony, accurate in detail, if unrealized in characterization.

MORE INFORMATION

The Tourist and Convention Bureau of Winnipeg and Manitoba in the Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg, will send any of the following on request:

Speckled Trout Fishing at Gillam Post—and how to get there.

Canoe Trips: varying in duration from one day to a week in the Hudson Bay district.

Detailed information about holiday trips to:

Norway House, by boat, at the northern end of Lake Winnipeg

The Pas

International Peace Garden

Riding Mountain National Park

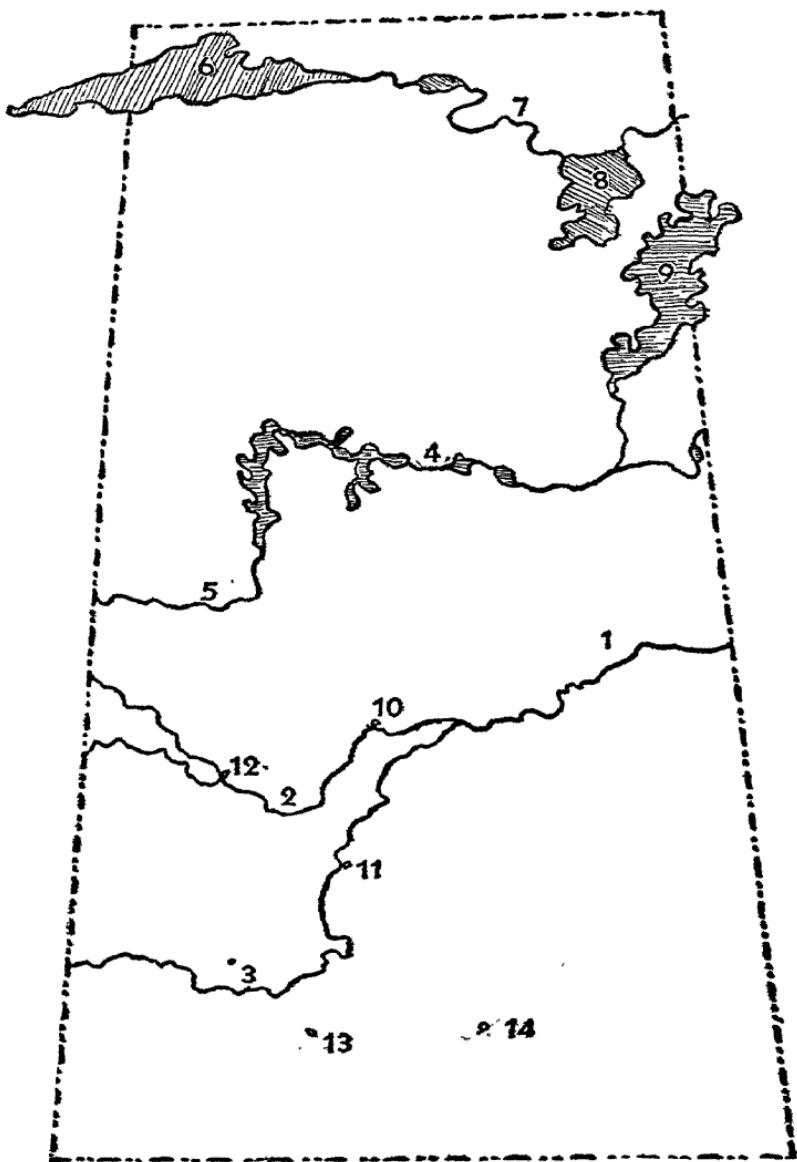
Whiteshell Forest Reserve.

And a booklet called, with directness, *Manitoba*, which gives a pictorial as well as written outline of the beauties and advantages of this province.

And please don't write and ask how much a trip to Manitoba will cost, unless you can tell exactly where you intend to go in the province, how long you want to stay and what you are prepared to pay for accommodations.

Saskatchewan





1. Saskatchewan River	8. Wollaston Lake
2. North Saskatchewan River	9. Reindeer Lake
3. South Saskatchewan River	10. Prince Albert
4. Churchill River	11. Saskatoon
5. Beaver River	12. Battleford
6. Lake Athabasca	13. Moose Jaw
7. Fond-du-Lac River	14. Regina

VIII

SASKATCHEWAN

AWARM, burnished yellow-gold is the color of Saskatchewan. It is the color of the soil and the sunlight that pours over it, and it is the color of the ripe wheat that carpets the land from east to west. It is the color of the hair of the Scandinavians who overflowed from Minnesota and the Dakotas in the migration between 1870 and 1895, settling down here to pioneer once again after their previous experience of farming in the middle western states. Yellow is the color of the sand hills that crop out from the soil in Saskatchewan, and in a sense it is the color of the hot summer winds that follow their unobstructed way across the prairies.

The people who live here in the heart of the continent in one of the only two Canadian provinces without a seaport have advantages unknown to visitors who see nothing but flatness and monotones on their way through to some place else. Those who are familiar only with the edges of a continent experience a minor claustrophobia when they stay long in the interior, but the mental horizon of the inhabitants of Saskatchewan is as unobstructed as the land they live in, giving them a natural consciousness of the whole of the country. Extremes of temperature and the severity of their lives on lonely, wind-swept farms enable them to bear with philosophy equal extremes in human behavior.

Then too, people who are raised on the prairies can hardly avoid an intimate relationship with the earth. A child who knows only a city before he is grown misses something he can never regain. Those who pass their childhood in the country inevitably come to know nature intimately, for the

growing wheat is no closer to the earth than the level of their ears, and a small boy walking through a field of grain discovers that the rustling stalks are high enough to give him a sense of concealment. An adult's eyes are too far from the ground to see the movements of small insects, the way the grass roots itself in the earth and the soil crumbles around a growing stalk—unless he has learned to look for them in childhood.

In Saskatchewan the earth is near, and the sky, with great puffs of clouds wiping it clean, is just out of arm's reach. There is a unity here that few other Canadian provinces enjoy. Its life is wheat, its problem is wheat, its future is wheat, and its place in the world is wheat. There are three topographical parts to the province: the southern plains, the central park lands, and the northern wilderness, but unlike other provinces that are as clearly divided, there are really only two parts to Saskatchewan so far as the life of the people is concerned—the part that grows grain and the part that does not.

The area of Saskatchewan is greater than that of South Dakota, North Dakota and Nebraska combined. It is also larger than any country in Europe except Russia. The upper section of the province is forest-clad, and about half of these 82,000 square miles are accessible and productive, furnishing wood for some 270 sawmills. Fur-bearing animals also provide an industry in this part of the province. The chief inhabitants of the north are traders, government surveyors and lumbermen.

A few weeks after the outbreak of War '14, papers all over Canada carried stories about men who had come pouring into the recruiting offices at Winnipeg, Regina and Edmonton from the solitary wastes of the far north. They came from regions barely known and still unmentioned on maps, and most of them performed astonishing feats of endurance in

their trek back to civilization, sometimes walking as much as sixty miles a day with a hundred pounds of kit on their backs.

When the present war broke out the same phenomenon was repeated. They didn't come to enlist because they were bored with their lives or their work, the way city men will do, nor because their constant struggle with nature had made them combative and ready for a bigger fight—one that had grown out of a society in which they had no part. Few of them even understood the compelling reasons for this mass reversion to civilization.

The story of Larry Carlyle is probably the story of them all. When he returned to Canada from France in 1919 he accepted a job as meteorological surveyor for the Government in the northern Saskatchewan bush, rather than take up his education where it had been interrupted. Perhaps his health demanded an outdoor life at that time. At any rate, he enjoyed the work and stayed with it, and for twenty years he lived up there, never minding it or feeling lonely, because the nature of his work and the changing seasons were endlessly interesting. The girl he married and the daughter he raised were happy enough there, too, in the small community of people like themselves. Radios (run by batteries or gasoline engines) kept them from feeling cut off from the rest of the world, and there wasn't a mean man within hundreds of miles. Everyone faced the same conditions and lived the same kind of life, and so their companionship was close.

Then in September, 1939 they learned by radio that Canada had declared war, in the wake of Great Britain, and suddenly they felt cut off from a thing so big they couldn't comprehend the whole of it from the urgent, nervous voices that came to them from the loud-speakers. Carlyle, like the others, suddenly experienced an overpowering need to get back to wherever he had come from; he must be able to visualize this thing that had come upon the world, and try to guess his own eventual part in it. And so almost overnight the men started south, some of them tramping miles to the nearest railroad

or airfield. This war, this thing that had to be done, alone had made the separation from civilization no longer bearable.

I met Larry Carlyle in Montreal while he was waiting for the army to decide what to do with him. He was turned down by several branches of the various services, but he knew there had to be a place for him, so he kept on trying, and finally he was given a uniform and a truck to drive, and no man in the Canadian Army is doing more wholeheartedly what he is ordered.

Among the numerous gadgets and devices that had come into use in everyday life since he had last been in a city, talking pictures interested him most. Of course, they always listened avidly to all the radio plays they could get up in the bush, he said, and they became adept at visualizing the scenes as the stories unfolded, but now he had a longing to match the familiar voices with faces on the screen. The first star he went to see and hear was Deanna Durbin; she had always been one of his favorites. But when he came away he was palpably disappointed, though he wasn't sure why. Somehow, it wasn't the way he had imagined it would be—good, but not the same.

One night when we were skating on the school rink under a Montreal moon, around and around by twos, Larry's voice broke the sound of the blades as they cut the ice. "I met some Americans up in the bush one time," he said.

"Up *there!*" I said. "Where next?"

"They didn't stay very long, though." He swung me around a corner. "We've got a lake forty miles long to skate on in winter, and you can go in one direction for hours if you want to. Sometimes it gets to be sixty below."

"Didn't the Americans like that?" I asked.

"Oh, it was summer when they came up. It gets to be ninety above up there in July and August. I heard a terrible roar one day, and four huge flying boats landed on the lake in front of our house. I'd never seen anything like them before. I went down to the shore to find out what it was all about, and then they put out in skiffs and came in to our dock."

"Lost aviators?" I was afraid the story would end before it was finished.

"No. Just two wealthy New Yorkers and their servants and pilots and mechanics. They said they had come to track and hunt in the wilds of Canada and someone had told them this was good country. They were all wearing big coonskin coats and parkas, and they had snowshoes and skis and robes and beaver caps and hunting boots and expensive rifles and camping outfits and everything else under the sun for an Arctic winter. It made me pretty uncomfortable just looking at them, because it was ninety-three right where I was standing."

"What did they do?"

"Nothing. I wanted to help them, but they were so embarrassed nobody could do anything for them. They said their expedition had cost nearly half a million dollars to outfit and pay expenses. They felt too foolish to wait around until the hunting got good again, so they flew back home."

"I wonder what they told their friends in New York?" I refrained from mentioning that my own notion of Canada had been almost equally vague not so many years ago.

"I wouldn't know. But there's one thing I always *have* wanted to know about those men. If they thought it was going to be that cold in the middle of summer, and the lakes would be frozen, how did they think they were going to land on the ice with the pontoons that were on those planes?"

Our skates picked up speed and something reminded Larry of the time a prospector's plane pulled a horse out of a bog. There's a man who knows more good stories than *The New Yorker*, even if he has lived in the bush for the last twenty years.

Saskatchewan is well served by two main railroads and their branches, which maintain a total of 7,500 miles of tracks within the province. It was the railroad which fostered settlement in the west in the early eighties, and the ease of prairie travel encouraged settlers to establish themselves many miles from

the main line. But as soon as they had wheat, oats, barley and other farm products to sell, the clamor for more railways became general, and lines throughout western Canada were built to serve practically every community in the agricultural belt of the prairies. This doubtless explains why the construction of motor highways has been so far behind similar development in relatively the same part of the United States.

From the train, Saskatchewan looks much like the Dakotas, with the land only slightly undulating and all under cultivation. Fences are scarce between fields, scrubby cottonwoods break the sky line occasionally, a few head of cattle graze here and there on open ground, farmhouses are seldom within sight of each other, and fodder is stacked for the winter in fields and near barns.

The last time I crossed this province in November some of the shorn fields were already fuzzily green again, with winter wheat or rye. But there is a look of bleak emptiness about the small towns and villages in Saskatchewan, worse even than the ones in South Dakota that fascinated and then horrified Hugh the first time he encountered them. For my part, I find them less desolate than fishing villages hanging precariously to an Atlantic shore.

Saskatchewan was settled primarily by farmers who took advantage of free grants of land by the Canadian Government. They were allowed a quarter section—160 acres—after they had lived on it six months and made certain improvements. They could then lay claim to an adjoining quarter section after another six months by the same procedure, and so the farmhouses are spread out and scattered miles apart, instead of being grouped in communities for common comfort and mutual help. This gives Saskatchewan the appearance of being almost uninhabited. There are hundreds of miles in the southern portion where a house is visible only once in a long

while, a dark spot near the horizon, though wheat fields stretch as far as the eye can see in all directions.

Today, this is the only province in Canada where land is still granted free to settlers, the stipulation being that the applicants must have lived in the province for twelve months immediately preceding application. So farmhouses continue to be remote and alone under the low sky. Life within them must often resemble that of a man shut in a circular room with no windows, but the ceiling open to the heavens. If there were no other justification for the invention of radios, these farms would furnish a sufficiency. Sometimes the farm buildings stand bare and naked under the sun; sometimes they are surrounded by the kind of trees brave enough to live alone, like cottonwoods and cypress, encouraged by this shelter from the wind.

A country with visible horizons knows many compensations for the more varied scenery of mountains and lakes. When low-lying clouds roll back, they lift from the horizon as though someone were peeling covers off a bed. Sunsets are not seen behind a break in trees or hills, but radiating in wave after wave of color, filling the whole upturned bowl of the sky. All the strongest elements of nature in her extremes are commonplace companions to the men and women dependent upon them for livelihood. A limitless expanse of earth and sky is not a waste place to those who have grown up in this country and love it. Because it is open, it is not necessarily empty.

There are beautiful smells in Saskatchewan, too, as well as a brilliance of color unknown to parts of the country where the air is always moist. Sunrises and sunsets belong intimately to the people on these vast plains whose days they govern, for nothing comes between the sky and those under it. When it rains, there is shelter nowhere, and so water soaks into the skins of farmers out on their tractors as it soaks into the soil, and both are grateful for it. Electrical storms are intense personal excitements when ripping bolts of lightning tear through black clouds and spread to cover the earth like the fire of a

big gun, blotting out everything else and finally burying themselves in the ground. Hugh and I were caught in such a storm once, when we were driving one of these prairie roads that run a straight line through nothing on their way to nowhere. It was like riding out an Atlantic gale in a rowboat.

For centuries great herds of buffalo roamed the prairies that are now Saskatchewan, fed by the native grasses and sheltered in the river valleys and the lightly wooded park lands. The lakes in this part of the country are hardly more than sloughs, filled after a rainy season, but they furnished good watering holes. When the buffalo passed away they were succeeded by large herds of beef cattle that roamed the prairie summer and winter. Each ranch covered many square miles of territory and supported thousands of head of cattle, and there were famous ranching centers in the province long before the raising of wheat became established.

But now the great ranches have been crowded out by grain farming, even as they crowded out the buffalo, and to a large extent cattle raising has passed away in Saskatchewan. Nearly every individual farmer owns a small herd of cattle and raises chickens and turkeys as well, but his present and his future and the hope of his sons is wheat.

Springtime seeding is late, but once the grain has been dropped into the moist, waiting earth and covered over, everything combines to nurture it. The days grow exceedingly long, flooding this northern world with more hours of sunshine than any part of the United States ever knows in one day, and the young seedlings are brought to quick fruition. No one realized it would be like this when the land was opened for settlement, but the particular qualities of this climate have produced a wheat kernel of exceptional quality, known around the world for its hardness and its prizes at international fairs.

When days begin to grow shorter and the fields undulate under the wind with their golden burden like the ground swell of the sea, the threshers cut long, geometrical patterns across them, tie the ripe stalks into bundles, and Saskatchewan

ewan's claim to producing more than half the wheat grown in Canada is upheld. With only a small proportion of its total area under cultivation, the grain crops of this province exceed 524,000,000 bushels in a single year. And the sowing and the harvest are the calendar of events.

The agricultural settlement of the Canadian prairies was so rapid there was little opportunity for experimentation with weather and crops before great areas had been sown in grain and cereals. As a result, large areas of land that should never have been cultivated in the first place brought their owners to ruin in the drought years of the thirties. In 1856, according to E. S. Archibald (see bibliography), there were only 8,806 acres of improved farmland in the three prairie provinces. In 1901 there were 5,593,000 acres under cultivation, and by 1936 the improved farmland amounted to 60,849,957 acres. In 1937, the worst year of the eight years of drought, Saskatchewan yielded an average of only 2.6 bushels of wheat per acre, compared with a long-time average of 15 bushels.

Hard times in the Canadian prairies corresponded with bad years in the United States; dust storms were not as ruinous, but the prairies had to be supported by the rest of the country, and they were, through year after year of falling prices and privation. Canada realized then with something of a shock that her whole national economy had been based on a cash crop of wheat.

And then at last came a season that the farmers had been waiting for, when everything combined to make a bumper year. Wheat ripened and matured and was sent to market, and the prairies planned how the coming winter would be spent in making repairs on the farms, and restocking half-empty pens, and giving the children their chance at a better education. But the war came that summer, too, and world markets shrank precipitously, as the British blockade widened

to include all the hungry countries caught under Germany's rule. Bins and barns were full, elevators were bursting with capacity loads, wheat was stacked in the fields, but men and women and children on the farms still lacked the necessities of life, and no one knew how to help them.

In 1940 the Canadian Parliament pegged the price of wheat at 70 cents a bushel for the best grade. This, the farmers said, was 40 cents less than they must make if they were to be paid for their labor. Moreover, wheat farmers received this government-guaranteed price on ten bushels per acre only, giving them scarcely enough income to pay their taxes. In the summer of 1940, elevators all over Canada held a quarter of a billion bushels of surplus wheat from the 1939 crop. The 1940 crop was well over 520,000,000 bushels, and the net capacity of elevator space in the entire country was only 420,000,000 bushels. Those farmers who could, built bins on their farms; those who couldn't afford to do so, protected their wheat with sheaves and wire.

Problems without precedent have had to be met in the past few years, but the west has a will, and a way will somehow be found, these men are sure. If the farmer doesn't know what to do next, neither do his leaders in Ottawa, so far as this major Canadian problem is concerned. Railway revenues are dependent upon grain traffic; eastern industry is affected by the purchasing power of the farmers of the west; wheat is an essential war commodity, whether it can be moved or not. So the Government looks forward to paying something like \$600,000,000 in the next several years to protect the farmers, and the taxpayers look forward to paying the Government.

Will the farmer continue to sow his fields with grain next year and the next, with no prospect of selling it in a good year, and no prospect of any other crop in a bad one? What else can he do? There are millions of starving human beings in the world, and these yellow grains mean food and health and strength. They are the farmer's life too, and so he will plow his land when spring comes, and sow the grain he has set aside from last year's crop, and nurture it to maturity once

again, hoping as ever for a plentitude of rain and wind and sun.

Dominion Experimental Farms, under the Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act, continue to keep farmers in touch with all developments in dry-land farming through such measures as reclamation stations, regassing demonstrations, tree planting, soil surveys, plant breeding, weed control, fertilizers and strip farming. In time it is hoped that prairie agriculture will be able to absorb the disturbing effects of variable conditions, both in weather and in world economy.

It was four above zero outside, but inside, the train was as warm as British blood calls comfortable. All the stock pens beside the tracks at junction points were whitewashed and empty, and there was a look about the whole countryside of winter hibernation. Without its sea of waving, golden grain it was a land unadorned. Only the barn-red grain elevators along the tracks, marked with pool numbers and the name of a holding company, gave any color to the landscape. They punctured the scenery at regular intervals, like station announcements in a radio program.

Then a blatant sunset broke from under low-hanging snow clouds, and nothing was free from the vermillion and gold of its flooding light. After the sun disappeared the sky paled out to green, but pink and saffron clouds remained near the horizon, shifting the tones and intensities of their colors for nearly an hour. Then suddenly the light was gone and night covered the land.

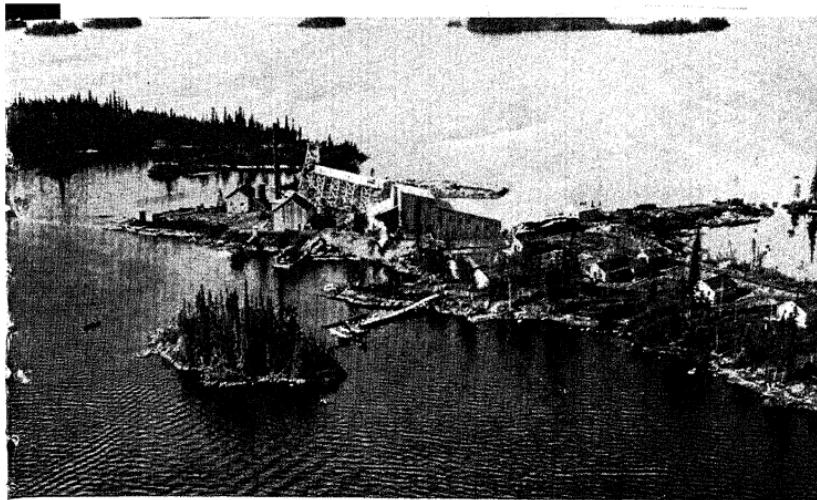
I picked up a timetable to find out where we were, since one red grain elevator looks precisely like the one before and the one to follow it along the line. Names of some of the flag stops amused me: Jasmin, Pope, Treat, Spy Hill, Touchwood. I went on down the list, hunting for choice combinations. Who had named them all and why? Then I made a discovery. The names ran in alphabetical order, repeating endlessly from

A to Z. Their order was broken only when a large city like Saskatoon intervened, thus: Xena, Young, Zelma, Allan, Bradwell, Clavet, Duro, SASKATOON—but they caught up in a hurry and went carefully on—Farley, Grandora, Hawswoods, and so on.

Saskatoon, with a population of some 45,000, is the second largest city in Saskatchewan, an important distributing point in the center of this productive farming district. It is a neat, tidy, well-groomed place, full of pleasant homes and equally agreeable inhabitants, graceful bridges and lighted drives along the river, paved boulevards, an exceptionally fine hotel for its size—like all Canadian cities—and a necessity for making its own pleasures. In this prairie city, natural advantages have been enlarged and magnified until the parks and walks and drives along the river, the buildings and campus of its university, even the sweep of unlimited space in all directions around it, put to shame the manner in which cities like Cleveland and Toledo have wasted their water frontage on commerce and industry, though they probably don't think of it as "waste."

One feels an inclination to say *bravo* fairly often in these wheat towns for the manner in which they nurture the cultural abilities of their own people, too. Annual song festivals among school children grew so popular and became so widespread in the prairies that eventually they were taken over by adults, and now some of the eastern provinces have followed suit with annual music festivals. In the countries from which so many of Saskatchewan's population originated, dance festivals and passion plays absorbed their love of group enterprises. Now these same people support with enthusiasm a drama league which includes dozens of small towns in its membership, all united by affiliation with the extension department for adult education of the University of Saskatchewan.

What does it matter to these people if they are cut off from night clubs and the Broadway circuit? Music and a love of the theater grows out of their fingers and hearts, and an



Taylor Made Snapshot Service

Mining in Manitoba . . . great riches in a section of territory formerly thought good for nothing but wild animals and Indians . . .

Edmonton, Alberta . . . a distributing point for northern airways and the center of northern traffic . . .

The Blyth Studio, Edmonton





Prince Albert National Park, Saskatchewan . . . *Because it is open, it is not necessarily empty . . .*

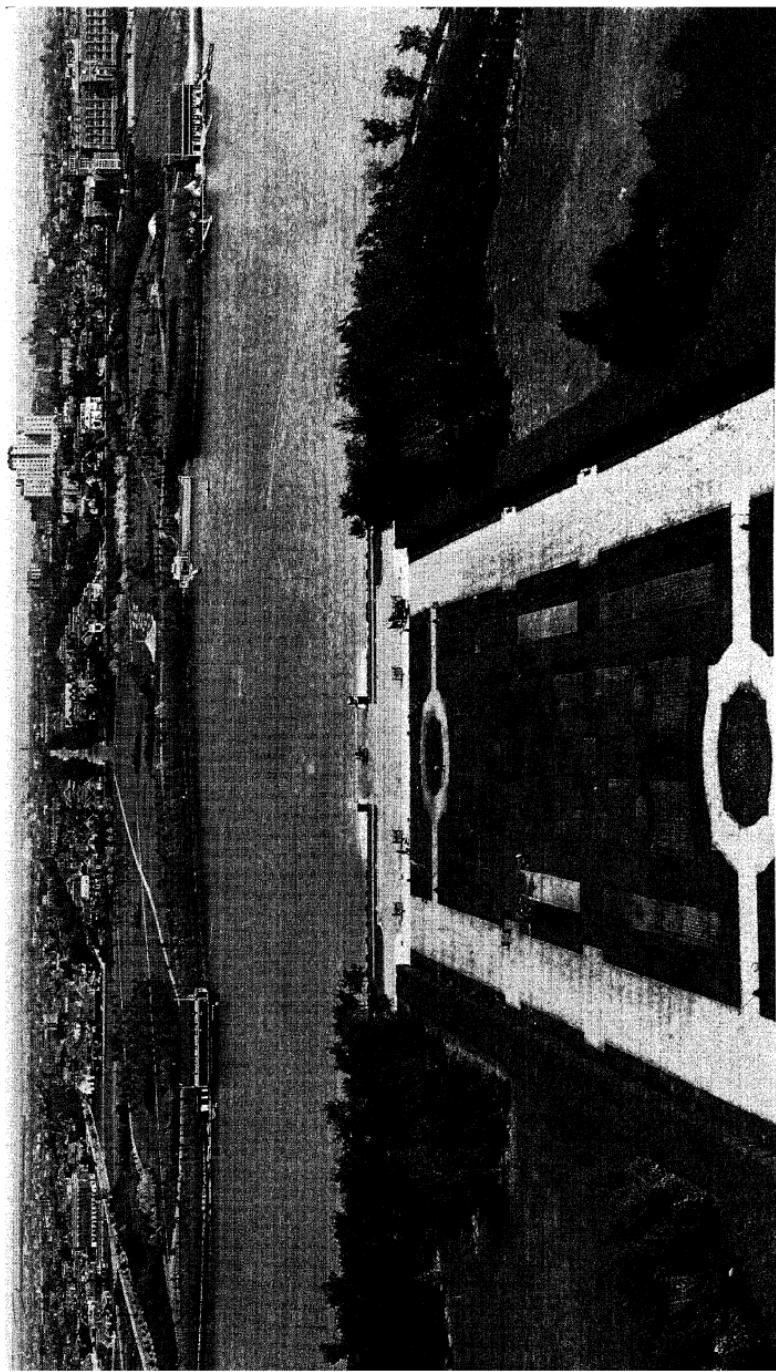
Wheatfields, Saskatchewan . . . *And the sowing and the harvest are the calendar of events . . .*

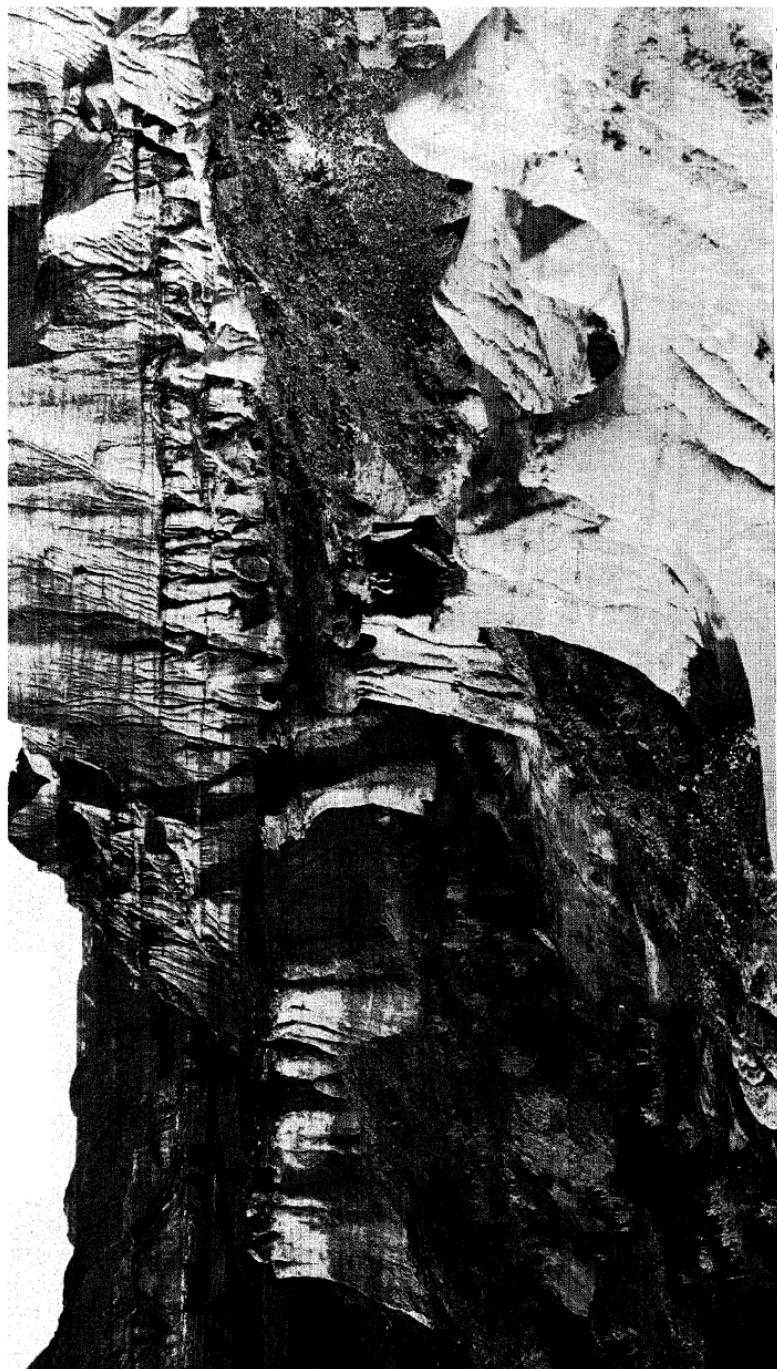
The Blyth Studio, Edmonton



Canadian Pacific Railway

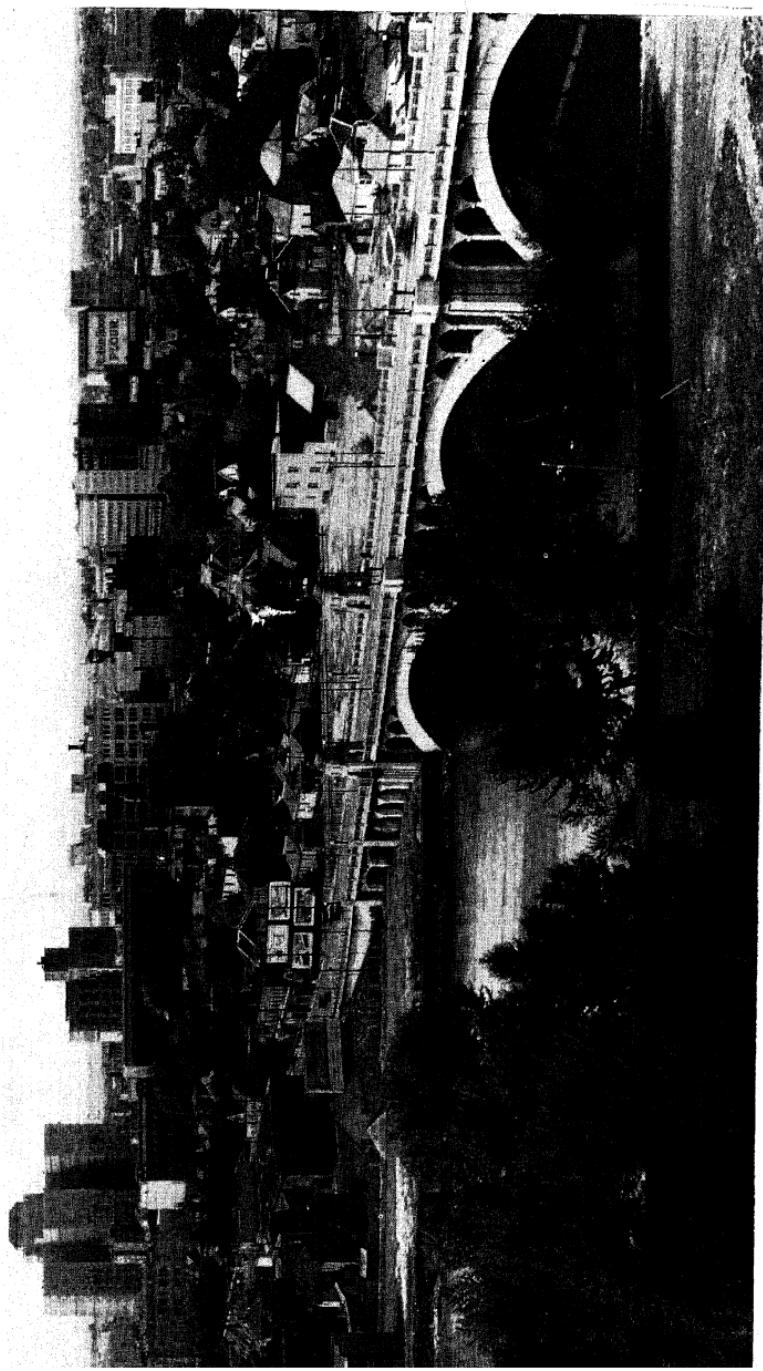
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan . . . natural advantages have been enlarged and magnified . . .





H. Pollard, Calvary, Canada

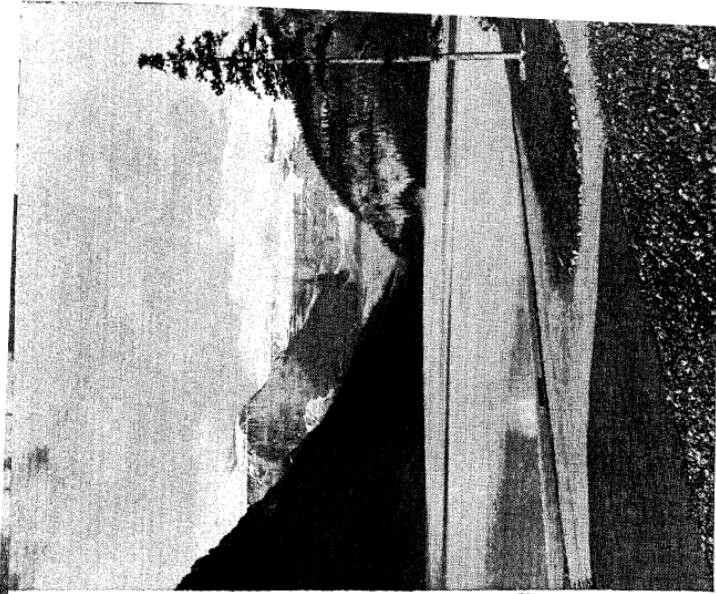
Bad Lands, Alberta . . . most spectacular of the prairie provinces . . .

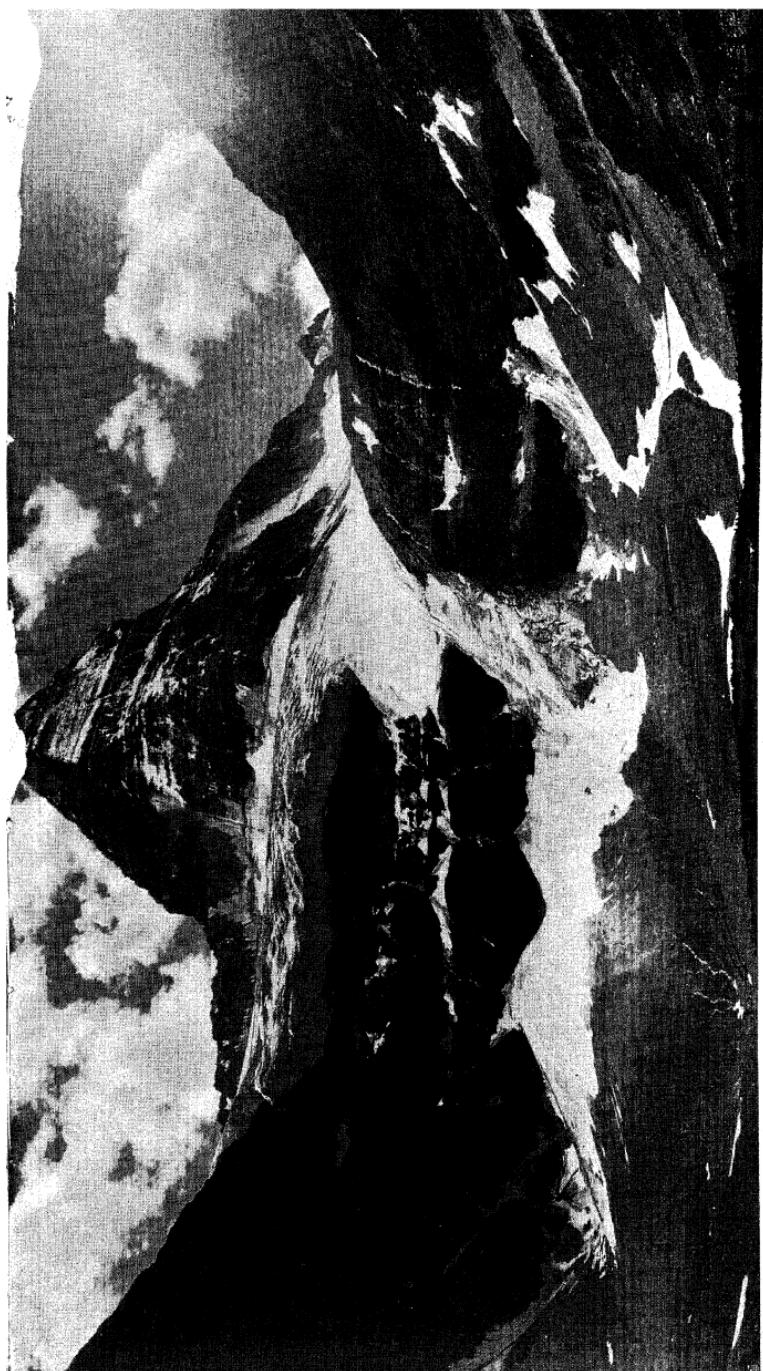


Calgary, Alberta . . . sixty years ago . . . a Mounted Police outpost and ranchers' rendezvous . . .

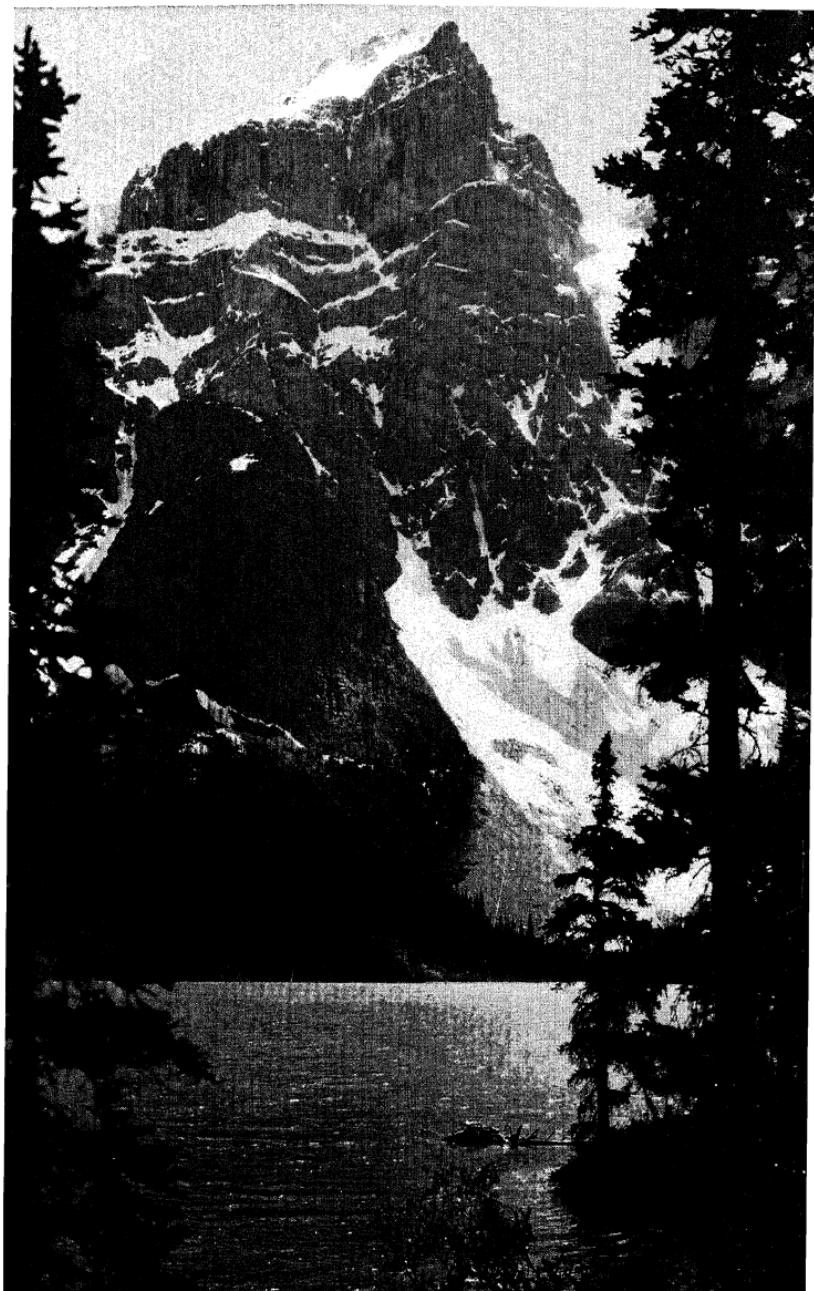
W. L. Oliver, Calgary, Alberta

Lake Louise, Banff National Park, Alberta . . . a
sapphire set in a ring of raw mountains . . .





Mount Assiniboine, Alberta . . . rises to a height of 11,370 feet . . . and forms part of the continental divide . . .



The Blyth Studio, Edmonton

Moraine Lake, Banff National Park, Alberta . . . *their summits reach beyond the clouds
and their feet rest in pagan blue lakes . . .*

impetus for creating their own diversions is strengthened by what the rest of the world might call a lack. Forced upon themselves for entertainment, Regina and Saskatoon have developed an independent culture that might well make a city like Montreal ashamed of itself.

There are nearly a million people living in Saskatchewan today. According to the last census their racial origin was as follows, in round figures: British, 427,000; German, 166,000; Ukrainian, 76,000; French, 51,000; Norwegian, 40,000; Polish, 26,000; Russian, 23,000; Swedish, 23,000; Dutch, 20,000; Hungarian, 14,000; the remainder in order: Indian, Rumanian, Austrian, Danish, Czecho-Slovak, Belgian, Hebrew, Icelandic, Chinese, Finnish, Yugoslavic, Italian . . . the last slightly under 1,000. Of Saskatchewan's total population, over 70 per cent are Canadian-born.

Regina, the capital of the province with a population of more than 50,000, is notable today chiefly because it is the hub of the Dominion air-training scheme. Crowded to capacity, it is expanding in all directions, for the boys in sky-blue have taken the town. Once the sons of farmers went to sea; now they take naturally to the air. Until the past year, the focal point for sight-seeing in Regina was the headquarters of the western division of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; now it centers in the vast flying fields that hedge the town.

In 1882, Regina was a cluster of tents at a place formerly known as Pile of Bones Creek. In 1903, Regina was incorporated as a city, and in 1905 it was made the capital of the new province of Saskatchewan. From the day the first barracks of Canada's famous police force were erected here in 1883, the history of Regina has followed the history of the Mounties.

In all the world, this police force is unique. It was organ-

ized in 1873, after Canada purchased sovereign rights to the vast western stretches of the country formerly governed by the Hudson's Bay Company. Until this time, no law and no judicial authority existed in this remote territory, and so it became necessary to establish communication and order, that those who murdered and pillaged might know there was now a law to break and a penalty for its infraction.

From the outset, this constabulary force was established on lines without precedent. Having learned valuable lessons from the mistake of the United States Government in allowing settlement in the west to precede authority, the Northwest Mounted Police aimed at the prevention of crime rather than its punishment. Having seen the manner in which the American Army sent cavalry forces against the Indians to rule them, the Mounted Police proceeded to rule the savage tribes under their jurisdiction by friendliness, understanding and treaty. Even when thousands of Indians sought sanctuary from the United States after Custer was killed, the problems involved were, with few exceptions, settled by resourcefulness, tolerance and indomitable will. The job was never easy, and it was aggravated by the presence of some two thousand half-breeds who were shiftless, lawless, dissolute, physically strong and exceptionally ignorant . . . men who belonged to no recognized race and were ready to fight anyone. But aims eventually became achievements, brought about by an entire force of no more than three hundred officers and men!

Because such an enormous territory was governed by so few men, the constables rode alone on their fine horses. Because the country was wild, each single man became an inviolate symbol, to be respected and obeyed. And because there must be no mistaking these individuals wherever their trail took them, they wore a distinctive uniform . . . scarlet jacket, navy-blue trousers with a wide gold stripe on the seams, high leather boots and a Stetson hat. Among superstitious Indians, this uniform gained a reputation for morale and courage and results, and one man proved to be quite as effective as a

whole platoon in bringing reason to bear on any disputed point.

As civilization moved west and north, the Mounted Police stayed in the vanguard, establishing law and order wherever they went, wards of the Government and its most trusted servants. In time they earned the prefix "Royal," bestowed by Queen Victoria in recognition of their work as empire builders. After War '14 they began to operate as a federal police force throughout the entire Dominion, and their name was changed to Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Today there are approximately twelve hundred members of the force, with fewer than 150 horses in their stables, for they have become mechanized like the rest of the world, covering their patrols in passenger cars, motor trucks, motorcycles, airplanes and cruiser boats. Canada remains among the most law-abiding countries in the world, a distinction earned and retained by these protectors of the people.

In *North to Adventure*, Sydney R. Montague—himself a member of the R.C.M.P. for six years—tells of his experiences in establishing a new police post off Hudson Strait, and he has this to say about the qualifications of the Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman:

He must be a Christian young man, in his twenties, and must profess a religious belief and contribute to such. He must be able to produce unimpeachable references and give an accurate personal history, with the background of his parents and grandparents. He submits to and must pass the most rigid medical examination, including the Wassermann test, and in physique he must approximate five feet ten inches in height.

The pay is so low that it does not attract men who are merely looking for money; the authorities hope to attract, and do, the man with idealism, vision and patriotism, and naturally there is with this a bias to the adventurous in mind. The Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman has a fine social standing; when travelling he gravitates to the best accommodations available. He is at home in Government House or

in a dance hall of *hoi polloi*. The secret of his success is not that he always gets his man, but his high standing in the eyes of the people among whom he lives.

Passing severe educational tests, written and oral, the entrance examinations approximating the standing of the Junior College, the subsequent training in law and all that comes within the scope of his profession, the Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman carries with him a gentlemanly restraint. He does not arrest by force if that can be avoided; his tradition is a relentless, fearless and dogged efficiency. He has found the disarming smile of confidence more potent than the blustering scowl of the near-bully who places his faith in a brief authority.*

The old slogan "get your man" is hateful to the Mounties, since their aim is to prevent rather than punish, to protect rather than detect. In fact, they are more than a little resentful of the role imposed upon them by Hollywood. Their motto is "Maintiens le droit," and to maintain the right, with its full implications, is their abiding job.

About seventy miles northwest of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan—a town full of sawmills, flour mills and farm supplies—lies Prince Albert National Park, a wooded wilderness of lakes and streams, and a natural home for deer, moose, bear and beaver. Farther south, in the vicinity of the sloughs, wild duck, geese, jack rabbits and coyotes serve as targets for hunters. Even antelope can sometimes be found, and white-feathered ptarmigan catch the winter sunlight as they rest on leafless branches, outlined against the sky.

"What do you miss most of Saskatchewan, now that you've been in Montreal a year and a half?" I asked Larry Carlyle

* *North to Adventure* by Sydney R. Montague. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company.

the last time I saw him. It was one of those questions no one likes to get out of the box, but he knew the answer.

"I miss a lot of things you wouldn't understand about, since you've never been up there. But there's one thing I keep remembering. Funny, because it happened several years ago, and yet I can't get it out of my mind. If I were back up there I'd probably never think of it again." When Larry smiles, deep lines fan out across his weathered face.

"I was driving a team of horses over the lake one day in April . . . the same lake those Americans landed on for winter hunting in July. I knew it was pretty close to thaw, but I'd driven a load of hay over the day before and I wanted to get over and back once more before breakup. I prepared for an emergency by putting lariats around the horses' necks, and then I forgot about everything but the warm sun and the smell of spring as they went along over the ice. You can carry a lot heavier load on ice, you know, than you can on a dirt road.

"When the horses hit that air hole they sank out of sight before I could blink, but I jumped the sledge like lightning, dived into the freezing lake after them and got them out of their traces under the water. Then I pulled the lariats suddenly, so they choked, and they swelled up right away and floated. It took only a few seconds. Then I pried a long bar from the sledge and levered them, one at a time, under their bellies, until they could scramble back on the ice themselves. I untied the lariats and harnessed them again, and it wasn't until I had driven them hard for ten miles that I was sure they'd be all right."

"You mean you didn't lose anything, after all that?" I said.

"I lost the load on the sledge, all right, but you get used to things like that." He paused and smiled. "What I couldn't get used to was dreaming about it afterwards. I can't tell you how many times I've seen those horses dropping out of sight in front of me and then I'm in the water again, trying to get them out of their traces. I put my hand up and there's the

ice like a ceiling, holding me down. It's pretty cold under there, too."

I thought of something an ancient poet had said about how a man likes to remember danger and hardship once it is past, and I wondered if Larry was glad these things had happened to him . . . if they raised his stature in his own eyes as they did in mine. But it was hardly the sort of question one asked him; never being a man to wait for approbation or flattery, he didn't give you time.

"Truck's waiting outside," he said. "So long. See you again before long."

What he intends to do after this war is over he says he doesn't know. It's my guess he'll return to Saskatchewan when the world crisis has grown blunter. The solitudes and the cold, the loneliness and the absence of any mean men, will undoubtedly seem preferable to the life of a postwar megalopolis.

APPROACHES TO SASKATCHEWAN

RAILWAYS—The main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the southern part of the province, through Regina. The Canadian National Railway crosses farther north, through Saskatoon. Both have United States connections via Chicago and Minneapolis.

Regina is the southern terminus of the Hudson Bay Railways to The Pas and Churchill, Manitoba.

HIGHWAYS—There are no paved highways in Saskatchewan, except in the close vicinity of Saskatoon and Regina, but there are more than three thousand miles of gravel roads and the same amount of graded, improved roads under the care of the province.

AIRWAYS—Trans-Canada Air Lines make one stop only in Saskatchewan—at Regina—on their twice-daily trans-continental flights.

Prairie Airways maintain service between Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon and Battleford.

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The story of a man who takes up a homestead on the Saskatchewan prairie, with excellent description and characterization in the unfolding of a relationship between environment and a human being.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police, R. C. Fetherstonhaugh. New York: Carrick & Evans; Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1938.

Authentic, detailed history of this constabulary. More readable than many fictional versions.

North to Adventure, Sydney R. Montague. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.; Toronto: George J. McLeod, Ltd., 1939.

Only the prologue and first few chapters deal specifically with the prairies, in this autobiography of a boy who left a Saskatchewan farm to join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on a dare.

“Prairie Farm Rehabilitation,” E. S. Archibald. *Canadian Geographical Journal*, October, 1940.

MORE INFORMATION

The Saskatchewan Tourist Bureau, Legislative Building, Regina, will furnish such booklets as the following, on request:

Saskatchewan Holidays, including statistics and details on—

Game licenses

Angling regulations

Summer resorts

Provincial parks

Transportation

Ports of entry

Tourist camps

Winter sports

Prince Albert National Park, published by the Department of Mines and Resources in Ottawa. Among other

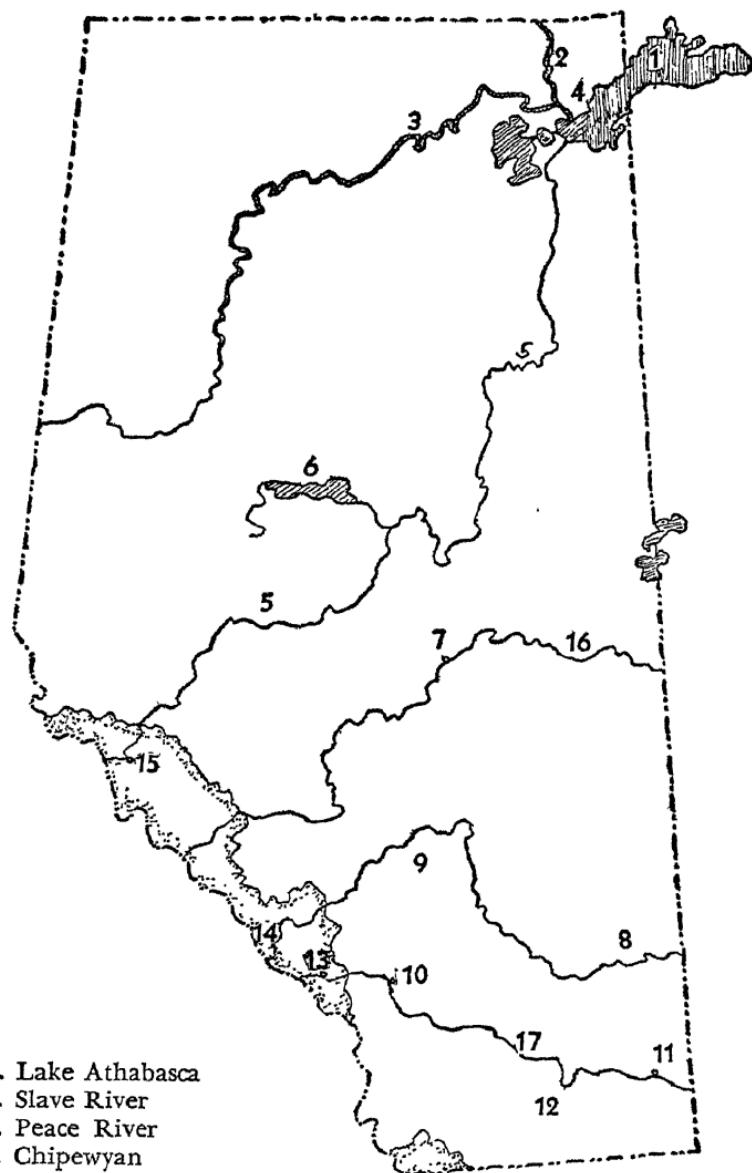
interesting bits of information it gives directions for a canoe circuit through the lakes and rivers of this park.

Saskatchewan: A Few Facts—but the facts are many and helpful, from vegetation and wild life to natural resources, urban industries, public health, co-operative marketing, and education in the province.

In addition, booklets descriptive of the activities of Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Prince Albert and Battleford may be obtained from the same source of information.

Arctic Territories





1. Lake Athabasca
2. Slave River
3. Peace River
4. Chipewyan
5. Athabasca River
6. Lesser Slave Lake
7. Edmonton
8. Red Deer River
9. Red Deer
10. Calgary
11. Medicine Hat

12. Lethbridge
13. Banff
14. Lake Louise
15. Jasper
16. North Saskatchewan River
17. Bow River

IX

ALBERTA

THIS province is a great sloping plateau, rising steadily to the culmination of the Rocky Mountains, covering an area of 255,285 square miles and maintaining a population of approximately 750,000 persons. It was named by the incumbent Governor-General of Canada in 1882 when the district was created, who chose for it the third name of his wife, Princess Louise Carolina Alberta, daughter of Queen Victoria.

This most spectacular of the prairie provinces was given full provincial status in the Dominion in 1905, and today it is replete with growing cities and towns, dude ranches, debts and oil drills. Alberta is a notorious breaker of men's hearts, a siren that sends its call on warm chinook winds, stupefies with its beauties, and starves those who mistake its bounty for a gift rather than a return on toil. Tourists who come to look, find it a paradise of scenery, cowboys and super hotels. Those who have made it their home and stayed with it since boom days know it to be a land of extraordinary weather, unfulfilled promises and, recurrently, hope. The outside world, particularly the rest of Canada, knows it best as the home of a stubborn premier and an experiment in economics, erroneously called social credit, which has never come off.

Two of the natural advantages in climate which Alberta enjoys to the exclusion of the rest of the prairies are its altitude about sea level and, particularly, the chinook wind in southern Alberta. This is a sweep of air that originates in the vicinity of the Japanese current off the coast of British Columbia,

finds its way through mountain passes, and reaches Alberta as a warm, dry wind, affecting the climate of the whole area and moderating the winters for a great distance northward. Blizzards and violent storms are rare, and the chinook winds can be depended upon to carry off the snow. Summers, on the other hand, are never swelteringly hot, because of the high altitude.

In the beginning were Indians, fur traders and Mounted Police. And then about the time the railroads started to break open the west, but not contingent on this activity, there was a decade or two of open ranching that began in Texas and spread north through Kansas and Nebraska and Montana like a prairie fire. As Frazier Hunt puts it. . . .

It lasted a bare ten years, but it was a decade of glory. It was a vivid part of the incredible and fantastic story of American opportunity. Men rode into the high plains of the West with little more than their ponies and pack animals, and in the twinkling of an eye became cattle barons with a thousand cattle on a thousand hills. The lure of the quick and easy profit dazzled the entire world. Scotland and England alone sent twenty million in hard money. Tales of this unique and dazzling bonanza caught the imagination of conservative financiers and shoestring plungers alike . . . Grass was free; cattle prices were booming; all that was needed was to buy cattle on a book count and let Mother Nature take its course.*

The plains of southern Alberta, protected by the foothills of the Rockies, were the Canadian extension of this paradise for ranchers, and because Canadian railroads were later in reaching the west than those of the United States, the lure of ranching in Alberta lasted longer. Cattle could be kept outdoors all winter here, rainfall was light, and the ground was covered with native grasses of a particularly succulent nature.

* *The Long Trail from Texas* by Frazier Hunt, reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

When the railroad finally made its way through, steers could be shipped east to market, some of the finest beef on the hoof in North America. It became a magic land for younger sons of English gentry, as well as adventurous and restless individuals of this continent, Americans and Canadians alike.

But trains were carrying news faster than the old Red River carts had done, and tales of this wonderland and the money to be made in it grew with the telling from Capetown to the Orkney Islands. In the years between 1910 and the first World War Alberta's land boom reached its dizzy heights—town-sites were laid out on barren prairie, landsharks circulated in hotels, bars, trains, barber shops and street corners to boost their wares, and men began to stand in line for a chance to buy into this hysteria of land-grabbing.

Frontier outposts were going to be changed overnight into cities and everyone wanted to be in on the greatest opportunity of a century. That some of the most highly touted sites were actually under several feet of water or on the sides of precipices was beside the point. Hugh knows a man who still likes to tell of the day he was offered \$14,000 for his place in line to buy a piece of land he knew no more about than he had been told. The world was in a fever of excitement over the rich possibilities of Alberta, and reason had no part in the bargaining.

So it was no time at all before this paradise became invaded by civilization. Colonist cars carried families as covered wagons had once done. Ranches changed hands a dozen times in as many days and then were sold again in small lots. Tens of thousands of settlers and small farmers took up sites offered by railroads, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the Government. Rich pasture land was plowed under, domestic grains were planted, and it took only a few years to turn southern Alberta into a desert. The dry chinook winds brought warmth but no moisture and the rapid cultivation of the rich soil robbed it of the roots that held it together. Top soil began to blow away, a world depression came along, and the farmers were ruined.

In Turner Valley near Calgary oil was found, and the second largest field in the British Empire was on its way to development. But at the same time 300,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas were allowed to burn away every day as waste. Coal mines were sunk and the deposits were found to contain 87 per cent of Canada's known supply, but rail hauls west across the mountains to the Pacific or east across the prairies to Fort William were too expensive to make mining the coal pay. Forests in the north, "capable of supplying every family in Canada with a new house every year for generations," according to a publicity pamphlet, remained uncut for the same reason. Depression and poverty became the inevitable results of one of the worst orgies of speculation and over-development in the history of the continent.

Transformation of Alberta from a wilderness to ranches and a land of farms was wrought by an extraordinary diversity of men. Ranching first attracted young Englishmen, the Duke of Windsor eventually bought a ranch in the foothills which he still owns, and the Old Country element remains strong in the province. Ontarians migrated in large numbers, and according to Dominion statistics, settlers from the United States made the most progressive and prosperous farmers. Nevertheless, it was also Americans who were guilty of the worst forms of overspeculation, and these individuals sold out and went home again.

Unlike the inhabitants of so many other areas of this continent, the farmers of western Canada are unique in their willingness to co-operate with each other, each man working for his neighbors as well as for himself. As an outgrowth of this frame of mind the greatest co-operative movement in the world outside Sweden—the Wheat Pool—has been formed and maintained in the three prairie provinces. No one can begin to understand the point of view of these people who

fails to take into account their real co-operative spirit, when they feel they are being fairly treated. But all the co-operation in the world of human beings couldn't prevent the great drought that followed the depression and intensified it, and Alberta, of all the prairies, suffered most.

Out of poverty, debts and hopelessness there will usually rise a prophet, and the name of Alberta's man is William Aberhart, known to the rest of the country as Bible Bill or Funny-Money Aberhart. For fifteen years he conducted a class in Bible prophecy while serving as a high school principal in Calgary. For ten years he broadcast every Sunday afternoon, radiating a message of hope to the widely scattered farm population of the province. One Sunday afternoon he happened to mention that he had been reading about social credit, a new economic theory advanced by Major Douglas of England, and he believed it held the solution for the problems of Alberta. The response was immediate and overwhelming, probably surprising no one as much as himself. Groups were organized spontaneously to study social credit; everyone began to talk about it; a Social Credit League was formed and plunged into politics, and in August, 1935 this League elected 56 members to the Provincial Legislature of 63 seats. William Aberhart was the unanimous choice for the man to head the party, and this—according to Canadian politics—automatically made him premier of his province.

Since there are usually two sides to any point of dispute, it is perhaps no more than fair to take into account Alberta's official version of its political and economic position, in spite of the fact that the version is biased and Aberhart's party has made repeated attempts to throttle criticism in the local press. To most Americans the term "social credit" has as little meaning as one of the latest California cults. To eastern Canadians it elicits scorn and abuse from those who understand it, and those who don't change the subject as quickly as possible. Major Douglas was eventually prevailed upon to visit Alberta to see it in operation and left with high words of denunciation. Had Mr. Aberhart read more than a digest of the theory

before recommending it publicly he would have known that it was never designed for operation in a single unit of a large economic and political system. In spite of the fact that it has made an excellent political catch phrase, social credit as Major Douglas conceived it has never actually functioned in Alberta.

Under whatever tag they travel, however, various reforms have doubtless been carried out in Alberta in the last five years. The rest of Canada claims they may be observed chiefly on paper. Perhaps these reforms seem remarkable to the inhabitants of the province because they are measured against the great lack which preceded them. At any rate, Alberta still has a long way to go before a just and final solution of its multiple problems is achieved.

When Mr. Aberhart reached Edmonton in 1935 to assume his position as premier he found an incredible mess. In a space of thirty years Alberta had amassed a debt of \$155,000,000. The treasury was empty and banks were calling for several millions of dollars due them. A good portion of this indebtedness had been caused by the activities of individuals who no longer lived in the province, but to every bona fide citizen who was still there in 1935 Aberhart had solemnly promised a dividend of \$25 a month, once natural resources were properly administered. In order to increase production he set about trying to socialize credit, but the \$25 per capita has never yet been paid.

The banks, he says, are against him, and since banking laws come under federal authority in Canada, he has run into constitutional difficulties. Time and again he has tried to reform credit in the province and each time he has been overruled by law courts, disallowed by the Dominion Government or vetoed by the Lieutenant-Governor of the province, who represents the Governor-General of Canada, who represents the King. One of his first moves had been to repudiate \$11,000,000's worth of maturing provincial bonds, and when he appealed to Ottawa for monetary aid he was told it would

hardly be forthcoming until he had made good the debts already outstanding.

Finally, to outmaneuver his opponents, Aberhart opened branches of the provincial treasury in every key center in the province. Vouchers were issued to those in the employ of the provincial government as payment for part or all of their work; retail merchants were prevailed upon to accept these vouchers (backed by the vast resources of the province) in exchange for goods; and the cash represented by the vouchers remained in the provincial treasury. Revenue from taxation which previously had been used to pay interest on the public debt could now be used for rehabilitating the province and the people in it. But the banks refused to accept the vouchers, and so the provincial treasury now owed individuals and manufacturers instead of banking corporations.

Officially, the Alberta government enumerates improvements in the province since Aberhart took office in 1935—nearly 400 miles of highways paved, labor legislation revised, rural schools reorganized and the cost of school books and supplies lowered, teachers' salary arrears on the way to being paid off, farmers aided by new land settlement schemes free of mortgage and taxes, institution of a system whereby the government supplies purebred boars and bulls in exchange for scrub stock, instruction to farmers through study clubs and district supervisors, the establishment of a marketing board. In addition, they claim sole responsibility for the launching of state medicine, conservation laws eliminating the burning of natural gas as waste in the Turner Valley fields, and the gift of homes to destitute farmers, with which are supplied food, clothing, livestock and seed until the family becomes self-supporting.

Throughout the country small credence is given these sweeping claims, and as the Canadian press and strong banking and marketing interests continue to fight the method of these reforms, Aberhart and his people feel that everyone's hand is against them. Though a fervent spirit of co-operation has been nurtured among themselves, when an opportunity

arose to co-operate with the Dominion Government and the rest of the provinces in a taxation reform that would benefit the entire country and specifically themselves, Aberhart refused even to consider the matter.

All the rivers of Alberta, with the exception of the Milk River which flows south to join the Missouri in Montana, empty into Hudson Bay through Lake Winnipeg and the Nelson River, or flow into the Mackenzie system and out to the Arctic Sea. Transportation costs for the marketing of produce in this province are therefore extremely high. Of the large northern rivers, the chief are the Athabasca and the Peace, the latter one of the great and justly famous rivers of the continent.

In the heights of the British Columbian Rockies, in the north-central section of that province, two mountain streams race toward each other, tumbling over rocks, swollen by springs—one traveling north and the other hurrying south. When they meet head on, the combined watercourse turns abruptly east, cutting its way through the mountains in a nine-hundred-foot canyon. And then as it reaches the plateau of northern Alberta which tilts away toward Hudson Bay, this—the Peace River—follows the sloping land to the north. It is joined by lesser rivers, each losing its identity in the main, strong current. As it flows through a great glacial valley of partial timberland, the Peace widens and turns toward the east again, dropping over limestone ledges at Vermilion Chutes and finally joining an outlet of Lake Athabasca to form the Slave River as it heads directly north for Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories.

Known first to fur traders, Indians and missionaries, later to Klondikers who came through here on their way from Edmonton to Alaska and decided to go no farther for one reason or another, the Peace River Country became part of the Alberta boom as word spread of its great possibilities and

incredible beauty. Its garden-like, hill-encircled valleys with the silvery river winding through looked good to any eyes, but when settlers began to reach it from the south and east, and the grain and cattle they grew on these rolling green slopes and verdant plateaus were sent to fairs and began to take prizes at international shows, even its most ardent boosters were surprised.

Year after year the farmers of the Peace River Country have continued to bring home first prizes for wheat and steers and oats and barley, until there is no longer doubt of the remarkable future of this territory. Its summers are as warm as those of the Saskatchewan River valley three hundred miles south, its glacially deposited soil is rich and deep, and it has proved its ability to withstand drought years better than southern Alberta.

Yet the Peace River Country has hardly been tapped. A railroad runs part way into the country from Edmonton, but the natural outlet to the Pacific waits construction. Water power is yet to be developed at the Chutes and in the canyon; winters are long, but they are not more severe than in other farmlands of Canada, and the summers repay other hardships tenfold. Five hundred and eighty miles of the Peace River are navigable without portage, seventy-four million acres comprise its watershed, and the scenery runs the gamut from spectacular to lush. Some geologists claim that the whole of this country is underlaid with gas and oil; certainly some twelve million acres of better-than-average land awaits cultivation for mixed farming. When a railroad to the Pacific is completed, or air transportation makes rail service unnecessary, the Peace River Country will continue to be a fabulous land, but the actual extent of its beauty, its promise and its achievements will no longer be rumors and dreams.

Next to agriculture, minerals are Alberta's greatest source of wealth. Canada's largest reserves in coal deposits underlie more than 25,000 square miles of this province. Here, too, are the largest known resources

of natural gas in Canada, as well as oil. The manufacture of clay products is an important Alberta industry, and included in latent mineral resources in the northern part of the province are thick beds of salt and immense deposits of bituminous sands. Edmonton is the air base for extensive new mining operations in the north.

White men had traded furs for three-quarters of a century in Edmonton before it became the capital of Alberta. When this whole territory was still controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company, Edmonton was the dominant post of the valley of the Saskatchewan River, commanded by a fort built high on the left bank of the river, hexagonal in shape, with bastions on the corners. The country was rich with buffalo, and this was a great supply depot. Within the palisades lived some hundred or so persons under the command of the chief factor. Celebrated travelers of the early nineteenth century who crossed the plains and returned to write books never failed to mention the hospitality they had been shown at Fort Edmonton.

In 1874 the mounted men in scarlet tunics came to Edmonton to take over the policing of the west. By 1879 settlement had begun to take form outside the palisade of the fort. In 1890 the Hudson's Bay Company built a new store to supply general merchandise to the growing town, and a year later the first railroad reached Edmonton from the south. Then prospectors began to arrive to outfit for the Klondike, and many disillusioned gold seekers returned to Edmonton eventually, to stay and build homes.

At the outbreak of War '14 the population was 7,500. In 1915 the Provincial Parliament buildings were erected and the log buildings of Fort Edmonton were removed to provide an expanse of landscaped lawns. Today Edmonton has a population of 80,000. It flourishes not only as a university town and the capital of the province, but also because it is still the gateway to the Mackenzie-Athabaska country and the

Peace River, a distributing point for northern airways and the center of northern traffic. There is little doubt that Edmonton's growth has only begun.

The city is located on a tableland two hundred feet above the North Saskatchewan River, which gives it a bird's-eye view of the valley. It supports many large manufacturing plants, flour and sawmills and meat-packing plants, but the river dominates the life of the city, as it always has done. With space to spare, the homes of Edmonton have crawled away from the center of town in all directions, and it would seem to be a city of suburbs, rather than a single unit.

A year or so ago I met a charming young Australian school teacher who was returning to her home via Montreal and London after a year of teaching in Edmonton on exchange. I asked if she felt it had been a fruitful experience.

"Anything is bound to be that's so unlike one's natural background, don't you think?"

I don't know Australia, but I was eager to know about Edmonton. In my ignorance, I would have thought them not too dissimilar. "Then you're not sorry to be returning to Melbourne?" I asked.

"No. I want to be with my family while the war's on. My brothers are both in the air force, somewhere in Egypt. But Edmonton wasn't so bad, you know. I've never, anywhere else in my life, had people so kind to me. They were wonderful."

Her smile was delightful. How could they help being kind, I thought, not meaning to take anything from Edmonton's generosity.

"At first it seemed awfully square and bare and far away from the rest of the world," she went on. "This country of yours seems tremendously *big*, you know. But after I discovered the river everything was fine. Every season of the year that river is used and loved and played on by everyone in Edmonton, and I grew to love it, too. I'll never be able to think of Edmonton in the years to come without seeing the canoes on the river on summer evenings, or skaters on its

length in winter, or children walking along its banks in the spring, hunting for the return of their favorite wild flowers. You mustn't think it's not a good place to live. It's just—that I'm eager to get home again."

Of the units composing the first division of the Canadian Army, the Edmonton outfit is noted for its cosmopolitan nature. Poles rank second in number to sons of Great Britain. The remainder of the men represent the cross-section of nationalities to be found in Alberta today, for there are naturalized Japanese, Germans, Cree Indians, French, and men of every other tongue of Europe, from Ukrainians and Assyrians to Czechs, Lithuanians, Hebrews and Scandinavians.

Lethbridge has for some time been a coal-mining district as well as an agricultural center. Today it is also the site of a large-scale bombing and gunnery school. Medicine Hat, formerly the center of the ranching country, is now one of the most important flour-milling centers of the British Empire, and more recently still, the location of a service flying school.

Calgary, chief city of southern Alberta and principal business center of the province, is swarming with airmen from Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, eastern Canada and the United States. There are six major air schools within a radius of one hundred miles of this city, and when the British Commonwealth Air Training plan reaches its peak, the drone of airplane motors will drown all other sounds on the prairies. Alberta's climate makes it particularly suitable for the training of young airmen.

Sixty years ago Calgary, in the valley of the Bow River, was a mounted police outpost and ranchers' rendezvous. Today it is a well-run city of graceful bridges, tall office buildings, and pretty girls. Important both for its wholesale and retail trade, its activities include meat packing, railway-

car manufacturing, lumber mills, brick and cement works, and the annual Calgary Stampede held the first part of July, which attracts cowboys and ranch hands from all over western Canada and the United States, as well as thousands of tourists on their way to the Canadian Rockies.

For some 400 miles the dividing line between Alberta and British Columbia is formed by the Continental Divide. Thus the eastern slopes of the Rockies lie in Alberta, while their western slopes are in British Columbia. The most prominent passes through them are the Crowsnest and Kicking Horse Canyon—the main route of the Canadian Pacific Railway—and the Yellowhead Pass, carrying the transcontinental line of the Canadian National.

It is impossible to talk about the Canadian Rockies except in terms of something else, for the human mind can grasp superlatives only by comparison. If they are seen first without previous experience of other mountains, the contrast they form with the expanse of prairie and plains necessary to cross in order to reach them, is a shock, and a severe one. After that, no other mountains encountered in the future can be anything but a disappointment.

I had from childhood spent long summers in the Rockies west of Denver, and because I thought I knew mountains and their ways intimately, I was unprepared for the untamed, unabated brilliance of the same range in Canada. Later still, I spent three summers in the Alps: the first summer filled with disappointment because they were civilized, cultivated and quiet; the second summer enchanted by their history and the sense of all the individuals through hundreds of years before me who had walked where I was walking, climbed as I was doing, listened to Italian boatmen singing in the moonlight over Lac Léman; the third summer in the middle of the depression Swiss resorts seemed tired and hopeless and lost and I conceived a great longing to get out to the Canadian

Rockies once again, where everything was as clean and fresh and grand as though man had never before beheld any of it, and certainly had never tamed it or ever would.

Banff Springs Hotel has been seen on a thousand posters, until its outlines are engraved on the memory of travelers the world around. But what is the flat picture in comparison to the unexpected immensity and three-dimensional actuality of the view that greets one from the terrace at the far end of the lounge, once seen, never forgotten? The stone balustrade along the terrace is seldom free of dwarfed human beings who lean against it or hang over it in awed amazement at the panorama that spreads below, so like the pictures and yet so enhanced by sound and odor and color.

Directly below is a green terrace with brilliant flower beds bordering it and a fountain playing in its center. Just here, for a fraction of space in immensity, the mountainside has been tamed. A little below and beyond is a glass-enclosed swimming pool filled with water from hot springs, where the usual summer procedure of jumping from hot air into cold water is reversed and bathers enjoy these warm waters no matter how sharp the mountain breezes outside. At least everyone else seemed to; I found the hot water enervating.

Beyond and below the swimming pool run some of the holes of a cultivated golf course at the foot of Mount Rundle. And then, walled in by a great circle of peaks that rise more than a mile from the floor of the valley, runs the sparkling ribbon of the Bow River, on and out in a twisting line ahead, enveloping an island, and finally narrowing until it is lost from sight at the foot of the distant Fairholme Range.

But there are more things to do in these national parks than look at scenery. You can fish for mountain trout, ride trail with a competent guide, golf on mile-high courses, climb the steep face of cliffs and investigate glaciers, ski in winter on slopes and descents that rival those of Switzerland, hunt big game (outside the parks), or get acquainted with the Brewsters—that remarkable family whose members have become synonymous with the Canadian Rockies through their

years of trail-guiding, bus-driving, running garages, inns and dude ranches, and in general making friends with everyone who comes their way.

There are three national parks in Alberta, comprising over 7,000 square miles of territory. There are also four national game preserves. Good roads, trails, camp sites and recreational facilities are maintained in these parks by the federal government, and the entrance charges are nominal.

Lake Louise lies forty miles west of Banff and nearly a thousand feet higher. There are hundreds of jewel lakes in these mountains, some large, some small, some full of fish, some difficult to reach, none hemmed with history and legend like the lakes of Switzerland. But nowhere else in the world is there anything to compare with Lake Louise. It isn't so very large: a man can row across it in no time, walk around it, ride high above it on mountain trails. From whatever angle it is viewed, it has a way of leaving human beings speechless and humble.

To attempt to describe it is nearly as fatuous as trying to paint a picture of the Grand Canyon. Like cats and poetry, it has a way of dividing the whole world into two categories: there are those who like cats and those who can't stand them, those who write poetry and those who would be ashamed to try. Similarly, there are those who have seen Lake Louise and those who haven't, and the first group seldom attempts to span the chasm between themselves and those who have the experience ahead.

The sun was casting wide amethyst shadows on the sides of Mount Lefroy the afternoon one of the Brewster cars brought me to Lake Louise from Banff. Instead of gaping at the scene as we drove up before the Château I found myself concentrating carefully on individual aspects of the whole—the smell of balsam and moss-covered earth, the sharper air of a higher altitude, the depth of the sky and the nearness of stray

clouds, the way the Château had been built on one side of the lake to give the best view, and how it had been constructed of appropriately nondescript gray stone, hugging a mountain as though to withdraw into the background and take nothing from the drama of nature.

Gardens and green terraces and gravel walks and benches fill the slope from the hotel porch to the edge of the lake. The gardens are massed with tall spikes of blue delphinium and the terraces are covered with low-blown iceland poppies in a carpet of white and yellow. But everything—mountain peaks, tall pines, poppies and the hotel itself—leaves the center of the stage to a bowl of water of the most remarkable color in the world—sometimes green, often deep amethyst, usually the blue of a peacock's tail. Jagged, towering mountains rise in protective folds around it, and at the far side, directly opposite the hotel lawns, they meet at the water's edge in a sharp V, and the backdrop they reveal is filled with an expanse of glistening white ice—the Victoria Glacier, mother of Lake Louise.

As though this were not enough, and more than most of us can hold within our limited emotions, the still waters of the lake take these forms and give them all back again in reverse order, perfect in proportion and color, undisturbed by wind or wave. The dining room windows of the Château, facing the lake, are immense and nearly invisible, but they made the food I ate tasteless and unimportant, for I never learned to sit beside them and eat my bacon and eggs with unconcern while that vision lay just beyond.

One day I tore myself away for a trail ride to Johnston Canyon and Lake Agnes. Our horses started out by skirting the lake to the right of the Château, and then they began to climb abruptly, single file, in the wake of our guide. For an hour or two the horses' bodies were at an angle, their fetlocks often deep in snow, and this was the first week in July. We came out on a ridge and saw the lake far below us, a sapphire set in a ring of raw mountains. The day was gray and there was no color to be caught and reflected from the sky, but the

blue-green depths were no less intense than they were in brilliant sunshine, evidence of the claim that these mountain lakes are colored by mineral deposits in the water.

We stopped on the bridge over the canyon, and again we stopped for lunch at a chalet built into the side of Beehive Mountain (Big or Little Beehive, I don't remember). Lake Agnes was still partially coated with ice and we blew on our fingers to warm them so they'd hold a sandwich until we could get it eaten. And then we began the return trip down another trail, trusting the horses when our lack of experience in mountain-climbing was obvious. The trick was to keep from sliding over their necks. It was the first excursion I had made on horseback in years, and by the time we were within a few miles of the Château I would gladly have traded places with my beast and carried him the remainder of the way.

Kicking Horse Canyon I first saw from an open touring car, instead of the observation lounge of a Canadian Pacific train, when I left Lake Louise on my way to Yoho Valley Lodge. The name of the river that forms this gorge derives from a kick which a man of eminence received from a fractious horse once upon a time as he was riding through here. Perhaps because of the ferocity of the madly racing waters the name has always seemed eminently suitable.

Yoho National Park lies on the western slope of the Rockies, adjacent to Banff National Park. It is actually in British Columbia, but since all these parks are operated by the Dominion Government there is little sense of province separation between them. The Kicking Horse River divides the park practically in two, and Emerald Lake and Lake O'Hara are its principal bodies of water.

In Yoho Valley (the name is an Indian exclamation of delighted wonder) dozens of cascades tumble down from a serrated sky line to the floor of the mile-wide valley, breaking into clouds of spray as they hit bottom. Only the falls of the Yosemite and of Victoria Nyanza are higher than Takakkaw Falls, the most noted of these streaming ribbons. The noise they make as they rush and tumble down the face of the

mountain from their source in the Daly icefield can be heard through the length of the valley.

Yoho Valley Lodge, surrounded by a family of smaller log cabins, lies not far from the place where Takakkaw Falls join the turbulent Yoho River. The part of a summer I occupied one of these cabins I was awakened each morning by a polite little Chinese maid who came in to build a fire and wish me well for the day. My nose felt as cold as winter outside the red Hudson's Bay blankets, but I knew the sun would soon warm the whole valley and raise the temperature twenty or thirty degrees. The smell of wood smoke found its way through the cabin, and the noise of the crashing falls was a song and a promise of endless beauty and infinite power. Each day was the same, but each day was new and clean and full of infinite possibilities, and I knew when I went away that I must come back again some time, somehow.

Jasper National Park is the largest of Canada's government-controlled playgrounds. It contains 4,200 square miles, including an immense area of mountains, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, canyons, forests, valleys and the Columbia Icefield, a remnant of the last great ice age. It is the least civilized of the national parks, containing thousands of big-game animals such as Rocky Mountain sheep and goat, mule and white-tailed deer, caribou, moose, elk, and black, brown and grizzly bear.

The foothills of Alberta looked like rumpled bedclothes the last time I crossed them in November. The train had filled with passengers at Edmonton in the early hours before dawn, and all day they drooped in corners trying to catch up on lost sleep. Outside, wheat stubble still showed yellow through the first snow where farms hugged the foothills, the furrowed rows rising and falling in soft undulations. Pines and evergreens appeared as the train climbed, the firs holding snow on their broad boughs, and the water of rivers and lakes was

slate-gray under heavy skies. When the forests closed in farms gave up to pure scenery, and off beyond the station at Brule I knew there were dude ranches, probably closed tight at this time of the year.

For a time the MacLeod River ran beside us, away from the direction of the train. (Why do Americans persist in bastardizing that good Scotch name by spelling it McCloud?) The water was so green that even the ice covering it in patches was green, too. I decided then that emerald water rushing along between snow-furred banks is more dramatically beautiful than it is in summer when the water and the foliage along the edges of the stream make no contrast, one for the other. But I missed the wild flowers—all the gailardias, vetches, everlasting, blue windflowers and goldenrod.

We passed a long freight train of open cars carrying logs slowly and strenuously. The expense of such a method of transporting lumber shocked me. That's what comes of a summer spent watching billions of logs being carried along the rivers of New Brunswick free of charge.

And then we turned into the valley of the beautiful Athabasca River, following it as it cut here and turned there through the wide floor of the mountain-hemmed pass. It was zero outside; ice floes raced with the swift current and snow and a driving wind came down like a curtain. I tried to remember whether or not I had seen a valley as wide and gracious farther south in the Canadian Rockies, but either I never had or twelve years had erased it from my memory. Fifty years, I knew, could hardly make me forget this one. There was no sign of habitation through miles of watching the river carry on its eternal way to the Arctic Sea.

By the time we reached the station at Jasper the snow had stopped and I walked up and down the platform, letting the sharp air find its way deep into my lungs as I admired the totem pole which had obviously been made for the purpose of delighting tenderfeet from the east. All the buildings of the town have been constructed of pink and tan native stone, and everything is compact and neat, as befits the headquarters

of the park. It wasn't difficult to imagine how it must be in the middle of summer, gay with voices of vacationers, cowboys, arrivals and departures and all the humming activity that goes on in a summer distributing point. I hope it wasn't overdecorated when the King and Queen stopped here on their transcontinental tour; they could have seen so much more of the real Canada if their vision hadn't been so constantly obscured by a superabundance of bunting and flags. Had they been as reluctant to be on with their duties elsewhere as I was when I had to get back on my train?

The peaks are higher here than they are in the parks to the south, tearing sharply at the sky with their ice-encrusted edges. Even in the summer they keep their covering of snow. As we continued along the course of the river I kept seeing it two ways—in the clear, evanescent November sunshine of the moment, and in the fruitfulness of July and August. Either way it was impressive. The sun warmed the long, dried grasses on the floor of the valley, not yet completely covered by snow, and cast elongated, mauve shadows of stiff pines and firs onto the steep sides of snowy slopes. At that moment, with the sun fighting to hold off the storm, I wouldn't have traded it for any ten days in summer—except, of course, if it *had* been summer I could have stayed awhile, instead of hurrying through in this manner, enclosed in the glass and steel shelter of a train.

The Columbia Icefield, a vast sea of glacial ice surrounded by 11,000-foot peaks, lies across the boundary between Banff and Jasper Parks. It covers 110 square miles and its melting waters reach the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Arctic oceans by way of the Saskatchewan, Columbia and Athabaska rivers. Until the new motor road between Banff and Jasper was built, taking nine years to construct, few tourists were able to see the icefield. Now this 150-mile highway climbs and winds through unrivaled grandeur, over deep gorges and beside innumerable glaciers

that comprise the icefield. Its northern terminus is the hospitable and spacious Jasper Park Lodge on the shore of Lac Beauvert, the farthest north of the luxurious railroad inns of Canada.

Years ago, so we're told, all this country that is now Jasper National Park was called "Glittering Mountains," a peculiarly apt name. Some mountains are mere bulges, old and tired like the Laurentians. These Rockies are upstarts when compared by age, as stalwart as a young athlete, invincible and exceedingly proud. Their peaks have yielded nothing to wind and ice and storm; they rise at critical angles, crowding each other closely, and their summits shine and seem to vibrate in the clear air. As winter winds sweep around them, the rock strata that form them can be seen like etched lines in horizontal layers under the snow, the layers tilted a bit, but piled one on top of another as they were heaved up by volcanoes.

Each peak has an individuality as it is outlined against the sky, and it seems important that each should have a name. But there are so many—as far as the eye can see in every direction—layer upon layer of them. No wonder many are still unclimbed and unnamed; that, too, differentiates this country from Switzerland. In the Alps there are a few distinguished peaks that everyone knows—the Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, the Dents du Midi rising in somber darkness behind the Castle of Chillon, the Jungfrau—but the rest of the lesser alps have been tamed nearly to their summits by farmers with the ability of goats to walk and plow on a slant. Here in these forest-padded valleys of the Canadian Rockies, moving slowly along in a train that takes its time as though to give ample views, it would be easy to believe one were seeing all this for the first time and that mankind had never been this way before.

An hour passes and another, and still the train is dwarfed by masses of cathedral-like walls of ice and snow tinted coral and damson in the late-afternoon light. Their summits reach beyond the clouds and their feet rest in pagan blue lakes. As

the train crawls through the Yellowhead Pass they close in and seem to meet overhead, and everything is seen through windows encrusted with ice crystals like captured snowflakes.

Slowly we pass and leave behind a succession of rainbow waterfalls, flashing sapphire lakes, jaunty racing rivers and meadows that will be filled with gay alpine flowers in the summer. It is like watching a colored travelog in a dark theater, because there is no personal contact and none of it has connection with one's individual personality. (But if this were a Fitzpatrick travelog one would have to listen to him saying "Amurica" repeatedly.) In the Pullman there is no sound except the grinding of wheels on tracks and the steady blow of air from the conditioning system.

Here and there it is possible to see large patches where forest fires have left dead trees like matches spilled from a box. Then suddenly it begins to snow again in the pass, like a gray cloud of descending smoke. For a moment it is a relief to rest the back of my neck from constant straining to see up and up and beyond. But another turn brings us out into sunshine again, and Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, appears ahead. We skirt around its base and finally it towers above, almost within arm's reach, its summit hiding delicately behind a partial cloud veil.

It is difficult to realize that the afternoon is nearly gone. Heedless rivers and lakes like dropped gems appear and disappear, holding the fading light when the rest of the valley has given up for the day. After leaving the station of Mount Robson we climb along a narrow ledge sliced from the face of a steep mountain—its name may be familiar to geographers but not to train passengers—and a wide, rushing amber river is far below, as though we were looking at it through the wrong end of a telescope. Is it still the Athabasca, or the Miette or the North Thompson? I don't want to lose it by taking time to look at a map. Above us rises a wall of hacked stone, up and up, so sheer it is impossible to see the peak that is up there scraping the sky.

Then we crawl down into a valley again, turn abruptly southwest, and the afternoon is suddenly over. Sunsets are

early this far north, and the round crimson disc seems to drop out of sight in the south instead of in the west where it belongs. At Blue River, between Jasper and Kamloops, it is black night at five o'clock. A bitter cold wind howls and flings blinding snow into the faces of men hauling trucks away from the train, more men testing air brakes on each car, and me shivering on the platform, wondering what it would be like to live in a place like this. The porter says fifteen feet of snow is usual here all through the winter, and winter starts early and ends plenty late. Somewhere in the dusk we have crossed the continental divide, and Alberta has been left behind.

Since darkness has blotted out the possibility of adding any more to my store of memories, I climb back into the train and think about these Canadian Rockies, as far as my mind is able to take them in. It seems years since noon, as though we had emerged through a vestibule of strange perceptions into another world.

During all these last exciting hours men have slept without once opening their eyes to catch even a fleeting glimpse of magnificence, and women have knit and chattered, as though whatever passed outside the windows was too big for their comfort, and so best ignored. Do they perhaps make this trip so often it has become matter-of-fact to them? Yet if they do, and they know these lakes and canyons and mountains with familiarity, how could they bear not to greet them fondly in their shining new mantle of fresh-fallen snow? They never look quite the same twice, any more than a human being does.

Perhaps the spectacular and the majestic may be all very well for those who can take them in heavy doses. To most of us, natural wonders don't stand the ordinary business of being lived with too easily, for they either dwarf the sense of ourselves which we prefer to retain, or they cause us to identify ourselves with their grandeur, and either way we lose a sense of proportion. Unless, of course, we have been brought up on spectacles, in which case they are small cause for incredulity. I've never known a cowboy or a rancher or an innkeeper in

these particular mountains who failed to retain a sense of wonder and awe; but then—it takes fine people to live that way and like it.

At the moment I was glad to settle back and think about the day, relieved of the emotions these mountains always bring forth in me. I remembered what Rupert Brooke had said when he first saw them, after his years in other parts of the world. Somehow they lacked the patina of human history he had felt so strongly in the Alps, echoes of the marching legions of Hannibal and Napoleon. "Of course, your Canadian Rockies are magnificent," he said. "But I'm afraid I miss the voices of the dead."

APPROACHES TO ALBERTA

RAILWAYS—Canadian Pacific and Canadian National Railways, as in the other prairie provinces. Canadian Pacific goes through Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, Calgary, Banff and Lake Louise, with a branch to Edmonton and connections with Minneapolis via the Soo Line.

Canadian National Railway goes through Edmonton and Jasper, making connections in Saskatchewan with United States lines.

HIGHWAYS—entrance to Alberta is via paved road through Shelby and Sweetgrass, Montana, or through Glacier National Park which becomes Waterton Lakes National Park in Alberta. A paved road runs from the border at this point through Calgary to Edmonton, or to Banff National Park and on by the new highway to Jasper National Park. A graded road only, runs into the Peace River Country from Edmonton.

AIRWAYS—Trans-Canada Air Lines stop at Lethbridge, with connections for Calgary and Edmonton. From Edmonton, air service is maintained to the Yukon Territory via Yukon Southern Air Transport; to the Mackenzie River Basin via Mackenzie Air Service, Ltd. And Canadian Airways Ltd., United Air Service Ltd., and the Peace River Airways fly to such remote points as Goldfields, Yellowknife, Port Radium, Coppermine, and Aklavik in the Northwest Territories.

WATERWAYS—River boats and steamers carry freight and passengers during the summer months along the trail of old Indian canoes. Four companies branch out over a wide territory to the following points:

From Waterways, on the Athabasca River at the end of a provincial-owned railway, to Lake Athabasca and Gold-fields.

From Fort Smith on the border of the Northwest Territories to Great Slave Lake, Yellowknife, Snowdrift and Fort Reliance.

From the town of Peace River north to Hudson's Hope upstream, and northeast to Vermilion Chutes, downstream.

From Fort Smith, with connections, via Slave River, Great Slave Lake and the Mackenzie River to Aklavik and the Arctic Ocean.

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My Discovery of the West, Stephen Leacock. Toronto: Thomas Allen, Ltd.; New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1937.

A good portion of this book is taken up with a discussion of Alberta's economic situation and how it came about, as well as Professor Leacock's solution for the difficulty. After all, he is an economist as well as a humorist.

Slava Bohu, J. F. C. Wright. New York: Farrar & Rinehart; Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, 1940.

This is the history of the Dukhobors and their trek to Canada. They stopped for awhile in Alberta and many of their number remained.

“Banff to Jasper—A Road Through the Clouds,” Leavitt F. Morris. *Christian Science Monitor* (Magazine Section), April 6, 1940.

Illustrated with color photographs which seem too good to be true, but actually understate their subject matter.

“Past, Present and Future of the Peace,” W. D. Albright. *Canadian Geographical Journal*, March, 1938.

This article was written by a man who has lived in the Peace River Country for twelve years, and believes in it.

Confessions of an Immigrant's Daughter, Laura Goodman Salversen. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1939.

Once in My Saddle, David Lamson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1940.

These last two are both autobiographical, well-flavored with early days in this province.

Building the Canadian West, James B. Hedges. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1939.

The material for this book was gathered by Professor Hedges from newspaper files and public documents. Throughout the course of its analytical appraisal of the methods used to further settlement and agricultural development in the prairie provinces a good many judgments are made, as well as comparison with settlement of the American west.

MORE INFORMATION

From Dan Campbell, Publicity Director, or Hon. E. C. Manning, Minister of Trade and Industry, Parliament Buildings, Edmonton, such informative booklets as the following may be obtained on request:

Alberta: a compact and illustrated invitation, setting forth the possibilities of fishing, big-game hunting, trail riding, golfing, swimming, climbing, skiing, and visiting such places as the Bad Lands, oil fields and principal cities of Alberta while on a visit in this province.

Facts About Alberta: this is a small handbook which gives the version of the men now in power as to Alberta's economic and political situation with regard to the rest of Canada. It also includes detailed data on the national parks; fishing regulations; rules for hunting game and fowl; lists of lake resorts, auto camps, bungalow camps, hotels and dude ranches within the province.

See Alberta First: a manual which includes information on possible canoe trips in Alberta, hotel and camp accommodation, bird sanctuaries, principal golf clubs in the province, ports of entry, Alberta mileage tables, road maps, and facts about natural resources and the principal cities of the province.

British Columbia





1. Liard River
2. Stikine River
3. Skeena River
4. Fraser River
5. North Thompson River
6. Peace River
7. Okanagan River
8. Columbia River
9. Vernon
10. Kamloops
11. Vancouver
12. Victoria
13. Vancouver Island
14. Straits of Georgia
15. Juan de Fuca Strait
16. Queen Charlotte Sound
17. Queen Charlotte Islands
18. Prince Rupert
19. Stewart
20. Fort Nelson
21. Banff National Park
22. Alaska
23. Prince George

X

BRITISH COLUMBIA

BRITISH COLUMBIA has all the attractions and all the handicaps of a young girl of surpassing beauty, great wealth and excellent background. As so often happens with its counterpart in life, it tends to be admired for the wrong things.

Instead of growing up through awkward, shy, lanky stages like so many other parts of Canada, this province has nearly always assumed an air of grace and cultured poise. Because it has been sought out by people from all over the world who have the means to hunt beauty in far places and the leisure to enjoy it, British Columbia has been spiritually independent of the rest of Canada and more often than not unaware of its duties and responsibilities. Instead of becoming a leader and one of the strong units in the Dominion, it is inclined to think of itself first as a citizen of the world, rather than a member of a family.

British Columbia can hardly be blamed for this attitude, which derives from something deeper than selfishness. The west coast of Canada had no part in the early struggles of British North America and so shares no common tradition with the rest of the country. For years its lines of communication made it closer to California and the Orient than to the St. Lawrence. And it never had to pioneer under the arduous and uncouth conditions experienced by early French Canadians, Loyalists and clansmen of the maritimes. By the time land was broken in British Columbia to any great extent, science had developed sufficiently to help new settlers, many of whom entered the province with a good stake in an English bank.

Unlike Ontario, which also inherited wealth, if not an equal amount of natural pulchritude and grace, British Columbia makes no attempt to dominate the other Canadian provinces nor force them to pay through the nose for its products. There is nothing either mean or small about this Pacific Coast province. Its loyalties are unequivocally bound to the British Empire, but the sympathetic liaison which it carries on with the Pacific Coast of the United States, by way of the sea and a long scenic highway, is also openly acknowledged.

If no other province in the country is more admired, none is so capable of taking the admiration for granted. Serene in the possession of a strong character, intelligence and versatility, British Columbia plays host to its visitors with the manners of a great lady, takes excellent care of its own servants, and ignores its less fortunate neighbors.

This, the third largest province in the Dominion, is greater in area by some 50,000 square miles than the combined states of California, Oregon and Washington. Its population is barely 694,000, or less than two persons to the square mile, and 75 per cent of that population is urban. British Columbia leads the Dominion in per capita wealth, per capita purchasing power and per capita production. It has the largest percentage of taxpayers in proportion to population of any Canadian province, and is credited with approximately 9 per cent of Canada's total wealth.

Some people say the Chinese were the first to discover the northwestern coast of North America. Maybe they were, but it was Sir Francis Drake who first left records of his travels in this direction. In an unsuccessful search for the northwest passage he sailed up from Chile, and with a grandiloquent gesture, before he turned around and went home again,

named the whole northern continent New Albion and claimed it in the name of England.

He was followed by a number of Spanish expeditions, and they too claimed the whole Pacific Coast and the land that lay beyond it. They even started a settlement at Nootka on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and left a lot of Spanish names for the things they discovered, like the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

But in 1778 the English explorer, Captain James Cook, landed at Nootka too, and he kept a detailed record of his findings. After his death in the Hawaiian Islands they were published, and England decided this was a land worth possessing. So Spain's right was disputed and she gave in fairly easily, and Captain George Vancouver was sent out around Cape Horn to take formal possession in the name of Great Britain, which he did in August 1792, when he, too, landed on Vancouver Island.

Nothing much was done about it after that until Alexander Mackenzie made his way into the territory now known as British Columbia on his epochal journey from coast to coast when the rivalry between his North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company was at its height. He was followed by two of his colleagues, Simon Fraser and David Thompson, each of whom left his Scotch name with a first-class river. And then John Jacob Astor got the young United States into it, too, by sending out some of his men in the hope of grabbing off a few pelts for his American company.

Before long all this territory from the loop of the Columbia River northward was dotted with trading posts. Furs had to be sent to market by way of Cape Horn or back over the Rockies, but they were worth the trouble. And then when the North West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company merged in 1821, the control of the entire Pacific slope passed into the hands of Hudson's Bay Company men, John Jacob Astor having previously been bought out by the North West Company. Fort George at the mouth of the Columbia River was established as the head trading post and ships came

yearly around Cape Horn to bring supplies and return to England loaded with furs.

But the posts established by Astor's Pacific Fur Company on the Columbia River had extended as far north as the Okanagan and Kamloops. So the United States decided to lay claim to all this territory. "Fifty-four-forty or fight" (specifying the present southern boundary of Alaska) made a good slogan for a presidential campaign, and on the strength of it Polk was elected.

In the meanwhile, to strengthen the British claim to the territory north of the Columbia River, Dr. John McLoughlin, a fur trader who had been born in Quebec and studied medicine at Edinburgh, was sent to establish a large farm and orchard, with imported herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, on the north bank of the Columbia River. He ruled the entire Pacific district for the Hudson's Bay Company, explored the Columbia River, controlled the Indians in a remarkable manner, and became revered for his kindness and hospitality to the settlers who arrived over the Oregon Trail from the United States. When the present boundary line between British Columbia and the United States was agreed upon in 1844 as a compromise, Dr. McLoughlin became an American citizen, though he is said to have lived to regret it and to have died an embittered old man.

After the Oregon crisis the British Government was afraid Americans would rush into Vancouver Island and absorb it in the same fashion, so the island was declared a Crown Colony and McLoughlin's young assistant, James Douglas, was named its governor. The Hudson's Bay Company, for whom he still worked, was left in command, receiving a profit of 10 per cent on natural resources of the island. A fort and trading post were established at Victoria, but it was difficult to persuade British gentlemen-farmers to settle on the island because it was accessible only by way of the tiresome voyage around South America.

Then suddenly one day in 1858 gold was found in the sand bars of the Fraser River on the mainland, and all kinds

of people began to pour in from everywhere, stopping at Victoria on their way to the famous Cariboo Trail. Settlements sprang up on the mainland, and Great Britain called this officially British Columbia and declared it another Crown Colony. Douglas was transferred and established as its governor and New Westminster at the mouth of the Fraser River was made its capital. So these two colonies functioned as separate entities until 1866.

When confederation was proposed by the provinces of eastern Canada, Vancouver Island had a difficult time making up her mind whether in future she wanted to belong to Canada or the United States. Finally a vote of the inhabitants was taken and Canada won by a small margin, and the two Pacific colonies were merged as one, with Victoria the seat of government.

But there were still more disputes and decisions to be settled, for confederation had been agreed upon by eastern Canada. British Columbia hung back because there was nothing obvious to be gained from such a union, since the only channel of communication with the east was by way of San Francisco and the Union Pacific Railroad, or Cape Horn. When the construction of a railway through the Rockies to link it with the east was promised in 1871, British Columbia gave up its intention of remaining aloof, and joined the confederation. In 1885 the promise was fulfilled when the first transcontinental train of the Canadian Pacific Railway reached a terminus on Burrard Inlet, several miles beyond New Westminster, the site of the new town of Vancouver.

From that day to this British Columbia has had two doors, but the one facing east has always been the back door. Those who come by either route, having once seen the beauties of the country and estimated its potentialities, seldom go away again, unless with a determination to return for good some later day.

British Columbia has a gift for making the rest of North America appear second-rate by comparison.

It has the greatest stand of timber in the British Empire, the second largest dry dock on the continent, the largest salmon caught in Canadian waters (so they say), the oldest golf course on the Pacific Coast, the mildest weather in Canada, and the largest smelter in the British Empire. It also has unsurpassed scenery, beautiful cities, a boundless future, and charming inhabitants who have a sense of themselves as citizens of the universe.

To wake up in British Columbia after traveling for four days by train across the continent gives one all the sensations of having arrived in a new world. It was gray dawn when I looked out the train windows in my berth. Since the car was air-conditioned, there was no way of knowing for certain what the temperature might be outside, yet there were dozens of unmistakable indications that the ten-below-zero blizzard we had come through in the night had been left well behind.

We were in the Fraser River valley now, an hour and a half out of Vancouver. Wood smoke spiraled straight into the air from cottage and farmhouse chimneys; flowers were blooming in doorways; hardwoods were still yellow and some were even green; underbrush in the woods had the look of mid-September in the middle west. Bright crimson berries of the rowan trees (mountain ash where I come from) hung in ripe clusters, and vegetables were still growing in kitchen gardens.

Over everything towered the great trees that distinguish British Columbia from every other section of the country. I had forgotten how wonderful they are: giant Douglas firs with their straight, deeply grooved trunks towering into the sky; hemlock, larch, Sitka spruce, and best of all, the western red cedar with its long, dark-green fronds hanging heavy and graceful in sweeping, lacy arcs. The size of these trees dwarfs everything man-made in their vicinity, and they are everywhere.

The Fraser River moved ponderously toward the sea, and

as we neared its mouth at New Westminster it grew wider and habitation along its banks pushed the forests back toward the white, jagged peaks beyond. Clouds moved about their base like drifting smoke, but the sky was wide and blue overhead. Fishermen's huts crowded the banks and the water was strewn with stray logs and refuse. Factories in New Westminster came into view and we crossed the new Patullo Bridge that carries the traffic of American cars on their way north.

People who had been train mates from Montreal began to say last-minute things, some looking forward to reaching home, others looking back to the distance they had covered. I thought how excited I should be if this were home-coming for me; it isn't every place that I can care for passionately on so little acquaintance.

"Aw, you've got to have web feet to live in this part of the country," said a disgruntled man from the prairies. Granted the sun had shone more often than not whenever I had been here, I still refused to believe that all the rain in the world could make this place drab.

A charming Scottish woman who had been away from home two months asked me to spend the evening with herself, her husband and her sons, if I were going to be alone in Vancouver and lonely. Previously she had told me how she and her Scottish-engineer husband had come over from the Old Country when they were both young, loved the country after his job was finished, and decided to stay. But her children, never having known anything else, took it for granted, and that disturbed her. She wanted them to have a strong feeling for the beauty and meaning of British Columbia and their privilege in living here. Perhaps, she said, when the war was over, and her sons had come back from flying for the Royal Air Force, they would see it differently and have a new vision of their heritage.

Though I was unable to accept her invitation, I shall never forget the quality of her voice and the spontaneous hospitality that included me in her first evening at home. Without mean-

ing to do so, she typifies the best in British Columbia to me. Recognizing that living isn't easy in this new world, she is nevertheless acutely aware of its loveliness, and though she and her kind are perhaps more consistently loyal to Great Britain than the people of any other part of Canada, they nonetheless feel no nostalgia for the British Isles, or even for the life they once knew there. It is a remarkable country that can do that to so many Englishmen and Scotsmen.

I could smell the sea when I stepped off the train in the Vancouver station, though it was well out of sight, for Vancouver is built on a peninsula that juts out between the mouth of the Fraser and a long inlet. The dry winds of the prairies and the sharp, stimulating air of the high altitudes were behind, and once more it seemed good to be on the edge of the continent, caressed by moisture-laden air. So much has living in seaports done for me since my years in Illinois.

As I followed the porter to a taxi, feeling a distinct sense of having done something remarkable in crossing such a country, I suddenly remembered something Hugh had told me once upon a time about how Canada happened to be called a dominion. It was at the time of confederation in the middle of the nineteenth century, or shortly afterward, that a name for this new unit of the British Empire was necessary. Heretofore it had been a group of separate territories and colonies, each bound to Great Britain but not to the others. In the days of which Kenneth Roberts writes, Nova Scotia (as he used the term) meant all the maritime provinces. Canada meant Quebec. When Ontario became a separate colony it was called Upper Canada and Quebec was then distinguished as Lower Canada. The prairies were part of the Northwest Territories and did not join the confederation until much later. *Canada* alone, as a name for this new political unit, was not good enough; it had for too long meant only one section of the whole.

Someone suggested they call it the Kingdom of Canada. That seemed the natural thing to do. But in deference to the

virile young republic to their south it was proposed they find a less contrary term than kingdom.

Then one of the founding fathers had an idea. Being a Bible reader as they all doubtless were, he remembered a verse in the Psalms which seemed to him appropriate: "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth." Dominion—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the St. Lawrence to the North Pole. The others agreed, and Dominion of Canada it has officially been called from that day.

As a result, the term *dominion* has achieved a political significance in the affairs of the British Empire. At the close of the war in 1919 Canada's Prime Minister, Sir Robert Borden, made it understood at the conference tables in London that the Dominion of Canada henceforth intended to be a sovereign state, loyal to the King, but otherwise self-governing and capable of declaring war or not as she chose, instead of being automatically at war whenever Great Britain was. The same status was asked and given to the Crown Colonies of Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa at the same time. (Newfoundland has since reverted to a Crown Colony, and Eire has since been given dominion status.) Since Canada was the senior colony, her name *Dominion* was applied to the others as well, to denote their new relationship to the Empire. Today they are tied legally to Great Britain only by virtue of their acknowledgment of allegiance to the King; emotionally they are held by a thousand indefinable threads.

The founding fathers of the Dominion of Canada surely thought also of the verses that precede and follow their chosen one in the Psalms: "The mountains shall bring peace to the people, and the little hills, by righteousness. . . . In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." You know how it goes on: "They that dwell in the wilderness shall bow before him; and his enemies shall lick the dust."

In 1885 Vancouver was little more than a group of shacks. Next year a fire wiped these out. By still another year the population was 2,000, three sawmills were built, and the first train had arrived. Today the population is well over 250,000; that of Greater Vancouver is 310,000. With one of the finest natural harbors in the world, it is the headquarters of some 850 industries, which include lumbering, salmon canning, mining, sugar refining and shipbuilding. In spite of the fact that its name is a good one, as names of cities go, I wish it had been called something else to distinguish it from Vancouver Island.

Vancouver is the sound of foreign tongues blending as a background for the strong, clipped accents of well-bred English voices; it is the sound of boat whistles and the churning backwash of ships leaving their docks; it is the sound of taxi horns and church bells and dance bands and trams; it is the sound of rain on roofs and umbrellas and pavements and felt hats. But nowhere is it a noisy city.

Vancouver is the smell of Harris tweeds, pipe smoke and Eau de Cologne; of spices and incense and strange foods cooking. It is the smell of evergreens and salt water and never-clean fishing boats and nets; of soap and expensive perfumes and magazine stands in large hotels. It is the smell of open markets filled with oversize fruits and vegetables, and gardens in bloom twelve months of the year. Over all it is the smell of rain on rich earth and city pavements.

Vancouver is the color of totem poles and street lights; of shop windows filled with luxury merchandise worthy of Fifth Avenue. It is the color of jade and cinnamon and teakwood in the oriental bazaars. It is the almost-black foliage of giant firs and cedars; the dazzling cleanliness of new buildings not yet begrimed with smoke; the clarity of rain-washed skies and snow-crowned mountains serving as a backdrop. It is the color of English complexions and lumberjacks' shirts and

Japanese hair; of fresh salmon and ripe apples and sawdust. Often it is the color of mist and wet trees and rain clouds.

Vancouver has its own taste, too, flavored with all the things of which it smells, from sun-ripened fruit to Chinese seasonings. The only thing it is difficult to tell about Vancouver is how it feels to the touch.

Sometime in our past, probably for reasons of sanitation, it became taboo to go around fingering things that are public or belong to someone else. Surreptitiously I could touch the damask on the tables in the beautiful dining room of the Vancouver Hotel, where bowls of bronze and gold chrysanthemums filled every possible space, but I could hardly feel the waxed surface of the blond wood panels in the lobby or admire with my fingers the totem-pole motifs that have been employed for decoration. I can't even admire a friend's new dress or suit by touching the material, which I like quite as much as its cut or color. It isn't done. But I *can* hold a frosted glass of coca-cola at the soda fountain and wonder why I didn't learn to be a sculptor.

Canadians think that Vancouver is a thoroughly American city. Americans think it is wonderfully Canadian. As a matter of fact, it combines the chic smartness of Michigan Boulevard and the setting of San Francisco with the Canadian sense of being next door to a wilderness yet nonetheless extremely modern and efficient. There is little history to give it an aroma of the past and no treasured landmarks to get in the way of progress, no old, cramped and crooked streets, and no ugly, uncomfortable dwellings built in a hurry for expediency and then never torn down. Vancouver has been planned with foresight and care, looking always to the future, since it is meant not to endure merely for the lifetime of its incumbents, but for children and generations to come.

In Shaughnessy Heights the homes are spacious mansions surrounded by broad gardens and lawns, not pushed from behind and crowded together like the homes of Halifax and Montreal and even Toronto. Suburbs of Vancouver have spread across the bay and climbed slopes of mountains for

better views. In a country where nature is on such a big scale it would be pretty silly if human beings didn't give each other breathing space and elbow room, too.

At the eastern tip of Halifax, Canada's most eastern seaport, lies wooded Point Pleasant Park. Nearly four thousand miles away, at the tip of the western extension of this other peninsula, is Vancouver's Stanley Park. Each faces out to sea, watching great ships sail by laden with the products of the country; each is the favorite retreat of people who have saved these parcels of land from the real-estate agent and turned them into public parks. Atlantic storms wash and pound at the base of the old trees in Point Pleasant Park, but Stanley Park stands high above the calm, blue water that nearly surrounds it, fine sandy beaches at its base.

For the most part, the thousand acres of this park have been left as nature made them, with dense stands of Douglas fir and red cedar. A paved road encircles the spur of land which the park covers and takes its way across the Lion's Gate Bridge to suburbs across the bay. Bridle paths and walks criss-cross under the giant trees, gardens are bright with snap-dragon in November, a band shell stands ready for musicians and eager audiences, and an English tea garden serves crumpets, marmalade and scones with afternoon tea. On the brow of Prospect Point, at the tip of the park, is a ship signal station, and far below the lookout move white liners bound for outposts of the Empire, freighters laden with lumber, fishing fleets like a swarm of mosquitos, bustling tugs, yachts and yawls and dinghys, and occasionally a slim, gray destroyer of His Majesty's Navy.

More than one-third of the population of British Columbia is in Vancouver. Its growing university is situated in spacious grounds at Point Grey; a Civic Art Gallery houses a permanent collection and supports a school which encourages new work; the public library, a Carnegie grant, has 104,000 volumes and provides a series of art lectures. Vancouver's park sys-

tem covers 2,430 acres with thirteen and a half miles of water front. Eight beaches and four ocean swimming pools are operated; ten bowling greens lighted for night play; 113 tennis courts, fourteen supervised children's playgrounds, three parks for track and field events, six parks with horse-shoe pitches and five with open checkerboards, one large municipal golf course of 6,270 yards supplemented by three putting greens, and in addition forty-two ball grounds and eight cricket grounds are open to the public.

Chief among Vancouver's troubles at the moment is the large Japanese colony within its borders, a problem which it shares with other Pacific Coast cities in the United States and which it is inclined to feel no one else in Canada understands. Long before the present war it was found necessary to limit oriental immigration, for in one five-year span the Japanese population increased sixteen per cent. In the early days of the west it was a different story, of course. Chinamen and Japs were encouraged to come over then because these hard-working little men were needed as cheap labor in the building of the railroads.

There are no more railroads to be built at the moment, but there are urgent war activities going on which cannot run the risk of being sabotaged or spied upon. In Vancouver alone the Japanese operate more than a hundred grocery stores, a hundred and fifty automobile salesrooms (which must be bad business now that no one can afford to buy a new car because of added war taxes), and they own any number of lodging houses, apartment houses, restaurants, barbershops, dress-making shops and fish stores. Japanese fishermen own fast speed boats, though the number of licenses allowed them has been strictly limited, and Japanese control the small-fruit farming of the Fraser River valley near Vancouver. Thousands are employed as domestic servants, and great numbers are also entering the professions. Wherever they go they attempt

to dominate the field, and whenever they do, the living standards within that industrial group deteriorate markedly.

When Japan joined the Axis Powers, though technically not herself at war with Great Britain, a near crisis in the tempers of Vancouver residents resulted. Should Japanese servants be dismissed, and so increase the burden of provincial relief? Or should they be retained because they had been faithful gardeners or cooks? Which course of action was least unpatriotic and most humane? One definite course of action has been taken by the provincial government: those natives of Japan who entered the country illegally are to be deported. Beyond that, no one knows quite what else to do.

There are groups of other nationals in British Columbia who have maintained their customs and traditions—have even been encouraged to do so—but none of them has yet proved troublesome in any way. A community of Finnish coal miners was allotted an entire island of 28,000 acres off Vancouver Island by the provincial government. Three hundred or so families were brought over, the land was improved, schools, roads and homes built on a co-operative basis, and they have prospered. Swedes have been drawn to British Columbia by the lumber industry. A colony of Norwegian fishermen has for some time lived on the fjord of Bella Coola. And in the Peace River section a colony of approximately five hundred Sudeten Germans has settled in the last two years. There were 153 families and 35 single men in this immigration, and few of them knew anything about agriculture, for they were artisans, accountants, cabinetmakers, factory hands and professional men. But in the short time they have been in this province they have cleared and seeded 2,600 acres of land. Though they have worked exceedingly hard, they are tremendously happy.

From north to south British Columbia measures approximately 700 miles, but its coast is so deeply indented with long, sinuous inlets that actual measurement would reveal some 7,000 miles of coast line. All

the great rivers flowing into the Pacific, with the exception of the Colorado, find their sources within its boundaries: the Columbia flows through this province for over 460 miles; the Fraser for 850 miles; the Skeena for 360 miles. The Thompson, the Kootenay, the Stikine and the Liard originate in the mountains of the province, as do the headwaters of the Peace River. With their numerous tributaries and branches, these rivers drain an area equal to about one-tenth of the North American continent.

The formation of the mountain ranges of British Columbia is one of its most singular features. They cut it lengthwise into vertical sections, making four distinct parallel trenches, through each of which a river or a narrow body of water runs from north to south. The eastern boundary of the province is formed by the Rocky Mountains; they continue on their northeastern course to Alaska. On the west, hugging the Pacific so close they often fall into it, are the mountains of the Coast Range, which also preserve a continuity into Alaska. Between these two ranges is the Columbia system, comprised of the Selkirk, the Monashee and the Cariboo Mountains, all running approximately north and south.

Through the first trench on the east, between the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk Mountains, runs the Kootenay River. In this valley there are large power plants, mines, smelters, and thriving towns. There are some farms, too, but it is principally noteworthy for its mineral output and its natural power.

The next trench is the Okanagan Valley, where the Okanagan River widens to form a long, vertical, worm-shaped lake. This is a moist and fertile valley, filled with productive orchards of apples, plums, apricots, peaches, pears and cherries. From a casual experiment made in this valley in 1867 a business has developed which in apples alone absorbed over six million boxes in 1938. The summers are hot in the Okan-

agan, compared with those of the coast, but this valley will always be loved by the people who live in it.

The third trench lies just east of the Coast Range. It is exceedingly dry, since the plateau which forms it rises to 3,500 feet, and this is a country of ranches and stock raising. Cattle ranches occupy the principal inhabited areas of the province in the section north of the vertical valleys, as well. The far northern part of the province is still almost entirely undeveloped.

But it is the fourth vertical trench which is topographically the most unique of them all, for a good portion of it is submerged under water, and from a map would seem to be outside the province entirely. It is what has come to be known as the Inside Passage. We are told that all the hundreds, or maybe thousands, of big and small islands that hug the coast of British Columbia—Vancouver Island and the Queen Charlotte Islands are the largest—were once the mountaintops of another range. At some faraway period the whole range slid sideways into the ocean until just the peaks, and sometimes a few plateaus in between, were above water. In time the peaks became covered with silt and vegetation and trees.

The result of this cataclysm is one of the most remarkable coasts in the world. British Columbia is indented by hundreds of gulf s, fjords that extend miles inland, protected bays and long, narrow inlets like canyons, bounded by towering, glacier-covered mountains and protected by the string of islands lying offshore which serve as a breakwater against the sea. Myriads of salmon, halibut and cod live in these protected waters, which are also visited regularly by shoals of herring and pilchard.

Nomadic Indians have always lived by the fish they took along this coast, and now British Columbia finds commercial fishing one of her greatest industries. Large canning plants are supported on the coast, and there is considerable trade as well in the shipment of fresh and frozen salmon. In fact, British Columbia is responsible for nearly one-half the annual marketed value of the Dominion's production of fish, in

normal times to the extent of \$23,000,000 a year. Halibut fishing here is still the most lucrative in the world; several hundred whales are taken each year for oil, meal and fertilizer; one of the largest cold storage plants in the world devoted exclusively to fish is located at Prince Rupert at the mouth of the Skeena River and the terminus of the Canadian National Railways; and pilchard—something like the California sardine—are put into fish-reduction plants, from which they emerge as feed for stock and poultry, and an oil that is used in Europe in the manufacturing of soaps and paints and sometimes in cooking.

Another aspect of British Columbia which makes it entirely different from eastern Canada is the size and kind of its trees. They attain tremendous heights and grow in dense stands which yield an average of 30,000 board feet—often much more—per acre. Individual trees of Douglas fir, western red cedar and Sitka spruce are usually from five to eight feet in diameter, and 150 to 200 feet high, though the fir is sometimes 250 feet in height. This makes a large proportion of lumber without knots. At present the lumber industry represents a capital investment, including standing timber, of \$350,000,000 and employs 40,000 workers under normal conditions.

One of the most fascinating operations in the world, even to those of us who know next to nothing about it, is a logging camp at work. Whether it is because the men are working outdoors, and so are husky, healthy specimens of mankind, or because the trees themselves are living things and their subjugation to commerce and the needs of the cities forms a series of dramatic incidents, I don't know. But British Columbia is the best place in the world to see how virgin forests are serving an Empire at war, and how Canada's third largest industry is handled.

To begin with, never under any circumstances must one

refer to these men as lumberjacks. They are loggers because they work in British Columbia. A lumberjack works on the Atlantic Coast. Similarly, out here they live in logging camps, each of which is a township of residences, business offices, recreation halls, telephone exchange, private railroad and shopping center. When a marked stand has been cut over—a process which sometimes takes several years—the whole camp is moved on to another place.

Loggers are paid well, but their lives are dangerous and exacting. They must be as skillful as a trained athlete, so their average age is twenty-five; after thirty their responses slow down, and if they remain in the work they take executive positions or work with the machinery.

The high-rigger is the man who has the most dangerous job of all. He prepares the spar tree—a living tree stripped of its limbs and foliage to which the machinery for collecting and loading the logs is moored. Fallers come next; they work in pairs and theirs is the job of making deep incisions with a saw from either side and then, after judging to within a few inches where the tree must fall, knocking out the remaining wedge with an ax. It is the faller who decides which trees are to be cut first and where he will throw a tree. On his skill depends the lives of many men.

Buckers saw the trees into lengths, usually of forty feet. The scaler measures the fallen trees and records their size. Sometimes the trees are felled with mechanical saws, but the buckers never use anything but handsaws, for theirs is the delicate operation of cutting logs without splitting them or damaging the timber. Buckers work in pairs, but each makes his cutting alone, sometimes cutting upwards, sometimes sideways, but always skillfully avoiding a flaw in the wood.

The logs are yarded, or gathered at the foot of the spar tree, from a radius of some three hundred yards. The process involves thousand-pound weights, chokers (long nooses to which the logs are attached), huge tongs suspended from loading jacks, guy ropes and a transporting vehicle. When fallen trees are heaped together on the ground, loggers move over

them by jumping or running along the trunks, and since the trees are often insecurely balanced, a touch of a foot may start one rolling and then others will crash out of position too, until the whole lot slides down a steep hill. Sometimes logs are stripped as they fall and their surface is left slippery enough to cause a logger to lose his footing if he isn't agile. Sometimes logs break away when they are being loaded and hurl themselves down a hill or crash into cables and trucks.

All these things make for a dangerous life; but excellent meals, good pay, fine companions and time for recreation make for a good one. In the old days, logging was done entirely in winter. Nowadays there are few months in the year when it isn't practical. During the summer when humidity is low, smoking among the loggers is forbidden and extreme precautions are taken against forest fires. In the interior, logs are rafted and towed to the mill; on the coast they are moved by tractors and railways.

Though the five-hundred-year-old trees of this province will probably never grow again, the government is taking care of reforestation. About half the forest land in the province is still inaccessible, even with modern methods of transportation and operation, but in the areas that have been cut trees grow again rapidly because of the heavy rainfall, and British Columbia will for many years to come be able to send lumber all over the world with profit, thanks to the Panama Canal.

Vancouver Island is 285 miles long, averages sixty miles in width and is approximately the size of Egypt. Unlike Egypt, which has a population of 16,325,000, Vancouver Island has only 125,000 inhabitants, who live mostly in the southern part. It is separated from the mainland of British Columbia by the Gulf of Georgia and dozens of small islands, and from the state of Washington by the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Its west coast on the Pacific is sharply indented by sounds and inlets; its interior is comprised of fertile coastal plains, valleys, and two mountain ranges

whose peaks rise as high as 7,000 feet. Its chief city, the capital of the province, is Victoria, situated on a sheltered harbor at the southern tip of the Island.

The sunshine was all-pervading the morning I left Vancouver for Victoria. Because it was the Friday before a holiday Monday and British traditions of week-ending remain strong out here, everyone in Vancouver was going to the Island and everyone from Victoria was coming to Vancouver for three days. It was so warm on the afterdeck of the *Princess Marguerite* I would have given my fur coat to the first person who wanted it. Yet Montreal was covered by a heavy fall of snow that day, and the thermometer had reached ten below in Calgary the previous night. Burrard Inlet and the white mountains that rose above it might look like Norway, but it felt far more like England in the autumn.

Half an hour before we were due to sail, the boat was crowded with all kinds of people: dignified Englishmen, and their wives who followed at a respectful distance; school children and their nursemaids; an infantry unit in battle dress being transferred to Esquimalt; two wives of officers, on their way to the same naval base; a dirty little Jap who walked about watching everyone while everyone in turn watched him; and salesmen, travelers and assorted Americans on their way to Seattle by the longest route.

The water-front smells were different from those I knew on the Atlantic. I tried to discover why. There was more raw lumber, less cod; more fruit in crates and boxes, more of the Orient and less of smoke and fogs. But there was the same smell of pitch and tar and bilge water, and there were the same tugs, barges, oil boats, freighters and fishermen's dories as there are in Halifax harbor. Except for the soldiers, it would have been difficult to believe this was part of a country at war. Log rafts crowded the piers and a police boat raced by sounding the same kind of siren as a police car on land. Farther down the bay I could see the funnels of several large steamships above the pierheads. Where had they come from

and where were they going—Singapore, Rangoon, Yokohama, Port Said?

Yards and yards of freight trains were strung out along the harbor, waiting to unload their cargoes into the holds of tramp ships and freighters. Wholesale buildings and warehouses crowded the water front here, as they do in all harbors, but these were not old enough to be crumbling-dirty yet. They merely looked efficient. Behind them towered white skyscrapers of the city—the new City Hall, tall office buildings and apartment blocks, the Vancouver Hotel, all white and shining clean and obviously intending to stay so.

Gulls sat watching us solemnly from the red-tiled roof of a near by wharf shed. They stood in a long row, seventy or eighty of them, one by one without an inch between them. Three or four wheeled out occasionally to see what was going on and then returned to their places. The rest remained unmoving, never taking their eyes from us.

Up on the top deck the soldiers began to sing songs and exchange rowdy jokes, relieved by their uniforms of any sense of personal responsibility for their actions. But these were only healthy youngsters and no one minded their good-natured rowdiness. It was helping them to escape from their own more solemn thoughts.

Everyone heard the unmistakable sound of an anchor chain coming up. Propeller screws turned, and then the deck began to vibrate. It was as exciting as though we were on our way across the ocean instead of a mere five-hour ride to Victoria. The husky, broad-shouldered boys in khaki began to sing again, and then one fine, clear voice rose above the rest and they left the song to him. Slowly the harbor began to move away from us, stepping back against the mountains until even the grain elevators became dwarfed by their background, their white shafts softened by great fir trees growing close beside them.

When the *Princess Marguerite* swung around in the stream and her bow began to break waves, all the gulls that had been watching us, as though at a signal, left their places on the

ridgepole and began to circle overhead, screaming and berating the cooks for their slowness in throwing out refuse. It was obvious they intended to follow us to Victoria and knew from long experience they would be fed only after we were underway.

One of the naval wives loaned her blond baby cocker spaniel to the soldiers and it engaged their interest for a long time. One lad held it inside his tunic when the wind blew up from the Gulf, treating it with infinite gentleness and affection. When he finally returned it to its owner he asked with a grin if she minded if her dog had caught a few red-headed fleas, and everyone within earshot allowed himself to be amused.

The funnels of the *Princess Marguerite* cleared the graceful span of the Lion's Gate Bridge and a man sitting next me on a bench informed whoever cared to listen that it was the largest single-span suspension bridge in the British Empire. Whenever figures are given that way I know it means there must be one larger in the United States. Someone challenged his statement and asked what about the bridge in Sydney, Australia. No, he said, only the Golden Gate Bridge in San Francisco could beat this one, but its central span was 1,550 feet long and the bridge itself, towering across the first narrows entrance to the main harbor, was 6,000 feet long.

I'd rather look at something beautiful than think about its figures, but my information continued to be enlarged by the statement that all big Pacific passenger liners calling at the port of Vancouver clear it, and more than a million people traveled across it in its first year of operation. So I had a vision of the white *Empress of Australia* sailing up this blue harbor that looks like a Norwegian fjord, towering mountain peaks encircling it, and the entire population of Vancouver from both sides of the inlet strung out along the bridge like the gulls on the red-tiled roof.

Stanley Park looked like a furry green animal asleep in the sun as we swung around its point. Hemlock and cedar marched down to the brink of the water on rocky promon-

tories, but none of this coast was anywhere bleak and hard and scoured like that of Nova Scotia. The farther away from Vancouver we moved the smaller the city looked and the taller the range of mountains standing so close behind it. I thought how a friend had once said she'd hate to live in Vancouver because it was so far from everything and once you were there, there was no other place to go. Yet within an hour of leaving this city its inhabitants could ride up into wildly beautiful canyons, sail out to sea, ski on mountain slopes, take the famous Marine Drive through lovely suburbs, visit farms or ranches or logging camps, or even fly to the United States.

As the slim prow of our ship threaded its way through islands in the Gulf of Georgia, rain began to pour down heavily, as though it would never stop. And then quite suddenly within an hour the sun broke through, as it so often does out here, and the whole world was completely enchanting again. Thin spirals of blue smoke could be seen along the wooded shores on either side of us, and sometimes a cottage with a red roof. Usually only the lazily rising smoke indicated the presence of a cannery, a logging camp, a farm or a small settlement, all probably burning sawdust the way everyone does, in stoves and heaters.

As we drew nearer Vancouver Island the resorts and small villages of the southern shore became distinct, and then Victoria harbor appeared from behind a headland. The soldier boys lined the rail and silently watched for a glimpse of Esquimalt and the new station where they were being sent. Were they going to like it or not? Not a sound from them. Late afternoon, rocks turning pink in the sunset, quietness everywhere except for signals from the engine room and the still unsatisfied gulls.

Then one soldier broke out, "Well, I may come from a cow town on the prairies, but at least it's in the middle of something. It's some place. This isn't anywhere. I want to go home."

That broke the strain of homesickness they were all shar-

ing, and his mates began to agree with him, to a man. Funny of me to have been thinking how fortunate they were to be sent here, and all the while they were hating the looks of it, the unfamiliarity of a port, with so much water and so many trees.

An English woman standing near them at the rail, obviously happy to be returning to her loved Vancouver Island, tried to tell them they'd like it eventually. But the soldier boys would have none of it; there was too much strangeness here altogether. They picked up their duffle bags in silence and marched off the boat.

Three harbors comprise the port of Victoria, the Outer Harbour, the Inner Harbour and the famous land-locked Esquimalt Harbour (pronounced with accent on the second syllable and a long "i"). The Outer Docks can berth any ship afloat and vessels can enter and leave under their own steam. It was the retention of Halifax and Esquimalt as naval bases by Great Britain after 1919 that made Canada's entry into this last war virtually certain. Had naval bases also been retained in Eire when she was given dominion status, the problem she has been able to pose in the defense of Great Britain would hardly have arisen.

Victoria has always been a seafaring town, but its importance as a marine center has fluctuated. Until shortly before 1914 a squadron of the British Navy was based at Esquimalt, but after it was removed to more vulnerable parts of the Empire, the sight of uniformed sailors was less frequent, and the Canadian Navy dwindled to almost nothing. Today these great dry docks are being used to build small craft for the British Navy, and cargo vessels as well. In time, major units of the fleet will doubtless be launched here.

Dominating the right-hand side of the Inner Harbour, where coastwise vessels dock, are the massive, Victorian, gray

stone Parliament Buildings, skirted by an impressive sweep of lawn. Almost equally imposing is the vine-covered Empress Hotel which fills another side of the harbor. Set in five acres of well-kept grounds, it is the first and the last thing travelers see of Victoria. At no time could one forget its presence, for the social events of the town center in its spacious rooms.

Deep-piled blue carpets cover the floors of the lobby, lounges, promenades and library. Arches, doorways and lintels are made of carved black walnut. Upholstery on chairs and sofas is plain blue or figured blue, and there are lots of carved acanthus leaves about, as well as pilasters and Corinthian columns and great crystal chandeliers. Tea is served every afternoon in the lounge that looks out over the harbor, just as it is aboard ship, with damask cloths covering small tables, and guests appearing for the first time in the day. Elderly, old-fashioned ladies with wrinkled skin and kindly eyes knit or look into space at nothing. Old gentlemen ask waiters if there's likelihood of a frost tonight, knowing the answer will be no. "Can't have our dahlias nipped, can we?" The gardens of the hotel are as much the pride of regular patrons as though they worked in the dirt with their own hands. Maybe some of them do when no one is looking.

There is chintz in the bedrooms of the hotel, of course—nice flower-sprigged English chintz. And downstairs there are endless oval, walnut-framed paintings of royalty: Edward VII, many of Queen Alexandra at all ages, several of Queen Mary in court costumes. Not quite so prominently displayed are the younger generation, George VI and Queen Elizabeth, looking uncomfortable in their adornment of crowns and ermine and royal purple. The dining room is hung solidly with paintings of the wives of Canada's succession of governors-general.

Whenever I left my room a maid went in and opened the windows, even though they had been open all night and for hours I had been trying to get the thermometer to register above 45 degrees. But the enormous fire that crackles on the enormous hearth in the lounge was ample compensation. Even

the enormous andirons in this fireplace are surmounted by nearly life-sized brass crowns.

Each evening after dinner a small orchestra sitting discreetly in a corner plays excerpts from Kern and Romberg. The whole atmosphere is like a London club, except that women and this innocuous music are in it, both of which the elderly gentlemen ignore as they read their papers with their backs half-turned to the room. The light is atrocious for reading, but the English never seem to mind this wherever they are. Patient wives knit bulky articles of khaki or gray or air-force blue and whatever conversation they make with each other is discreet in tone. I should have been bitterly disappointed if I hadn't seen any number of trailing lace dinner dresses of dark, unbecoming colors on these old ladies, worn with shoes of queer shape, and fur tippets around their necks. It's all so beautifully reminiscent of a London that no longer exists.

Victoria is full of "togggeries," chemist shops, and any number of English tearooms which all take the trouble to specify that theirs are "lady" cooks. I don't know whether this indicates a distaste on the part of the English for Chinese cooking, or whether these are impoverished gentlewomen who should be patronized. Orientals work in Victorian gardens and turbaned Hindus peddle wood, but the city is as British as a bulldog. Small boys in socks and gray-flannel shorts and school ties abound, as do girls in black stockings and school uniforms. There are more "public" schools on Vancouver Island—in the English sense of the term—than in any other part of Canada, and they all stress cricket playing and voices with broad "a's."

Like country towns of England, Victoria has dozens of little shops that specialize in English bone china, handmade woolens and Sheffield plate. It's a paradise for antique hunters, if their sole interest doesn't lie in early New Englandiana. There are a score of shops where one can pick up articles of fine furniture brought from England a generation or so ago, some art treasures, and certainly a print or an etching. There

are even bookstalls like miniature Foyles', where old gentlemen hunt by the hour for a valuable book, as a break in their morning strolls. Those who don't hunt books play golf on one of several fine courses that are in use practically every day of the year.

Chrysanthemum teas and rose teas and begonia teas are held on Saturday afternoons at the Empress Hotel, and occasionally on Saturday night a naval or military ball is scheduled. But Christmas is the big event of the year, when holly berries are red on their own shrubs in the hotel grounds, the Parliament Buildings glow like a dowdy matron, and within the hotel ancient ceremonies such as wassailing, bringing in the Yule Log, and boar's head for dinner are all observed.

When the war is over these retired Englishmen and their wives will be like people without a country, for the England they knew will never again be as they remember it, physically or spiritually. Their memories will not have changed with it, but it won't matter, for this English Victoria will never let them down. It has an air of permanence like nothing else in Canada.

When gold was discovered in British Columbia in 1858 there were only some 450 people living in the Hudson's Bay post of Fort Victoria. News from the rest of the world reached them occasionally by boat from California or less frequently from England. And then suddenly the place was swamped by miners and adventurers, for this was the only outfitting center in the vicinity of the Cariboo gold fields. Within a few weeks the population grew to 20,000, and when prices rose precipitously many of those who had come to hunt gold decided to stay in Victoria to open stores and shops. Since then this capital city has been successively a center of commerce, politics, the services, industry, retired Britishers and tourists—each leaving a mark. Today the population numbers 61,000.

When the English first began to come out here they found a climate that averages forty-two degrees in winter and sixty-one degrees in summer, with a rainfall of approximately twenty-seven inches a year. It was an excellent place to live on a smallish pension, but native shrubs and wild flowers were few, and the countryside looked quite unlike their beloved homeland. They began importing seeds and plants, first from their gardens in the Old Country, and finally from all over Europe. They discovered that practically anything would grow here and well repaid the care given it.

English ivy slips were brought over to form the high green hedge that now borders the walk from the street to the steps of the Parliament Buildings. A thousand British songbirds were imported, but none of them survived except the skylark; in Victoria, alone of the entire island and mainland of British Columbia, he has made his home. The English residents are proud of that; it fits in well with their accents, their imported oaks and the name of their city.

When some obscure new plant is brought in now by someone and it grows successfully, its establishment is important news to thousands of people, for there is no industry in Victoria to which so much time and thought is given as gardening. The head gardener at the Empress Hotel is an experimentalist. In the springtime—which begins shortly after Christmas—his gardens are filled with bulbs, rock plants, lilacs and English hawthorne, delicate anemones like washed sea shells, primroses, and Michaelmas daisies of a dozen shades. Later in the year his herbaceous borders are on display, and his rose gardens, delphiniums as blue as Pacific skies, tapering lupin, and peonies are the pride of the Island. He cultivates a whole range of sweet-smelling phlox, too, and pentstemons and humble pinks. Each season seems to be the best until the autumn, when his dahlias are a blaze of heavy, Wagnerian color, and his chrysanthemums have teas given in their honor.

Unlike the gardens of England, however, there are few hedges around the ones in Victoria. Neighbors exchange notes

and slips and seeds and the city shares generously its joy in this year-round activity. Ten years ago thousands and thousands of shrubs and blossoming trees were planted throughout the town in public parks and along parkways. Already they have transformed the face of the place, for in the spring there are miles of residential streets bursting with plum and cherry blossoms. In another generation the southern end of Vancouver Island will have an entirely different flora from its original meager specimens.

In 1908 one man, a Mr. Butchart, took an abandoned limestone quarry from which he had already made considerable money, and began to turn it into a series of gardens. He brought plants and seeds and trees from countries all over the globe—quite as other men amass paintings or jade figurines or albums of stamps—and his sixteen acres eventually became transformed into five distinct gardens—a Japanese, an English, an Italian, a rose and a sunken garden. Rock cliffs tower above them now, and silver spray glistens on leafy ferns and strange rock plants, from streams that fall over the face of the cliffs. Soft, plushlike turf leads from one section to another, and the flowers are masses of luxurious color. More than fourteen gardeners are constantly employed on the estate.

But I am sure Mr. and Mrs. Butchart enjoy their collection more than most hobby enthusiasts, for these gardens are left open to the public. There must be thousands of individuals who have strolled through the acres of profuse blooms, never misusing the generosity that allowed them here, and probably never forgetting the experience.

Victoria is often laughed at for its quiet habits and its leisurely manners. One of the reasons life moves at a slower tempo here than in the rest of Canada is its partial isolation as an island. Chiefly it must be due to the gardens. Gardeners are usually impervious to jests and they never hurry. Why should they? They know it's of little use. And Victoria is a city of gardeners now.

British Columbia is second only to Ontario in the value of its mineral production. Rich in gold, silver, lead, zinc, copper and coal, the province also has untapped iron resources. Nearly the entire Canadian production of lead, the greater portion of its zinc, and large amounts of silver are extracted from the ores in this province. One of the world's greatest metallurgical works for the production and refining of these metals is at Trail, on the Columbia River, and the Sullivan mine—principal ore source—is the greatest of its class in the British Empire. Extensive deposits of coal have recently been found in the Crowsnest Pass and other interior points, but coal has been mined for about a hundred years on Vancouver Island.

The known parts of this Island are really only isolated sections, as yet. In the near vicinity of Victoria there are lovely suburbs like Oak Bay and Fairfield. Sooke Harbour is a farming, fishing and lumbering settlement, and Saanich is a notable farming area, famous for its strawberries, truck gardens and dairies. Nearly all the Gulf islands lying between Vancouver Island and the mainland raise sheep, poultry, small fruits and truck.

Nanaimo, seventy-eight miles north of Victoria on the Gulf coast, is second to it in size, a coal-mining and herring-fisheries center. Duncan and Ladysmith lie between Nanaimo and Victoria, the former one of the oldest agricultural settlements on the Island and the latter a shipping point for coal. So they string out along the coast, one important for lumbering, the next for agriculture, the third for coal, their names indicative of the mixture of influences this island has known. The west coast supports little but fishing settlements and Indian villages.

One of the chief lures for tourists is the Forbidden Plateau, 147 miles north of Victoria by a good road. Four thousand feet high, a hundred miles square, hedged by a ridge of moun-

tains—some over 7,000 feet high and snow-crowned through all seasons—this plateau was taboo land to the native Indians. It has canyons, ice caves, roaring waterfalls, placid lakes and breath-taking views. In summer one can bathe in warm lakes and climb up to fields of perpetual snow on the same day. The motor road leads to the lodge, and from there guides are ready to take visitors to camps located at higher altitudes, where the scenery is said to be a riot of indescribable beauty. I've never seen it, but before long I'm going to find out whether or not somebody's exaggerating, with their stories of alpine meadows filled with edelweiss, gentians, ranunculi and rhododendrons, and snow that is red from some unknown form of plant life. Having seen the rest of this country, I'm afraid it is all quite true.

There was a vivid northern sunset over everything when I left Victoria for Seattle on the *Princess Joan*. It threw the Sooke Hills and the smokestacks of Esquimalt into dark relief, and colored the peaks of the Olympic Range and Mount Baker over in Washington, across the sound. The color changed imperceptibly, always richer and deeper, as we waited for sailing time, until it looked as though the heavens would burst into flame. Windows of the water front along the harbor were squares of orange and burning red, and the windows of the Empress Hotel were rows of color, too, all seeming to face out instead of in, like cats' eyes in strong light.

Gulls standing on the railing of the *Princess Helene* watched us go, but since we were not the right ship they didn't follow us; they knew theirs was scheduled to sail at midnight. But our own gulls were with us, all set for the crossing to Seattle—the only passengers not requiring identification for the Immigration Officers.

Salvage boats were tied up at the pier on the other side of us, and the pilings were darkly stained because it was low tide. A large advertisement for *Satin-glo Varnish* stood out in the face of the sunset; it seemed a good name for this hour of the evening in this particular place.

A tweedy voice behind me, reflecting no pleased frame of

mind, remarked to his companion, "You know, I can't understand it, I'm sure. They ought to serve *English* mustard at breakfast. I really must speak to the management when we return."

Ducks flew over us on their way south, unconcerned with the ways of men and ships. They weren't to be mistaken for gulls or terns; their wingbeat was so much quicker. The anchor chain came up and we moved out slowly into our own backwash, turning past Ogden Point, and then almost soundlessly sliding between green islands where pin points of light showed in the windows of homes and camps. Off our port bow lay the Juan de Fuca Islands, and somewhere between them and us, through the dark water, ran an imaginary line that divided the Dominion of Canada from the United States.

APPROACHES TO BRITISH COLUMBIA

SEAWAYS—From Seattle, twice daily, the "Princess" ships of Canadian Pacific Steamship Company call at Victoria and Vancouver. There is also direct service between Vancouver and Seattle daily.

RAILWAYS—Canadian Pacific Railway terminates at Vancouver. The main line of the Canadian National Railways forks at Red Pass Junction, B. C., providing terminal points at both Vancouver and Prince Rupert. See former chapters for United States connections.

From Seattle: the Northern Pacific Railroad runs to Vancouver. British Columbia can also be reached, with connections at Seattle, via the Great Northern, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the Union Pacific System.

HIGHWAYS—Roads run into the Kootenay, Columbia and Okanagan valleys from Montana and Washington, and an excellent highway connects Seattle and Vancouver. The Big Bend Highway between Golden and Revelstoke in the Rockies has opened a through route between Vancouver and the prairies.

AIRWAYS—Trans-Canada Air Lines connect Vancouver with all provinces to the east on a twice-daily schedule. Trans-Canada also runs twice daily in each direction between Seattle and Vancouver.

Canadian Airways Ltd. flies between Victoria and Vancouver daily.

United Air Lines fly between Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Vancouver, twice daily in each direction.

Yukon Southern Air Transport operates into the Yukon from Vancouver; Ginger Coote Airways flies between Vancouver and points on Vancouver Island.

A trans-Pacific air route that will connect Vancouver with Alaska, Siberia, Moscow and Shanghai is an expected development as soon as the war ends. Preparations for its operation are already under way.

WHAT TO BUY AND WHERE TO GET IT

British Woolens—David Spencer, Ltd.; Fred Holmes; George Straith, Ltd.; Saba Brothers in Vancouver. In Victoria, David Spencer, Ltd.; Scurrahs for women's wear; W. & J. Wilson; the Hudson's Bay Company; English Woolen Sport Shop.

Burberries—Edward Chapman, Ltd. in Vancouver and Fred Holmes. W. & J. Wilson in Victoria.

Hudson's Bay Point Blankets—at The Bay in both Vancouver and Victoria.

English China and Dinnerware—David Spencer, Ltd.; Hudson's Bay Company in both cities, and Tod & Manning in Vancouver. Period Arts Ltd. in Victoria.

Austin Cars—Thomas Plimley Ltd. in Victoria. Oxford Motors Ltd. in Vancouver.

English Gloves and Shoes—Wilson; Saba Brothers; William Cathcart Co., Ltd. in Vancouver; David Spencer and The Bay in Vancouver and Victoria.

Antiques, Old Silver, Glass, Old Prints, Copper and China—Catherine Marley; H. S. Bowler in Vancouver. Period Arts Ltd. in Victoria, and the Georgian Antique Shop.

Oriental Rugs—Jordans Ltd. in Vancouver.

Irish Linens and Laces—Dall's Ltd. in Vancouver; David Spencer in both cities. Irish Linen Store, Ltd. in Victoria.

Oriental Gifts—The Pagoda Shop; Mrs. Clark's Treasures; Helen Margo—all in Vancouver. The Oriental Bazaar in Victoria.

Handmade Native Crafts—The Folk Craft Shop in David Spencer, Ltd.; The Viking Shop; Hudson's Bay Company in both Vancouver and Victoria.

Imported Yarns, Needlepoint and Linens—Needle Craft Shoppe, Victoria.

English Candies—a shop called English Toffies on Yates Street in Victoria advertises itself as having the "most complete display of English candies in British Columbia," which means humbugs, rum-butter toffies, and all the other distinctly British sweets.

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I Like British Columbia, Gwen Cash. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1938.

The title tells the theme of the book. Specifically, Mrs. Cash likes the Okanagan Valley where she and her husband have owned and operated an apple orchard.

Alaska Challenge, Ruth and William Albee. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company, 1940.

Two young Americans find their way through northern British Columbia and on to Alaska by the back-door route, and this is the story of their journey.

The Romantic History of the Canadian Pacific (first published under the title *Steel of Empire*), John Murray Gibbon. New York: Tudor Publishing Company; Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1937.

An authentic history of the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, with photographs, steel engravings and anecdotes.

Three's A Crew, Kathrene Pinkerton. Carrick & Evans (Now J. B. Lippincott), 1940.

The family of "Wilderness Wife" take up their abode in a motorboat and spend seven years cruising up and down the coast of British Columbia. They know every fjord, inlet and rapids, and Mrs. Pinkerton chronicles their travels and adventures.

Away to the Canadian Rockies and British Columbia, Gordon Brinley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company; Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1938.

There is no deviation here from the pattern set in other

books by the same author. British Columbia is blurred and sketchy, after descriptions of a vacation in the national parks.

MORE INFORMATION

There are four excellent sources of information in British Columbia: Vancouver Tourist Bureau and the British Columbia Transport Company in Vancouver; Victoria and Island Publicity Bureau, and the British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Victoria. Among the spate of folders and booklets which these bureaus will send on request, I found the following particularly useful:

British Columbia-Canada: containing a history of the province and information on logging and lumbering, agriculture, mining, commercial fishing, manufacturing, water power and scenery. (From either of the Victoria Bureaus)

Two Glorious Weeks at Vancouver: beautifully illustrated, and filled with suggestions for vacationers in this lovely city. (From Vancouver Tourist Bureau)

Hunting and Fishing in British Columbia: which discusses the where and how of catching salmon and trout in the province; big-game hunting, with pictures of what you may expect to get; license fees; canoe trips; catch limits. (Official bulletin of the Government, Victoria)

Vancouver Island, Bulletin No. 14 (Land Series): giving condensed information on towns, history, land available for settlement, agricultural development, forest resources, mineral resources, fisheries, manufacturing opportunities. (British Columbia Government Travel Bureau, Victoria)

British Columbia, Canada: road map, mileages, outline of districts, photographs. (B. C. Government Travel Bureau)

Arctic Territories





1. Yukon Territory
2. District of Mackenzie
3. District of Keewatin
4. District of Franklin
5. Yukon River
6. Mackenzie River
7. Slave River
8. Great Slave Lake
9. Great Bear Lake
10. Coppermine River
11. Amundsen Gulf
12. Coronation Gulf
13. Banks Island
14. Victoria Island
15. King William Island
16. McClintock Channel
17. Prince of Wales Island
18. Boothia Peninsula
19. Melville Peninsula
20. Chesterfield Inlet
21. Ross Welcome
22. Southampton Island
23. Foxe Channel
24. Baffin Land
25. Hudson Bay
26. Hudson Strait
27. Ellesmere Island
28. North Devon Island
29. Bathurst Island
30. Melville Island

XI

ARCTIC TERRITORIES

THE world is full of a number of peculiar things, not the least of which are current misbeliefs about the Arctic. Reasons aren't difficult to find, of course: it's not on the beaten track to anywhere in particular; we learned in school it was all snow and Eskimos and seals, and most of us like snow best on ski slides, seals in the zoo and Eskimos not at all because we don't know any; the men who have explored it have been strong and—until recently—fairly silent, not given to bringing back pictures for a weekly magazine or inducing an enthusiasm in most of us for a repetition of their experiences.

Somewhere in my own background I managed to acquire an aversion to every aspect of the subject of this part of the world. I not only knew nothing about it, but I wanted to know nothing about it, and the picture of a smiling Eskimo standing in front of his little white house was repulsive to me. I must ask my maternal parent if she was ever frightened by a seal.

When this book was begun some eighteen months ago it seemed a simple enough matter to ignore the half of Canada that lies above the sixtieth parallel. Other people have written books on Canada and ignored what they didn't understand or couldn't see. It remains the only part of the Dominion I have never lived in or traveled through and there was little incentive to buy a parka and a dog sled and investigate for myself. Nobody thinks of it as being part of Canada, anyway; it has always seemed to belong to people who get restless at home and can't think of any place else to go.

But in compiling information about transportation in Can-

ada I came across an astonishing array of figures about air lines that make regular flights, day after day all through the year, in the general direction of up there. That costs money. How does it pay? Who rides in these planes and where are they going—and why?

Then the Australian schoolteacher who had been on exchange in Edmonton told me that the most exciting and satisfying part of her year in Canada had been a flying trip to Great Slave Lake. "I actually got to Yellowknife," she said, her eyes far away and glowing with the memory. In the face of her enthusiasm I couldn't bear to say where is Yellowknife and what difference does it make whether anyone goes there or not? Isn't it amazing how easy it is to close your mind to something you don't want to know about, even when it's all over the daily papers and sticking out of the magazines?

In tracking down books that have been written about various parts of Canada I came across an inordinate number about the Arctic, so many that I have listed in the bibliography only a few to be found on the shelves of lending libraries today. It occurred to me that I ought to look over a few of them to fill in a corner of my ignorance, but I shuddered at the prospect. Trackless wastes of snow and frozen prospectors lying about—ugh!

One book was enough. It managed to recreate a part of the world I hadn't known existed. It gave me new visions of form and color and sound, new perceptions of human behavior. It contained by implication the answer to the question that haunts those of us who have even a child's memory of the years following the last war: what will the highly keyed, restless young fliers and soldiers do when they come home to industry that can't absorb their energies and a way of life too dull to be endured until nerves have ceased to jump?

I continued to read everything I could find about the northland, and I discovered that everyone who has been there and come back to tell has felt the same way about it. Given the normal variations of temperament and age, they all curse it and love it, long to get out while they're in, but once out-

side, they can't wait to get back. An unlimited future lies waiting up there for men who have the vision and the nerve to mold it into shape.

It was only when I began to sketch maps of the component parts of Canada, however, that I came to realize the size and extent of the Arctic regions. Maps with which I had been familiar had let great blobs of land drift off the top of the page into nothing. Yet when the entire known area of the North American continent is fully represented, from the north pole to the Panama Canal, the Arctic makes the United States look like a minor section of the whole.

So with my new store of information, which still remains fairly haphazard and sketchy, I have acquired a longing to go and see for myself. Pictures of great mountain ranges and Arctic wild flowers and wonderful rivers, used by aviators as road maps are by motorists, are only tantalizing. I know how inadequate photographs are to represent the parts of Canada with which I am already familiar. The more I read and look at maps and hear what is going on up there, the more I am determined to start north at the first opportunity. Hugh doesn't see why as yet; he'd rather visit a jungle, if it weren't for the snakes. But everyone has seen a jungle or two. If we don't start north soon we'll be at the end of the line, for when this war is over there is going to be a rush to Canada's Northwest Territories like the opening of the west in the United States after the Civil War.

Until we do get there, I can set down only what I have learned from government archives and tomes, and from the records of those who have been pioneers in the world of tomorrow.

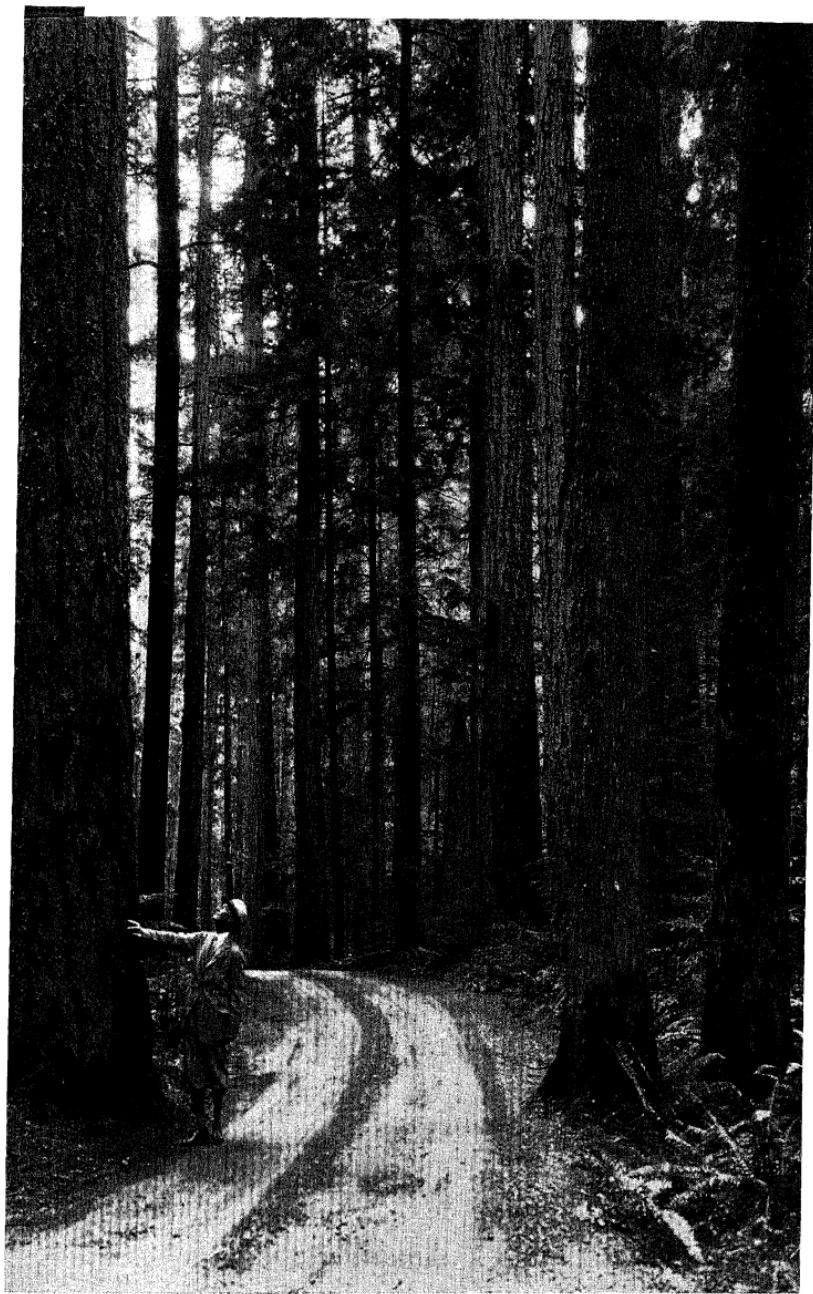
Canada's northland is divided into the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. Together they are nearly as large as India or Mongolia. The Yukon Territory has an area of 207,076 square miles, lying in the triangle between Alaska, British Columbia and the watershed of the Mackenzie River. The Northwest

Territories cover an area of 1,309,682 square miles, which includes the rest of the mainland of Canada north of the provinces (with the exception of Labrador which belongs to Newfoundland), and all the Arctic islands.

Nobody pays much attention to the Yukon any more. It's a has-been for drama. We remember it for long lines of gold-hungry men who climbed single file over snowy mountain passes to search for their bonanza, preyed upon by adventurers and thieves, amused in their exile from civilization by the women in Service's poems and Jack London's novels. We recall that it was the scarlet-coated Mounties who maintained order on the Canadian side of the passes and remained after the boom was over and disappointed men had returned to the south, to establish government in the territory. Even the names that were once tags of romance and daring adventure—Whitehorse, Dawson, the Klondike, Chilkoot Pass, Skagway, Yukon itself—are old hat now and conducive to boredom.

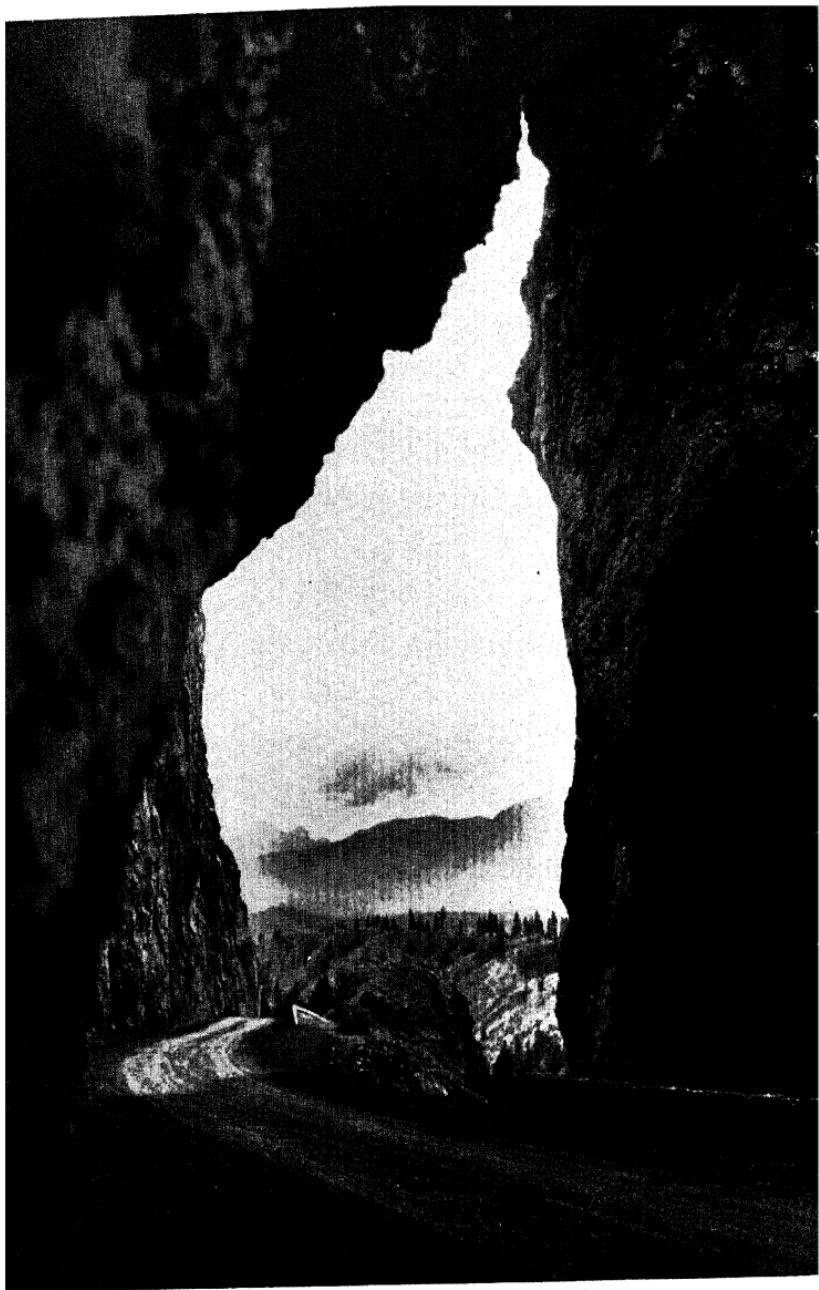
Gold is still being mined in the Yukon, and so are silver, copper, lead and bituminous coal, but nobody cares any more. Shortly before the beginning of the century the white population in the territory was more than 30,000. Today it is less than 5,000. Roaring mining camps have become well-ordered villages; a railroad connects Skagway, at the head of tide-water in Alaska, with Whitehorse on the Yukon River; modern river boats like those on the Mississippi continue from there to Dawson during the summer months, connecting with lesser steamboats for the mining areas around Mayo. During the summer, palatial steamers bring tourists by way of the Inside Passage. If they have come to see what remains of the fabulous folklore of '98, they return with a new understanding of life in the modern north.

There are tremendous mountains in the Yukon, an extension of the Rocky Mountain system. Their peaks reach nearly 20,000 feet, the highest being Mount Logan. In the northern

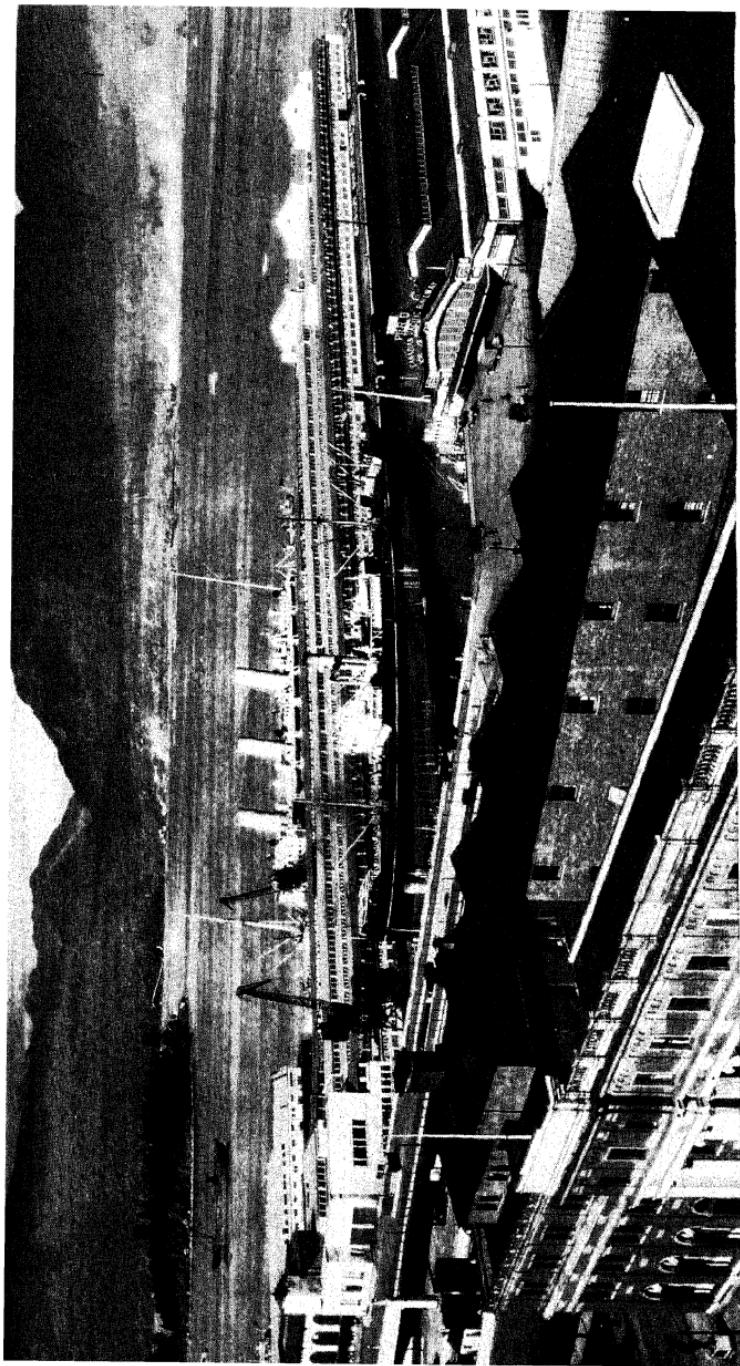


Bureau of Provincial Information, Victoria, B. C.

Cathedral Grove, Northeast End of Cameron Lake, British Columbia . . . a gift for
making the rest of North America appear second-rate by comparison . . .



Sinclair Canyon, Kootenay National Park, British Columbia . . . *all the sensations
of having arrived in a new world . . .*



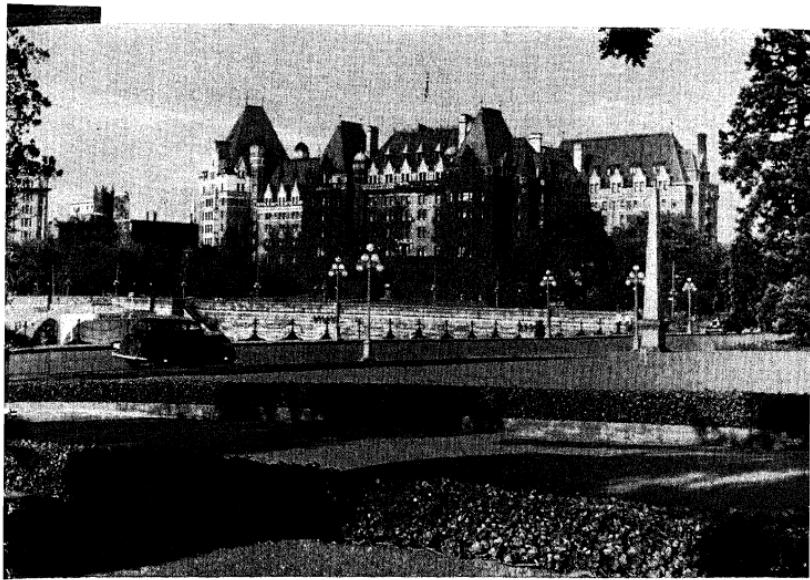
Canadian Pacific Railway

Vancouver, British Columbia. . . . Burrard Inlet . . . might look like Norway, but it felt more like England in the autumn . . .



Gus A. Maves, Victoria, B. C.

Famous salmon fishing waters of Finlayson Arm, British Columbia . . . indented by
hundreds of fjords that extend miles inland . . .



Canadian Pacific Railway

Inner Harbour, Victoria, British Columbia . . . almost equally imposing is the vine-covered Empress Hotel . . .

Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, British Columbia . . . there is no industry to which so much time and thought is given as gardening . . .

Canadian National Railways





*Department of Mines and Resources,
Bureau N. W. T. and Yukon Affairs*

Caribou Herd, Barren Lands, N. W. T. . . . each summer the females go north to the Arctic islands to have their young . . .

Approaching Craig Harbour, Eastern Arctic, N. W. T. . . . sparkling blue sea-water and double rations of sunshine in summer . . .

*Department of Mines and Resources,
Bureau N. W. T. and Yukon Affairs*



part of the territory there is little to induce habitation and there are no roads through the mountains to the Mackenzie lowland, since this part of the country is only partially explored. But the settled part of the territory has stretches of rolling country and wide flats in the river valleys, where oats, barley, rye, flax and garden vegetables grow in abundance.

Though the winters are long in the Yukon, they are not too severe, for they are dry and practically free of wind. Moreover, the land is seldom buried under more than two or three feet of snow. (Montreal averages somewhere between five and six feet.) And from June to October the days lengthen to twenty hours of sunlight, which bring a profusion of wild flowers and visitors. Some even arrive by the back way, now, over the mountains in a plane.

The Yukon has grown up. It is governed by a Controller, appointed by the Governor-General, and a council of three members elected by the people. It is also represented in the Dominion Parliament by an elected member in the House of Commons. For the present it rests on its past laurels and its steady output of gold, while it watches the way a modern boom proceeds in another part of Canada's northland. For the first time on this continent the tide of history moves in another direction, this time from west to east.

For purposes of administration the Northwest Territories are divided into three districts: Mackenzie, which includes that portion of the mainland lying north of Saskatchewan and Alberta and east of the Yukon; Keewatin, which is the rest of the mainland, excluding Boothia and Melville peninsulas, plus the islands in Hudson and James bays; Franklin, which takes in these two peninsulas and all the islands in the Arctic archipelago and Hudson Strait.

Ten years ago, at the time of the last Dominion census, the population of the Northwest Territories included some four thousand Indians, forty-five hundred Eskimos, and only a

thousand white inhabitants—this in an area five times the size of Texas. Today there are a few less Indians, a few more Eskimos, and about three thousand white men. Not so long ago it took weeks by train, steamboat, portage and canoe to reach the mouth of the Mackenzie River on the Arctic Ocean. Today it takes little more than a day from Edmonton by air. Though it has been known for a generation or so that the great plain drained by the Slave-Mackenzie River system, which includes two huge inland lakes, was rich in minerals, only within the past few years has it been proved feasible to bring them out. Much of the hidden wealth still waits for the day when air-express is far less expensive than it is now and mining can thus be made to pay.

Nevertheless, this undisputed terrain of trappers and traders has been invaded, and those who have pioneered in the opening of a country by air have come to stay. Railroads will probably never be built into it and certainly motor roads are useless. Canals to avoid portages here and there will facilitate steamboat travel along some two thousand miles of waterways, but this is a country that will always be known and recognized as it appears from the air.

It is difficult to tell what it is like in detail. A fact of today is as dead as last year's campaign speeches tomorrow. Even the people who have lived here since before recorded history are changing fast. The only certainty about it seems to be that it is hardly likely to be forgotten for a good many years to come. The information which I have collected about it is spotty and impersonal, yet as the isolated bits are put together like a puzzle, a pattern and a picture emerge. Some of them could have been deduced from long-known facts; others seem amazing and hardly credible. Until they are supplemented by personal experience it is difficult to judge where emphasis should be placed. Starting with topography, they line up something like this:

Land-formation in the Northwest Territories is of two kinds, known as the Barren Lands and the Mackenzie Lowland. Barren lands is a misnomer, for though they are prairies

and treeless plains, they are covered with moss and exotically colored wild flowers, and even the earth itself is tinted with the variety of minerals that flow through it. This part of the Territories is an extension of the Laurentian shield, and it comprises a major portion of the total area, running approximately from Churchill on Hudson Bay diagonally to the delta of the Mackenzie. Like the rest of the shield, it is rocky and irregular, never rising higher than a few hundred feet, and it is pockmarked by hundreds of thousands of small lakes and muskegs drained by small rivers. From the air it looks like a tablecloth that has just been well-sprinkled prior to being ironed.

The Mackenzie Lowland is thickly forested with white spruce and jack pine of no great height, thinning out toward the Arctic Ocean. It slopes gradually toward the northwest, following the course of the river, and is bounded on the west by the Mackenzie Mountains, rising as high as eight thousand feet in places. White men have established their most northerly permanent settlements in this valley, and it is today all but dizzy with the zoom of air traffic and the prodings of men in their search for wealth.

If the Mackenzie River system drained into any other body of water than the Arctic Ocean it would certainly be one of the best-known rivers in the world, thickly populated along its banks. Also, if early explorers had realized the continuity of the system they would have called rivers by one name instead of several, such as the Peace and the Slave, and then it would be known as one of the longest rivers in the world. From Waterways in Alberta, at the end of the railroad, one can travel by comfortable steamer nearly two thousand miles to Aklavik on the Mackenzie delta, making in the journey only one portage of eight miles by motor.

Settlements along the river follow a uniform pattern. All of them have a trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, painted white with a red roof. Most of them have a detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, with fenced-in barracks and a tidy front yard. All have a post office, wireless

station, mission and school, and some even have hospitals. In the summer, Indians camp in the vicinity of each settlement; in the winter they come in with furs to trade. Garden produce is grown in the extended daylight of the summer months and supplies are brought in by boat and by air. Their names are old and well known to fur traders: Fort MacMurray, Chipewyan, Fitzgerald; Fort Smith on the sixtieth parallel, Resolution on Great Slave Lake; Hay River, Providence, Simpson, Wrigley and Norman; finally Good Hope, Arctic Red River, and at last Aklavik, nearly lost in the maze of the delta, sixty-nine miles from the sea.

A visitor to the Arctic discovers almost at once that he has come from "outside" and that he has been journeying down north. There is a sharp distinction, in the minds of those who are "in," between themselves and the rest of the world "outside," a distinction which carries with it a marked feeling of superiority. Of course everyone inside wants to go out occasionally to have a look around and see what's going on, but one encounters individuals who have stayed in so long they prefer it to a return to so-called civilization, and they are known as "bushed." Hugh says that civilization is neither knowledge nor accomplishments, but a point of view. He wasn't thinking about the north country when he formulated the definition, but it seems to fit.

The weather of the Arctic is one of its least-understood aspects, due probably to the fact that trackless wastes of snow are more dramatic than mosquitoes and make better pictures. Instead of being a land of perpetual ice and polar bears, it varies with the seasons and it also varies from east to west. The summers are longer and warmer in the Mackenzie lowland than they are in the east; for three months night is no more than a few hours of twilight, and north of the Arctic Circle the midnight sun sits red and misty on the edge of the horizon before it starts back across the sky. The temperature is often as high as eighty-five degrees on summer days in the Mackenzie Valley, and seldom lower than fifty below in winter, though the average is more moderate.

Flowers and birds are abundant through the summer months, some of them familiar to southern climates, others distinct to the region. Mosquitoes and black flies, and pests the rest of us know nothing about, are likewise abundant and give credence to the report that most inhabitants of the north prefer the winter months to the summer. Instead of being a world of unbroken silences, it is in actuality seldom still. Even in the dead of below-zero winter there is the noise of winds and cracking ice and howling dogs; and even the smallest sound carries like a pistol shot in the cold. Likewise, radio reception is nearly perfect, causing Berlin, London and Moscow to seem closer than Montreal and New York. Wireless operators carry on endless conversations with each other, with airplane pilots, and with other amateurs all over the world.

Color is rampant in the Arctic. Air pilots talk about the bright patches of flowers like spattered paint among the rocks and moss in the summer, easily discernible from the heights at which they fly. The lakes are vivid smears of blue and green, sometimes edged with pink sandy beaches, often hemmed by cliffs streaked with copper, silver, cobalt and a dozen other ores. And in winter there is a red sun to tint the reaches of snow with orange, and when nights are longest, the northern lights. Eskimos are superstitious about the aurora borealis and even white men find themselves awed by this weird, brilliant display, as unheralded pageants of shifting tones are thrown across the curtain of sky. They must be like an exhibition of the color organ at a world's fair, on a tremendously magnified scale. Only there is no man behind the pedals, and when they will come and how long they will last can never be told.

Indians in the Arctic are a sorry lot of human beings. They are hungry, shiftless, ignorant and diseased. Over half their population is said to have died in the nineteenth century, and they still fall prey to epidemics that carry off whole tribes like so many flies. Before fur traders brought whisky to them in exchange for pelts they are said to have been strong and

self-supporting, but those in evidence today are nearly the worst specimens left of their race. They live chiefly in the timberlands, coming to the white settlements to trade or beg.

Great Bear Lake, 11,600 square miles in area, is the largest body of fresh water lying entirely in Canada. It is deep and transparently green and it never warms, even in the middle of summer, for no large rivers flow into it. Its outlet is by way of Great Bear River, which flows into the Mackenzie River at Norman. It is surrounded by high cliffs, colored with the ores for which they have become famous, and on its eastern shore are two settlements—Port Radium, and Eldorado at Point La Bine. No one has yet told the story of the finding of pitchblende on the shore of this lake, and the subsequent events which have made Canada the world's greatest producer of radium, better than Edgar Laytha in *North Again for Gold*. For drama, suspense and human interest it tops anything in current fiction. Millions and millions of dollars have gone into these mines; more millions of dollars' worth of radium have come out. Because of them, the international price of radium has dropped from \$70,000 a gram to \$25,000 a gram, and the world's store is being increased by a little over a hundred grams a year.

Great Slave Lake is 240 miles south of Great Bear Lake and is nearly as large. Its shores are lower and in some places marshy. For many years it has been known to be surrounded with rich lodes of gold ore, but until La Bine proved that mining in this country would pay if air transport were used to bring out the ore, little was done to work claims that had been staked. In 1938, however, the first brick of gold from the Territories was poured at Yellowknife, a settlement which has sprung up on the north shore of the lake at Yellowknife Bay, and a modern boom which promises to dwarf all that have gone before is under way. Half a million dollars was paid for one staked claim before a pick or a shovel had been put to it. Now Edmonton is in a whirl of trying to provide for the influx of prospectors who outfit in its shops, fly off from its

airport by way of one of the half-dozen rapidly expanding air lines, and eventually return to spend their money.

Yellowknife, like the rest of the north, has only three or four months in the year when it is cut off from the world. From December to the middle of April planes travel with skis attached and land on lakes and frozen rivers; from June until the middle of October they use pontoons. Only during the weeks of freeze-up when not even dog sleds can travel on the newly formed ice, and the weeks of breakup in the spring when great ice blocks heave and crash on their way out, is flying into and out of this country impossible.

Women are in command at *Yellowknife* now, according to *Laytha*, doing innumerable jobs women have never thought of undertaking before, because the men have gone to war. But the men will come back, and when they do, the tents and shacks and log cabins of *Yellowknife* will be transformed into homes and solid buildings meant to endure, for white men have found the north and this time they intend to stay.

Canada's eastern Arctic, as a term, is generally applied to that portion of the Northwest Territories which is most readily reached by water from ports on the eastern seaboard. It includes the District of Franklin and the eastern part of Keewatin District lying along the west shore of Hudson Bay. Access to these coasts is still chiefly by steamship from Montreal and Halifax.

Though the eastern Arctic was the first part of the north-land to be visited by white men, it is the last to be developed. Only its coastal areas are known as yet. For the most part the land rises abruptly from the sea, in some places to a height of five and six thousand feet, and the shore line is deeply indented by bays and inlets. Baffin Land is the largest island of the archipelago, covering more territory than Spain. Ellesmere Island is nearly as large as England and Scotland combined. Devon Island covers more ground than Estonia, and

all of them, big and little together (but not including Victoria and Banks islands), are more than twice as large as France in square miles of land surface.

Such permanent settlements as there are on the mainland and the eastern shore of Baffin Land are situated in sheltered bays and inlets, but commodities and conveniences are extremely limited since all supplies are brought in once a year by ship, and the personnel of these outposts changes constantly. Winter lasts for eight months in this region, but the summers are said to be delightful—clear, calm days of twenty-four hours each when the temperature climbs to sixty and seventy degrees and maintains an average of forty to fifty degrees over the whole archipelago during July and August. Due to a comparatively warm current which flows up Davis Strait, the winters are less severe than they are west of Hudson Bay and in the western Arctic, but there are no months of the year without some frost.

From the time of the Elizabethan explorers certain facts have been established about this section of the world. When it was finally agreed that there was no direct water route across the North American continent that would give passage to the Orient, it became rumored that there was a northwest passage, and through efforts of endless expeditions which set out in search of it many of the still unknown sections of the North American continent were discovered and opened to settlement. Nothing else seems so to have stirred the imaginations of men through the centuries.

When it was established that such a passage, even if found, could be of no commercial use, the search for it continued on scientific grounds. Through the years many men tried and failed, and some of the best died in the attempt. Eventually it was known that the passage existed among these arctic islands, as men probed it first from the east and then from the west. During months when it was icebound it had even been traversed by dog sledge, but no man had ever sailed through it when Roald Amundsen of Norway decided to try.

His entire life and training had been planned carefully

with this one object in view. He had studied, and shipped with other explorers, and returned to Norway to study some more. And finally he sailed his forty-seven-ton fishing smack, the *Gjoa*, out of Oslo harbor in June, 1903. By August he had reached the west coast of Boothia Peninsula and the site of the North Magnetic Pole, and then he headed into the strait that separates Boothia Peninsula from King William Land. Though his way had already been charted, it remained for him to be the first man to navigate the strait successfully from east to west, a section of the northwest passage through which no ship had ever before sailed.

The *Gjoa* ran into shoals and for a time it seemed as though Amundsen, too, was doomed to failure. But clever seamanship eventually enabled them to leave the shoals behind and they wintered in a sheltered harbor on the southeast coast of King William Land, about ninety miles from the Magnetic Pole.

Then for nineteen months Amundsen carried on careful experiments and observations, making the overland trip to the site of the Pole and back again, until he was satisfied that his discoveries were accurate. In all this time the world heard nothing of the expedition and had no idea whether the party was still alive or dead.

In the spring of 1905 preparations were made for a continuation of the voyage through the northwest passage as soon as conditions of the ice made it possible, but it was not until August of that year that the *Gjoa* moved westward again, still battling shoals and floes of ice. At last she found her way through hundreds of small islands to Dease Strait, south of Victoria Island, into Coronation Gulf, and from that point on she was tracing a route already explored from the west.

One more winter had to be spent beyond the delta of the Mackenzie River on the Yukon Coast, and then in July, 1906 the *Gjoa* started on the last stage of her voyage, passed along the coast of Alaska, and emerged through Bering Strait to the Pacific Ocean. The world knew that the northwest pas-

sage had at last been traversed through its full length by one ship, and the search of the centuries had ended.

Eskimos are the natives of these polar regions, but they live chiefly along the coasts, eating sea mammals and going inland only periodically to hunt for food. Though they are scattered over an immense territory, and differ somewhat in appearance from east to west, they all speak dialects of the same language and use the same symbols for written communication. From Siberia to Greenland there are probably no more than 38,000 Eskimos in all, 37,000 of whom are in North America, including 14,000 in Alaska, 5,500 in Canada, 2,500 in Labrador and 15,000 in Greenland.

One of the most frequent mistakes made in our limited understanding of the Eskimos is a failure to realize that in language, physique and culture they are entirely distinct from the North American Indians. Far from being either savages or fools, they are wise, kindly, intelligent, happy, clever people, who have their own code of behavior, dignity and self-respect, and a craftsmanship of great skill. They are nomads by necessity, but their sense of family is strong and unique, and their lives are governed by laws which have come down to them from their ancestors.

Predominantly their two great commandments are "thou shalt not steal" and "thou shalt not kill," but other pertinent laws by which they live have been listed by Philip H. Godsell:

1. After sunset no man shall do any work requiring the use of tools. The women may sew, make garments or chew boots (to soften them).
2. No one shall eat sea food and land food on the same day.
3. The carcasses of all large animals killed during the winter shall be equally divided among all members of the community.
4. All kinds of rare game are common property at all times.

5. Any kind of goods found still remains the property of the original owner.
6. Any person finding a piece of driftwood (a valuable article in Eskimo eyes) can secure ownership by placing his mitten under a stone upon it.
7. If a seal is harpooned and gets away with the weapon the first harpooner loses all claim to it.
8. Whoever is first to see a polar bear has first ownership, regardless of who kills it.
9. After killing a bear, the man who does so must hang up his hunting implements with the bladder of the beast in some conspicuous place for at least three days, and for four days must be separated from his wife.
10. When a walrus is killed the hunter must separate himself from his wife for one day at least.
11. If two hunters shoot at a bird at the same time it shall be equally divided between them.
12. A whale, no matter who may kill it, becomes the common property of the tribe.
13. If any man kills his neighbour, the wife and family of the deceased shall become the family of the slayer, and he shall be responsible for their care and upkeep.*

A good many of the terms we have learned to associate with the Eskimos are either wrong or badly misused. In the eastern Arctic they prefer to be called Innuit, since Eskimo is an Indian word meaning "eater of raw meat." Though these eastern Eskimos are considered the most primitive of the polar natives, they are nevertheless highly intelligent, exceedingly adaptable, and less spoiled by civilization than those of the western Arctic around the Mackenzie delta, who now have primus stoves, outboard motors for their kayaks and schooners, delco plants, radios, rifles and binoculars, all of which they have received in exchange for white fox skins.

In school we learned that the Eskimos are short, stumpy individuals, but the blond Eskimos of the northwest stand over six feet on the average. We think of them as living in

* Philip H. Godsall, *Red Hunters of the Snows*. Toronto: The Ryerson Press.

igloos, or ice caves, which they build out of blocks of frozen snow. So they do, but for only a short part of the year. During the summer, and the months that we would call autumn and spring when the sun is hot enough in the middle of the day to melt the snow, they live in skin tents.

Nor do they sew themselves into their clothes for the winter. They may smell of seal oil which they use inside and outside for its warmth, but they are nonetheless clean, since the caribou hides of which their clothes are made freeze each night and shed whatever dirt they may have collected, when their ice particles are knocked off in the morning. Nature has taken care of the matter of beards for them, too, by making them smooth-faced. White men who sport whiskers in the north are usually new to the climate and haven't yet discovered the discomfort of frozen moisture in such facial adornment.

Sledge dogs are called huskies or malamutes in the west, but in the eastern Arctic they are just dogs, or kingmik. It was the Eskimo who first tamed them and used them for transportation, and later taught the white man their value. Penguins are unknown in the Arctic; they belong to Byrd and the Antarctic. And though the Eskimo does eat some blubber—the fat of walrus and seals—he uses most of it for his ingenious moss lamps.

No Eskimo in the eastern Arctic can swim because the water never gets warmer than twenty-nine degrees at any time, according to Sydney Montague in *North to Adventure*. But his kayaks and oomiaks are constructed with skill, even as his clothing is fashioned with dexterity. Unlike the Indians, Eskimos have never adopted the apparel of the white men. Instead it has been necessary for the white men to learn from the Eskimo and adopt his manner of living and dressing while in the north, as far as it is possible to do so.

Caribou is a necessity in their life and the Dominion Government has taken steps to protect the herds for this reason. Each summer the females of the great caribou herds go north to the Arctic islands to have their young. In the autumn they

return to join the bulls on the mainland, and together they travel south to reach timber before winter blizzards hit the barren lands. As they migrate back and forth across thousands of miles of country each season they can be seen for great distances by means of the steam which rises from them, particularly in below-zero weather.

Government of the Northwest Territories, including both western and eastern Arctic, is administered by a Commissioner, a Deputy Commissioner who is also a Director in the Department of Mines and Resources, and five councilors, the seat of government being at Ottawa. Departmental agents are stationed at Fort Smith and Aklavik, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police are established at strategic points throughout the Territories. By means of extensive patrols a reasonably close check can be kept on a very large region by a comparatively small number of men, who must serve in many instances as land agents, mining recorders, sheriffs, judges, surveyors, obstetricians and scientific experts. Medical officers and nurses employed by the government are stationed at some ten or a dozen centers, equipped with radios and dog sleds for communication with outlying communities, and hospitals and schools are maintained throughout the Territories by Anglican and Roman Catholic missions, assisted by the Dominion Government.

There is no regular air service as yet to the eastern Arctic, but since 1922 a government patrol ship has supervised and serviced the various outposts in the Arctic archipelago and along Hudson Bay shores. Since 1933 this ship has been the icebreaker, R.M.S. *Nascopie*, owned and operated by the Hudson's Bay Company. Every summer it makes a trip around the coast of Labrador, into Hudson Bay and across to Churchill and Chesterfield Inlet, around the east coast of

Baffin Island, through the northwest passage as far as Fort Ross, and back to Halifax before freeze-up.

When the *Nascopie* sails from Montreal each July—often on the hottest day of the year—the press gives it columns, as though it were a news event of the year, and the docks are gay with friends and well-wishers, for besides a cargo of a year's supplies of food and fuel, gasoline and oil drums, large and small boats and lumber, she always carries an assortment of colorful passengers. Besides the captain and crew there is the representative of the government who is in command of the patrol, Major D. L. McKeand; a postmaster, a stipendiary magistrate, lawyers, members of the Mounted Police on their way to relieve brother officers who have served two or three years at faraway posts, medical officers, radio operators, scientists, Hudson's Bay Company officials "returning from furlough or entering their first five-year term of service, missionaries bound for isolated posts or service in the hospitals, prospective brides, and a few tourists from the provinces and the United States."

Each year the icebreaker carries a year's supplies for trading posts and settlements, but on trips made since the declaration of war a double supply of provisions is carried and left behind at each stop, just in case the development of some war emergency should make a scheduled trip impossible. And when the *Nascopie* returns to Halifax in September she hits the news columns again.

Major McKeand's stories of these patrols are legion. Perhaps of them all he likes best to tell of marriages performed each summer, since everyone in the north knows everyone else within a radius of hundreds of miles. Principals of former ceremonies are revisited and word brought back of their progress and contentment, such as the leader of the British Arctic Expedition who married a nurse from Montreal, the two continuing his exploration and mapping of the shores of Foxe Basin, the nesting ground of the blue goose. I suspect the Major of feeling personally responsible for all these daunt-

less individuals, as though they were members of his private family.

One year the *Nascopie* was instrumental in transferring an entire Eskimo family eight hundred miles from their usual hunting grounds, in order to give them better fishing and trapping. Since they are not accustomed to communal life and have no acknowledged leaders, they were quite content in their new environment, and no one was happier than the Major when the *Nascopie* came into port the following summer and he could see that the effort had been successful.

Each year when he comes back to Ottawa he brings mementoes of the appreciation of his Eskimo friends in the form of white fox skins, beautifully carved walrus tusks transformed into miniature cribbage boards and penknives, and even huge polar bear skins intended for groups who have previously sent gifts and books to these isolated communities.

Those who know it best tell us that this is a land of fish smells, blubber smells and furs cured in human urine—of plateaus of snow as far as the eye can see, radiating northern lights, sparkling blue sea water, and double rations of sunshine in summer. It is the sound of thunderous icebergs cracking in the spring, piercing yells of the Arctic wolf cutting through long winter nights, and sweeping blasts from the North Pole. It is clean and beautiful and antiseptic, and it is also enormously rich with its untouched resources of fowl, fish, small mammals and big game, to say nothing of water power in ocean tides waiting to be harnessed.

Because air service to such remote areas of the world as this has been proved possible and practical, we can be fairly certain that it is the frontier of tomorrow.

APPROACHES TO THE ARCTIC TERRITORIES

To the Yukon—Canadian Pacific Steamships from Seattle, Victoria and Vancouver, and Canadian National Steamships from Vancouver to Skagway; White Pass and Yukon Railway to Whitehorse; steamboats of the White Pass and Yukon Route to Dawson. Further trips to the Stewart

River country and the Mayo gold mines may be made by steamer, and there is also a boat operating from Dawson to connect with the northerly terminus of the Alaska Railroad. Pan-American Airways fly from Seattle to Skagway and Whitehorse.

To the Mackenzie Delta and intermediate settlements—By land, one may take the railroad from Edmonton to Waterways, and steamboat from there to Aklavik during the summer months. By air, connections can be made practically throughout the year at Edmonton for the Yukon, Great Bear Lake and Great Slave Lake, via Canadian Airways, Mackenzie Air Service and Yukon Southern Air Transport, all connecting with Trans-Canada Air Lines.

To the Eastern Arctic—There is no regular passenger service now in operation to this part of the country. The R.M.S. *Nascopie* is unable to take passengers on her yearly patrols until after the war. But private planes may be chartered from commercial companies, nearly all of which—as listed above—have headquarters in Edmonton.

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My Seventy Years, Mrs. George Black. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., 1938.

This is Mrs. Black's autobiography, through the pages of which she tells of her early life, the years when her husband was a member of the Canadian Parliament from the Yukon Territory, and finally how she succeeded to his position after his death—a position which she still holds, her home being in Dawson.

Northward Course of Empire, Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1922.

This has come to be considered a basic text on the Arctic. *Unsolved Mysteries of the Arctic*, Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1939.

A collection of the known facts about some of the famous ill-fated expeditions of the north, as well as Mr. Stefánsson's conjectures based upon his own experiences.

Ultima Thule, Vilhjálmur Stefánsson. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1939.

As well as an exposition of Mr. Stefánsson's proposition regarding the location of Ultima Thule, this book contains an excellent chapter on Arctic climate.

North Again for Gold, Edgar Laytha. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1939.

One of the most readable of the host of personal-adventure tales now being written about the new wonderland. Mr. Laytha makes the individuals who are living and working in this new Canadian empire understandable and real. His travels and work took him to Yellowknife, Port Radium, Coppermine and Aklavik, among other places.

Arctic Pilot, Walter E. Gilbert and Kathleen Shackleton. Toronto: Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd., 1940.

One of the first commercial pilots of the north tells his story, and Miss Shackleton writes it for him. The book is illustrated with photographs and charcoal sketches of outstanding figures in the present-day Arctic. Mr. Gilbert is now Superintendent of Canadian Airways Pacific Division.

Land of the Good Shadows, Heluiz Chandler Washburne and 'Anauta. New York: The John Day Company, 1940.

Beautifully told story of an Eskimo girl who found her way from Baffin Land to civilization in the course of an interesting and useful life. An intimate revelation of Eskimo life in the eastern Arctic. Mrs. Washburne has handled her material with delicacy and skill.

Eskimo Year, George Miksch Sutton. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1934.

Mr. Sutton was, at the time this book was published in 1934, Curator of Birds at Cornell University. It is a record of a year which he spent on Southampton Island in the Arctic, studying native birds and human relationships in the north.

Arctic Adventure, Peter Freuchen. New York: Halcyon House Publications, 1938.

As well as his experiences in Greenland, Mr. Freuchen has included material relating to some of the Arctic islands and the life of the native Eskimo.

Tracks in the Snow, David Haig-Thomas. New York: Oxford

University Press; Toronto: The Musson Book Company, Ltd., 1939.

After joining Shackleton's expedition to Ellesmere Island, Mr. Haig-Thomas returned to London and then went back to the Arctic as head of a British Arctic Expedition, through which effort a new island was found. This book contains remarkably beautiful photographs.

Beyond Horizons, Lincoln Ellsworth. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company, 1938.

After his early days in British Columbia and the Peace River Country Mr. Ellsworth became famous as an Arctic explorer. This book also records his association with Amundsen.

Kabloona, Gontran de Poncins. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock, 1941.

Chapters of this book first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, describing the Eskimos in King William Land as the author—a Parisian and an explorer—found them and came to understand them. Fortunately for those of us who know only what we read on this subject, he is exceedingly capable in the matter of transferring his experiences and beliefs into words.

North to the Orient, Anne Morrow Lindbergh. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1938.

If the route the Lindberghs took and the land over which they flew is more familiar now to armchair travelers than it was when they made this memorable trip, no little credit for the rising interest is due this account of their pathfinding.

Red Hunters of the Snows, Philip H. Godsell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1938.

The author was in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company for thirty years as fur trader, inspecting officer and scout. Interwoven with personal reminiscences, this book tells of the various tribes of Indians who inhabit the far northwest, their history and habits.

The Vanishing Frontier, Philip H. Godsell. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1939.

Changes in the ways of the north through thirty years, and a good many tales of well-known characters and haunts.

North to Adventure, Sydney R. Montague. New York: Robert M. McBride & Company; Toronto: George J. McLeod, Ltd., 1939.

A young Mountie tells of his life with the Eskimos of Baffin Land in such a manner that both he and his northern friends emerge as real human beings. This is one of the first books to be read on the eastern Arctic.

Flying Priest Over the Arctic, Father Paul Schulte. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1940.

Missionaries have always followed the trappers into Canada's frontiers, and few people—aside from the Royal Canadian Mounted Police—know the country better.

MORE INFORMATION

Mr. R. A. Gibson, Director of the Lands, Parks and Forests Branch of the Department of Mines and Resources, will send on request any of the following departmental publications:

The Northwest Territories

Canada's Western Northland

Progress in the Northwest Territories

Canada's Reindeer Herd

A Visit to the Mackenzie River Delta, by Dr. S. Hadwen

The Yukon Territory

Yukon, Land of the Klondike

Mr. G. A. Jeckell, Controller of the Yukon Territory, Dawson, Y. T. will also give information relative to his particular section of the Arctic.

And the Hudson's Bay Company publishes a monthly magazine, *The Beaver*, which is an excellent source of information on the Territories. It may be obtained for twenty-five cents a copy by writing to *The Beaver* Office, Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

For economic and geological information concerning particular areas: The Director, Geological Survey of Canada, Department of Mines and Resources, Ottawa.

For local and general mining information: The Gold Commissioner, Dawson, Yukon Territory, Canada.

For licensed guides and big-game hunting arrangements: The Territorial Agent, Whitehorse, Yukon Territory, Canada.

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